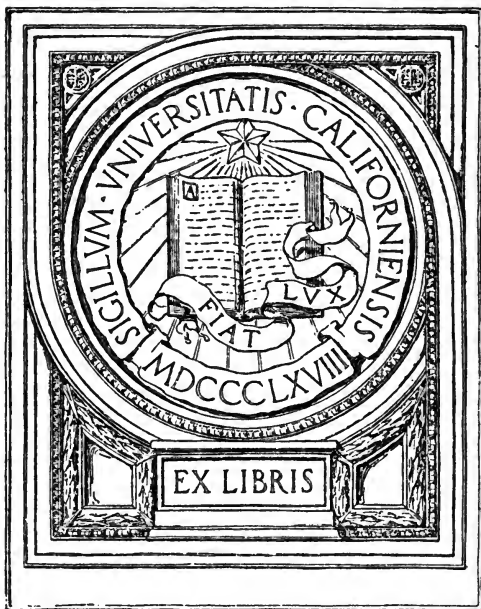




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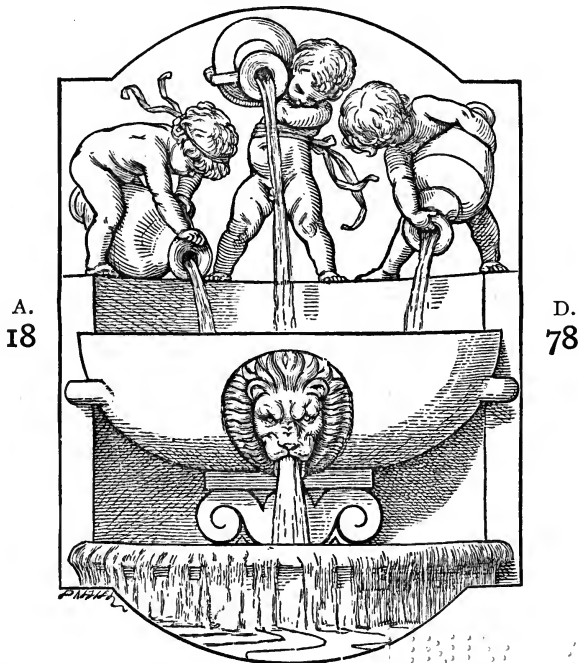


Lyra Hibernica Sacra

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

Rev. W. MacIlwaine, D.D., M.R.I.A.

Incumbent of S. George's Church, Belfast, and
Canon of S. Patrick's, Dublin.



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TO THE
ABBOTTLAND

Υπὸ Δώρων ἁρμογᾶν
 Ἐλεφαντοδέτων μίτων ΛΥΡΑΣ
 Στάσω λιγυραν ὅπα,
 Ἐπὶ σοὶ, μάκαρ, ἄμβροτε
 Γονὲ κύδιμε παρθενοῦ.

Synesii Hymnus.

WAKE, Lyre ! whose thrill, in Erin's festive hour,
 Resounded glad through gilded court and hall ;
 Whose wail, too, rose like Banshee's midnight call
 When sorrow's shade o'erhead was seen to lower :
 Once more awake, with all thy trancing power.
 Awake ! a gale of gladness o'er thee steals
 Such as, in Spring-tide, earth reviving feels,
 Bidding to new-born life bird, brake, and flower.
 Give to its soothing sway thy trembling strings,
 It breathes upon thee from the courts above ;
 Soft echoing the choir that ceaseless sings
 Around the Throne ! Awake ! the Heavenly Dove
 Hovers on high, peace-fraught, with silver wings
 Bathed in bright dew-drops from the fount of Love
 Which there, as crystal clear, eternal springs.



PREFACE.



WHATEVER estimate may be formed respecting the literary effort here given to the Public, the Editor feels it due to both his readers and himself briefly to state, in the first instance, his main design in the undertaking.

With such compilations before him as the "*Lyra Anglicana*," the "*Lyra Germanica*," and other similar volumes, partaking more or less of a national character, he long since felt it to be, so to speak, a debt due to the country of his birth that the production of a "*Lyra Hibernica*" should be attempted. Strongly impressed by this idea he mentioned the matter to several literary friends, far more competent to give it effect than himself, and in the enjoyment of more leisure than that afforded by the intervals of time left for such a purpose by an arduous and engrossing occupation. By these, from a variety of alleged reasons, the task was declined; the issue being, that rather than the idea, if it were worth realization, should come to nought, he was, in a manner, constrained himself to aim at its accomplishment.

The result is the collection of poems that follows; and to these prefatory remarks a few more words, respecting its inception and accomplishment, may not be without interest to the reader. It will be perceived that the title of the volume in full is "*Lyra Hibernica Sacra*," and the addition of the last of these words will serve not only to designate with greater accuracy the nature of its contents, but also to indicate one main object which the compiler had in view in undertaking the work now completed. He does not hesitate to make the avowal that this object was a national one. It was his ardent desire to claim for his country, and to prove the justice of the claim, an attribute which too many would deny, namely, that which may, perhaps, be best expressed by the term sacredness.

The title once assigned to Ireland—"*Insula Sanctorum*"—was not, as every student of her history well knows, an undeserved and empty one. Her soil, to the remotest limit, was once occupied by temples dedicated to the true God and by houses of religion which were at once fountain-heads of learning, and centres whence the streams of christian charity and civilization flowed to bless the land. Such spots as Armagh, Bangor, Glendalough, and countless others, many of them now deserted and ruinous heaps, were the nurseries of knowledge for thousands of native students, and the resorts of visitants, not only from the sister Island, but from distant lands, in pursuit of secular learning and pure religious truth.

With a history such as this, reaching back to far distant ages, it would be a matter of surprise if traces of the poetic as well as of the religious element were not to be found in the national character of Ireland.

In addition to the study of the native language, itself a primitive and copious one, that of the languages of Greece and Rome—especially the latter—was, as is well ascertained, carried to a high point of cultivation in the ancient seats of learning in Ireland. Hence it was that the composition of original poetry, as well in the Latin tongue as in that of the country, formed so large a portion of the literature of the bygone day. And what is more germane to the present remarks is the fact, that even after the destruction of ancient Irish MSS., from the date of the Danish invasion and since, quite sufficient of these now well-known and deservedly-prized documents survive to prove that poetry and religion were closely allied in the best and purest eras of Irish literature.

In illustration of this it may suffice to name such a MS. as the "*Liber Hymnorum*," preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, a portion of which has been edited by the late lamented Dr. Todd, or the "*Antiphonarium Benchorense*," deposited in the Ambrosian Library, Milan; in both of which are to be found poems in the Latin and Irish languages, dating from the seventh and eighth centuries and even earlier. Some of these national productions will be found translated in the following pages.

It is unnecessary here to enter on a more lengthened proof that the poetic element forms a strong and a prominent feature in the national Irish character. The bardic institution, and the place of pre-eminence and sacredness assigned to the bard from the earliest historic period down to the date of Carolan, the last of that race, sufficiently illustrate the national enthusiasm for the poet and his compositions, generally adapted to music and sung by himself.

Should confirmation of these remarks be required, it may be easily found by any one who will visit the glens and highlands of the North, the West, or the South of Ireland, and listen to the legends as there recited, or the national airs and ballads as sung by the still Irish-speaking inhabitants of these localities. The "Child of Song" still lingers there; and the effects of his strains on his countrymen are to be traced in many a deed of daring and romance written on the national history.

These observations are, however, rather digressive, although not altogether unconnected with the thoughts which suggested them—namely, that along with the *poetic* the *religious* element may be traced as strongly inscribed on the Irish character.

This statement is in itself temptingly suggestive, although the limits necessarily assigned to a preface enjoin abstinence from any enlargement of it in detail. A few further remarks, however, in connection with it may be permitted.

Every student of Irish history, for example, is familiar with the fact that in what may be termed the earliest existing narrative of the state of Ireland, at the date of the English Conquest, the English historian,

Giraldus Cambrensis, testifies strongly and truly to the skill of the native Irish in poetry and instrumental music, especially instancing their use of the harp, the national instrument. And that this love for poetry and its sister art is still strongly developed in the national character, as well as during its past eras, will hardly be questioned.

Whether this acknowledged fact is in any measure attributable to the physical features of Ireland suggests a question of interest, were this the place for its discussion. The verdure of her sod, the blueness of her lakes, the purple of her heath-clad hills, the majesty of her cloud-capped mountains, the solemn grandeur of her precipitous sea-cliffs, the soft repose of her valleys, the wide bosoms and torrent rush of her rivers—these and other features of her scenery, may well be taken into account when the national character of her children is under consideration; to say nothing of the romance connected with her unwritten as well as historically transmitted legends.

In the same connection may be noted a circumstance not perhaps sufficiently observed, namely, that this poetic influence, has been found to infuse itself into the minds even of some who were but visitants in our Island, and not among its natives. The productions of Sir Walter Raleigh, for instance, can scarcely be read without a feeling that some portion of the poetic spirit, and that reach of imagination which pervade many of them, might have been caught when he was a denizen of the South of Ireland. And a still more noticeable fact in connection with the subject is, that the entire conception of what may be fitly styled the finest and most purely imaginative poem in the English language, the "*Faerie Queene*," with many of its scenes and illustrations, owe their birth to Ireland; when the gifted Edmund Spencer sojourned in Kilcolman Castle, amidst the romantic surroundings of the same remote region. Perhaps it may be allowable to borrow an illustration here even from Theology, while observing that the English-born divine, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, whose poetic prose productions have earned for him the epithet of the "*Shakespere of divines*," composed the most brilliantly-imaginative of his works, as well as the most exalted in devotional spirit, while his residence was in the then wild region bordering on Lough Neagh, at Portmore, whose ruins still remain to mark a spot deservedly sacred in English literature. It would be unpardonable here to omit the mention of another but lately removed from among us—the lamented William Archer Butler. It was by the banks of the glorious queen of Irish rivers, the Shannon, and while musing among the glens and woods of his birth-place adjoining, that this profound thinker and gifted writer caught the inspiration both of poetry and philosophy which still lives in his remains, and which attracts to them the admiration not only of his own countrymen, but of the European and American continents. Some fragments of his poetry will be found in the following pages, suggestive of a regret that so few of these gems of the sacred muse of our country remain.

To return, however, from this digression,—it was the idea suggested by facts and associations such as these here dwelt on

which originally induced the Editor to aim at such a compilation of poetry from the pens of Irish authors as should illustrate the traits of the national character above dwelt on, and which might with justice lay claim to the name of "*Lyra Hibernica Sacra*."

With such an object before him, the Editor could not but feel conscious that, if his design might be esteemed a national, it must needs be also an arduous one. However desirous to explore the rich vein of national poetry, to be found in the ancient language of Ireland, and still traditionally preserved, he was debarred from this pursuit by circumstances too many and too evident to need particular mention : and even in the matter of poetry in the English tongue, the productions of Irish-born authors, a good deal of difficulty was to be encountered in the effort to produce a collection which might deservedly be styled national. Convinced, however, that the attempt was a desirable and laudable one, he has made it, and is willing to throw himself for indulgence on his fellow-countrymen and readers in general, while thus presenting it for their acceptance. Should it establish—though but imperfectly—for his native land a claim for sacredness of feeling and truth of religious perception, as indicated in the poetry of Ireland any labour bestowed on the effort will be abundantly recompensed.

The table of contents, and the names of the authors selected, will show that the list is far from being exhaustive and complete. This must necessarily be the case when the circumstances under which the selection has been made are taken into account. Little more than a twelvemonth has elapsed since the work was undertaken, and its commencement announced in one or two literary journals in England as well as Ireland. In these notices contributions and assistance in the way of compilation were invited ; and the Editor takes the present as the most suitable opportunity of rendering due thanks to friends of the undertaking who promptly and cordially responded to the invitation given.

The plan and method pursued in bringing the "*Lyra*" to completion may be gathered from the foregoing particulars as to its original design. All productions of a sectarian or party spirit, as regards religion, have been carefully excluded ; while politics of every shade have been designedly, indeed of necessity, ignored. Such poetical compositions alone which appeared to possess sufficient merit have been included, wholly irrespective of creed and denomination ; provided only that the term *sacred* could be with truth applied to them, and that the writers owned Ireland as their place of birth. It is, therefore, hoped that the volume may fairly be esteemed *catholic* in the best and truest sense of the term, while it claims to be distinctly and nationally Irish.

It is with the utmost satisfaction the Editor is enabled to remark, that while his volume contains selections from the writings of authors past and present, numbering above eighty, all of them, in his judgment, answering the character above given, the whole will be found to breathe the spirit of that religion which, as a Christian nation, we all profess ; many—indeed it may be said all of them—bearing the

stamp of heart-utterances, and yet the productions of those who are outwardly separated by attachment to diverse religious creeds.

If asked to account for this feature of his publication, which some may think objectionable and a blemish, but which he views in a very different light, he would merely observe that, notwithstanding the jarring of religious opinion, which has, alas ! too often and too long proved so fruitful a source of sorrow and suffering to Ireland as to other lands, there is to be found at least one central point towards which all who really deserve the Christian name are ever found to turn. That point is devout acknowledgment of HIM whose name we all still bear—love to whom, in sincerity and truth, alone constitutes true religion. That so many of his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, sufficiently gifted to produce the poetical compositions in the "*Lyra Hibernica Sacra*," have also in this sense been found of one mind, is to the compiler of the volume a source of unmingled thankfulness. He ventures even to add that the same consideration leads him to the indulgence of the hope that the appearance of the volume at this particular period of our country's history may prove in a sense emblematical of better days for our once-distracted Island, and be subsidiary, even in the smallest degree, to the advent of a yet future day, when, as in the time of old, the dwellers in Ireland shall be one in faith as well as in nationality.

If such be, in the estimation of some, purely a poetic dream, it may be admitted as at least a harmless one. Its realization, however, will by others, as well as by the writer, not perhaps be esteemed wholly a matter of impossibility, should the spirit which manifests itself in the contents of the "*Lyra*" be found to spread among Irishmen to such an extent as to displace that of faction and religious animosity still lingering among us ; and should the various hues in Ireland's too oftentimes clouded heavens assume, as her gifted Bard once sang—

"One arch of peace."

Such is the ardent desire and fervent prayer of the present writer, and, as he fondly believes and hopes, of not a few of his compatriots.

To revert, however, from these perhaps too desultory remarks to the plan and execution of the work itself, it will be observed that the compilation seeks to embrace the writers of verse who have lived in and illustrated Ireland by their compositions from the earliest available periods. Accordingly, the poems of some of our early Irish saints, as SS. Patrick and Columba, appear in an English version ; and although a strictly chronological order has not been observed, the first place has been given, for manifest reasons, to those writers. Next in order will generally be found such writers of poetry in the English tongue as flourished during that era when literature, in our country at least, made any approach to a standard character. Such writers as Roscommon, Parnell, and Tate, bring us down to the day of Skelton and Goldsmith specimens from whose poetry, though necessarily brief, will be here found.

With this passing remark as to the chronological order in which the poems appear, the attention of the reader is requested to the division or classification which has been adopted. This at first presented to the Editor some difficulty. It is obvious that in perhaps all the compilations usually styled *Lyra*, no precise classification whatever is apparent or is attempted. The pieces therein, generally short, fugitive, and lyrical, are strung together wholly irrespective of regular order or system. This method has at least one recommendation, inasmuch as such volumes are generally designed to afford occupation or amusement for a leisure hour, and are thus to be distinguished from regular and systematic collections, as, for example, the works of some individual author.

From considerations, however, which may be gathered from what has already been here stated, the Editor of the present volume was anxious to devise some classification which while it might embrace, in a measure at least, a variety of authors and subjects essential to all such compilations, should also give to the poems included in it the advantage of being systematically arranged and classified.

While casting about for such a plan of arrangement, the Editor happened to recall to mind that division of the earliest devotional Christian poems, twice mentioned by the Apostle S. Paul (Ep., v. 19; Col., iii. 16), and found it exactly to suit his purpose.

This is the well-known division of such writings into "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs," and this is the classification—at least one closely akin to it—which is found in the following anthology.

A little consideration will show that this threefold head corresponds in a remarkable manner to nearly all the poetical compositions found in the Sacred Volume itself, both in the Old Testament and the New; and may be continued into the inspired poets of the New Testament, as well as of the earliest Christian era. The same remarks will, it is believed, be found to hold good when this classification is applied to the poetical compositions which follow, and which may be thus described:—

I. *Sacred Poems*.—Comprising those of greater length, and characterized by continuity of subject, or of a didactic nature. Such poems will recall to mind and be found to resemble certain of the psalms of the Old Testament, and notably those of a historical nature.

II. *Hymns Proper*.—It is scarcely necessary more fully to specify such compositions than as they are generally understood and identified with the name itself. These are either direct addresses to the Deity, or such compositions as are specially adapted to religious worship in public, in private, or by individuals.

III. *Sacred Lyrics*.—This division is designed to embrace generally such minor pieces as are not properly included under the other two heads. Although some of those included in the present volume under this head may not, perhaps, answer the description of Lyrics in the strict and technical use of the term, the reader, it is hoped, will pardon any want of critical accuracy apparent in this respect, if only for the sake of the convenience attained by its use.

Before concluding these prefatory remarks the Editor feels it expedient to state in a few words, the considerations which have guided him in making a selection from the poems which were before him, their collection being completed.

The three-fold division adopted, while it subverted the classification of the materials brought together, admitted also the adoption, to a certain extent, of a chronological arrangement. The reader will observe accordingly that throughout the volume, in the arrangement of the larger poems, as well as of the Hymns, and the Lyrics, a *catena* of authors may be traced, from the date of Ireland's national Saint to the present day. The continuity of this line of writers is, no doubt, broken in many places, and by causes too well known to need special mention. Intestine war, foreign conquest, political struggles, and religious discord are among these : still, it is at once instructive and consolatory to note that, amidst all these disturbing and distracting elements, the national passion for poetry and its associations already referred to, survived, although its existence was a struggling one, and found its expression in the strains of those who lived and wrote during that period.

It will not be out of place to add here that even in the case of those Irish verse writers who, like our national lyrist, employed their talents chiefly in the cultivation of secular poetry, a strain of deep religious feeling, indicative of the national character, may not unfrequently be traced.

Something remains to be said respecting the character and quality of the poems selected and included in the collection. The Editor was naturally desirous of making the index of authors as complete as possible, and of including as many of Irish birth as he was enabled to discover. In this it may be feared he will be judged by some to have but partially succeeded. Doubtless many whose names do not appear may have lived and died, or may now live, well deserving a place in such a compilation. Still he is not conscious of having designedly omitted one whose writings, or any of them, might fairly demand admission. If any omissions have taken place, they are to be imputed solely to want of information or opportunity for successful research. Others who follow in the path which has been here marked out will, he hopes, in this respect be more successful.

So much for the numerical question of authors and their productions. As regards the quality of the poems here selected for publication—in other words, their absolute merit—that is a question to be decided finally by the general verdict. All he can say is that he hopes none of the poems selected will be deemed unworthy of taking their place in such a volume, and that the whole will reflect no disgrace on the land of its production. His desire was that the poetry included should possess such a degree of excellence that it might be accounted standard. Hence it is that the great majority of pieces from the pens of living writers are taken from volumes or collections already published, and which have received, in a greater or less degree, the stamp of public acceptance. A considerable number of original pieces have been kindly submitted to the Editor for insertion, many

of them possessing merit and a promise of future success in the writers, but which, from the considerations just mentioned, he felt constrained to refrain from including in the "*Lyra*." The most suitable medium for the publication of poetry of this class, even more than ordinarily meritorious, is the periodical publication. Some few poems of this description may be found in the following pages which the Editor felt warranted in selecting, influenced by their exceptional excellence. These are, however, very few; all beside may, he trusts, be looked on as standard in the sense above indicated.

In offering these observations, the writer would not be understood as in the slightest degree speaking disparagingly of the current poetical literature of our day. On the contrary, he is convinced that what may be styled the fugitive poetry which is now to be found in our periodicals will bear a favourable comparison with what was, at no very distant period, looked upon as standard. But his path as a compiler and editor did not lie in this direction, and this obliged him to deal with his material as has been just mentioned. Should any person with sufficient leisure and suitable opportunity essay a compilation of the latter description, he is persuaded that the attempt will not be made unsuccessfully.

Only one other remark is necessary, which applies to the entire selection. While the compiler ventures to repeat what has been already stated—that the character of sacredness applies to all the poems here given, and that the spirit of catholicity, in its true and Christian sense, breathes through the whole—he desires here to add that should the keen eye of criticism discover anywhere some peculiarity of creed or idiosyncrasy of religious feeling making its appearance, he begs to assure his readers that such is there without his consciousness. While responsible for the spirit and tendency of the entire compilation, he desires that individual authors and contributors may be considered accountable for both expression and sentiment of their own productions. He trusts, however, that this personal safeguard is scarcely necessary, and that all who read, as well as those who have contributed to the "*Lyra*" may be found one, in the best and truest spirit of unity, and in the bond of that peace which shall endure for ever.

BELFAST, *Festival of S. Patrick*, 1878.

Although the acknowledgments of the Editor have been already tendered, generally, to the friends who have favoured his undertaking, he feels that a special recognition of their kindness and co-operation is due to the following:—

Rev. W. REEVES, D.D., Dean of Armagh.

Rev. R. GIBBINGS, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History, T.C.D.

Rev. R. TRAVERS SMITH, B.D., Incumbent of S. Bartholomew's, and Canon of S. Patrick's, Dublin.

Rev. W. MATURIN, D.D., Librarian of Archbishop Marsh's Library.

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY, Esq., M.R.I.A., for valuable aid given in connection with the ancient Hymns of Ireland.

Rev. C. P. GRAVES, A.M., for assistance in collecting the poetical remains of the late Rev. W. Archer Butler.

Professor E. DOWDEN, Professor G. F. A. ARMSTRONG, and J. TODHUNTER, M.D., for permission to select from their published works, as well as for important suggestions and information.

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Miss DREW, London, for much useful information of a similar kind.

S. FERGUSON, Esq., for permission to employ the copyright vignette of title-page by Burton, as well as for original contributions to the *Lyra*.

Errata.

PAGE

17, *Note*.—for Rev. J. W. *Deans*, D.D., read Rev. J. W. *Irons*, D.D.

254, Hymn CXXXVI, first line.—for *Might* read *Light*.

284, Hymn CLXVII.—for *affection's* read *affliction's*.

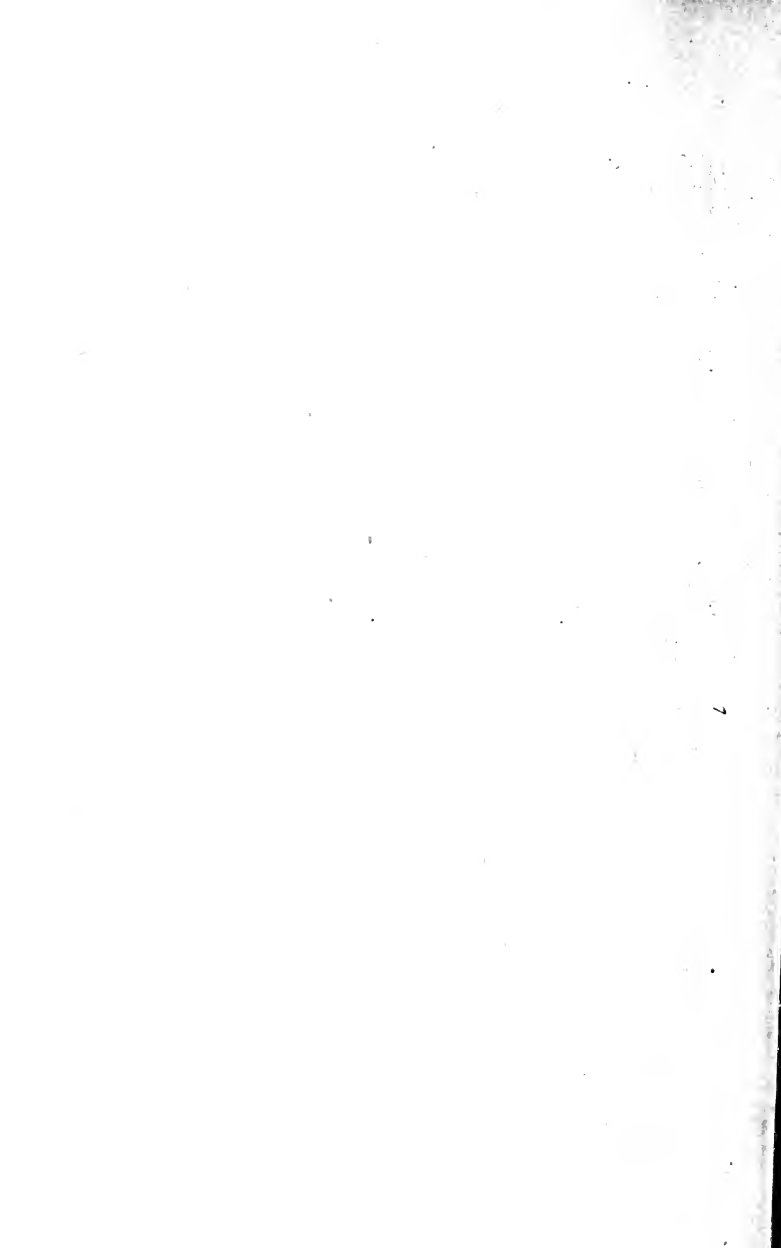
301, 302, 303.—*Rev. T. V. Fosbery—remove *

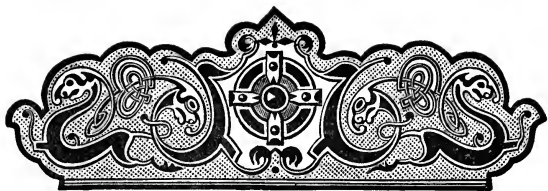
307.—For **Rev. J. Andrews* read **Rev. Samuel Andrews*.

326, 327, 328.—*Sir W. R. Hamilton—remove *

329.—*Rev. Abraham Oulton—remove *

341.—For Hymn CCXXVII, omitted in error, see *Appendix*.



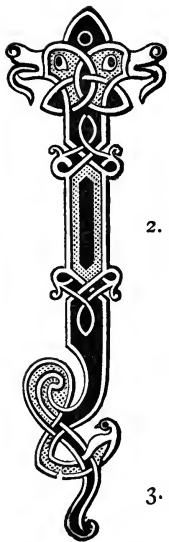


Sacred Poems.

I.

Faeth Fjada.—Lorica S. Patricii.*

I.



- BIND to myself to-day,
The strong power of an invocation of
the Trinity,
The faith of the Trinity in Unity,
The Creator of the elements.
2. I bind to myself to-day,
The power of the Incarnation of Christ,
with that of his Baptism,
The power of the Crucifixion, with that of
his Burial,
The power of the Resurrection, with the
Ascension,
The power of the coming to the Sentence
of Judgment.
3. I bind to myself to-day,
The power of the love of Seraphim,
In the obedience of Angels,
In the hope of Resurrection unto reward,

* This metrical composition—which is referred to by Archbishop Ussher—was first made known to English readers by the late Dr. Petrie, in his *Memoir of Tara*, published in 1839, vol. xviii. of the *Transactions*

In the prayers of the noble Fathers,
 In the predictions of the Prophets,
 In the preaching of Apostles,
 In the faith of Confessors,
 In the purity of Holy Virgins,
 In the acts of Righteous Men.

4. I bind to myself to-day,
 The power of Heaven,
 The light of the Sun,
 The whiteness of Snow,
 The force of Fire,
 The flashing of Lightning,
 The velocity of Wind,
 The depth of the Sea,
 The stability of the Earth,
 The hardness of Rocks.

of the Royal Irish Academy, from the *Liber Hymnorum*, preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. It is, undoubtedly, of great antiquity, the Irish dialect in which the original is written being the same as that employed in the compilation of the ancient "Brehon Laws." It is given by Dr. Petrie, in the memoir referred to, in the original and in Irish characters, with an interlineary Latin version, as also in an English translation, accompanied by copious learned annotations. The translation above given is from the pen of the late Dr. Todd, whose character and learning are sufficient guarantees for its accuracy. It is found in his volume "*S. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland*," wherein he remarks respecting it:—"This hymn is of the nature of what was called a "Lorica"—that is to say, a prayer to protect those who devoutly recite it from bodily and spiritual danger." Several such have been preserved in ancient Irish MSS. still in existence, and are named in that language *Luirech*. One ascribed to S. Columba, and referred to by Dr. Todd, bears a close resemblance to that of S. Patrick. The tradition respecting its primary use by the saint is that he recited it on Easter Sunday, when proceeding to encounter the druidical fire worshippers, with their pagan king, Laoghaire, and his court, at Tara, the royal residence. For a full account of this transaction, and the success attending S. Patrick's mission, the reader may be referred, among other authorities, to the learned work of Dr. Todd already mentioned. The spirited poetical version by James Clarence Mangan is subjoined to Dr. Todd's. Although varying somewhat in its rendering from the original and the Latin version—a matter, perhaps, to be regretted—the whole is possessed of such vigour and general faithfulness that it would be unjust to its gifted author to omit it from this collection.

5. I bind to myself to-day,
The Power of God to guide me,
The Might of God to uphold me,
The Wisdom of God to teach me,
The Eye of God to watch over me,
The Ear of God to hear me,
The Word of God to give me speech,
The Hand of God to protect me,
The Way of God to prevent me,
The Shield of God to shelter me,
The Host of God to defend me,
Against the snares of demons,
Against the temptations of vices,
Against the lusts of nature,
Against every man who meditates injury to me,
Whether far or near,
With few or with many.
6. I have set around me all these powers,
Against every hostile savage power,
Directed against my body and my soul,
Against the incantations of false prophets,
Against the black laws of heathenism,
Against the false laws of heresy,
Against the deceits of idolatry,
Against the spells of women, and smiths, and druids,
Against all knowledge which blinds the soul of man.
7. Christ protect me to-day,
Against poison, against burning,
Against drowning, against wound,
That I may receive abundant reward.
8. Christ with me, Christ before me,
Christ behind me, Christ within me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ at my right, Christ at my left,
Christ in the fort,
Christ in the chariot-seat,
Christ in the poop.

9. Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,
 Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks to me,
 Christ in every eye that sees me,
 Christ in every ear that hears me.
10. I bind to myself to-day,
 The strong power of an invocation of the Trinity,
 The faith of the Trinity in Unity,
 The Creator of the Elements.
11. Domini est salus,
 Domini est salus,
 Christi est salus,
 Salus tua Domine sit semper nobiscum.

James Henthorn Todd, D.D.

S. Patrick's Hymn before Tarah.

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this awful hour,
 I call on the Holy Trinity !
 Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
 The God of the elements, Father, and Son,
 And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
 The ever-existing Divinity !

AT TARAH TO-DAY I call on the Lord,
 On Christ, the Omnipotent Word,
 Who came to redeem from Death and Sin
 Our fallen race ;
 And I put and I place
 The virtue that lieth and liveth in
 His Incarnation lowly,
 His Baptism pure and holy,
 His life of toil, and tears, and affliction,
 His dolorous Death—His Crucifixion,

His Burial, sacred, and sad, and lone,
 His Resurrection to life again,
 His glorious Ascension to Heaven's high Throne,
 And lastly His future dread
 And terrible coming to judge all men—
 Both the Living and Dead

AT TARAH TO-DAY I put and I place
 The virtue that dwells in the Seraphim's love,
 And the virtue and grace
 That are in the obedience
 And unshaken allegiance
 Of all the Archangels and angels above,
 And in the hope of the Resurrection
 To everlasting reward and election,
 And in the prayers of the Fathers of old,
 And in the truths the Prophets foretold,
 And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
 And in the Confessors' faith and teachings,
 And in the purity ever dwelling
 Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,*
 And in the actions bright and excelling
 Of all good men, the just and the blest

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this fateful hour,
 I place all Heaven, with its power,
 And the sun, with its brightness,
 And the snow, with its whiteness,
 And fire, with all the strength it hath,
 And lightning, with its rapid wrath,
 And the winds, with their swiftness along their path,
 And the sea, with its deepness,
 And the rocks with their steepness,
 And the earth, with its starkness,
 All these I place—
 By GOD's almighty help and grace,
 Between myself and the Powers of Darkness.

* This is unquestionably a mistranslation of the original, viz.—
 "In castitate Sanctarum Virginum."
 "In the purity of Holy Virgins." (*J. H. Todd*).—ED.

AT TARAH TO-DAY

May GOD be my stay !
 May the strength of GOD now nerve me !
 May the power of GOD preserve me !
 May GOD the Almighty be near me !
 May GOD the Almighty espy me !
 May GOD the Almighty hear me !
 May GOD give me eloquent speech !
 May the arm of GOD protect me !
 May the wisdom of GOD direct me !
 May GOD give me power to teach and to preach !

May the shield of GOD defend me !
 May the host of GOD attend me,
 And ward me,
 And guard me,
 Against the wiles of demons and devils,
 Against the temptations of vices and evils,
 Against the bad passions and wrathful will
 Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,
 Against every man who designs me ill,
 Whether leagued with others or plotting apart !

IN THIS HOUR OF HOURS,
 I place all those powers
 Between myself and every foe,
 Who threatens my body and soul
 With danger or dole,
 To protect me against the evils that flow
 From lying soothsayers' incantations,
 From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
 From Heresy's hateful innovations,
 From Idolatry's rites and invocations.
 Be those my defenders,
 My guards against every ban—
 And spell of smiths and Druids, and women ;
 In fine, against every knowledge that renders
 The light Heaven sends us dim in
 The spirit and soul of Man !

MAY CHRIST, I PRAY,
Protect me to-day
Against poison and fire,
Against drowning and wounding:
That so, in His grace abounding,
I may earn the Preacher's hire !

CHRIST, as a light,
Illumine and guide me !
CHRIST, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me !
CHRIST be under me ! CHRIST be over me !
CHRIST be beside me
On left hand and right !
CHRIST be before me, behind me, about me !
CHRIST this day be within and without me !

CHRIST, the lowly and meek,
CHRIST, the All-Powerful, be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me !
In all who draw near me,
Or see me or hear me !

AT TARA TO-DAY, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity !
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
The GOD of the Elements, Father, and Son,
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity !

Salvation dwells with the Lord,
With CHRIST, the Omnipotent Word.
From generation to generation
Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation !

James Clarence Mangan.

The Hymn of S. Columba.*

“ALTUS PROSATOR.”

II.

THE Father exalted : ancient of days, unbegotten,
 Without or beginning or origin : ever-existing,
 Is and shall be : to infinite ages of ages.
 With whom is Christ, sole begotten : with whom, too, the
 Spirit,
 Co-eternal in Glory : in Godhead alike everlasting.
 We preach not three Gods : One GOD we proclaim, and One
 only—
 Saving our faith in Three Persons : eternally glorious.

Creator is He of blest Angels : Archangels, and Orders,
 Principalities, Thrones : of Powers, and also of Virtues ;
 Lest goodness and majesty lodged in the Trinity : might be
 inactive.
 Boundless in functions of might : and in beauteousness
 endless,
 Thus manifesting itself : employed in proclaiming
 Graces celestial and vast : in boundless expression.

Down from the summit of Heaven : of order Angelic,
 Down from effulgence of brightness : from loveliness peerless,

* This composition, like that which precedes it, is found in the *Liber Hymnorum*, and is given by Dr. Todd, in the second volume of his extracts from that valuable collection edited by him for the “Irish Archæological and Celtic Society,” in 1869. Although styled *The Hymn of S. Columba*, as is the *Lorica* of S. Patrick, both are here classed among “Sacred Poems” of greater length. It is believed that most readers will agree in the propriety of this classification. The version above given is nearly *verbatim*, that of Dr. Todd, which accurately conveys the sense of the original. The slight alteration ventured on by the Editor, in reducing it to the form of English hexameters, was for the purpose of lending to it a measured or rhythmical character.

Fell Lucifer, whom GOD had made : pride proving his
downfall,
And with him the angels apostate : in like ruin mingled,
He of vain-glory the author : of obstinate envy ;
Though steadfast remaining the rest : in dominion celestial.

The Dragon most potent and foul : terrific and ancient,
Serpent of slimy deceit : excelling in wisdom
Every beast of the earth : of force full and fierceness ;
He with himself downward drew : of bright stars the third
part
Into the regions infernal : and dark prisons diverse,
Erring deserters of light : headlong cast by the traitor.

In foresight deep the Most High : had poised the harmonious
structure,
The heavens above the earth : had founded the sea and the
waters,
Also the upspringing grasses : the shrubs, with their twining
tendrils ;
The sun, the moon, and the stars : the fire, and all things
needful ;
Birds, with fishes, and cattle : beasts and all living creatures ;
Last He created primal man : ruler of all around him.

The stars that brightened the ether : made all by one act of
Godhead,
Structure amazingly great : united with angels in praising
The Lord of the Mass immense : Architect great of the
heavens.
Glorious their worship and meet : their praise everlasting.
All these, with noble consent : thanks to their Maker
rendered,
In free and heaven-taught love : not from endowment of
nature.

Both our first parents thus : tempted, assailed, and taken,
The Devil a second time falls : with his satellites banded ;
Horror their aspect filled : woful the sound of their flight.

Well may frail man, too, fear : well may he sink in dismay,
Unable, with bodily vision : to look on such terrible things.
There are the fallen ones bound : tied in their prison-house
fearful.

He, too, their Chief, in the midst : thus by the Lord is cast
down,
While the wide space of the air : darkly and densely is
filled
With the tumultuous crowd : satellites set in rebellion,
Hid from man's sight lest he : pursue their example and
crimes ;
Neither encompassing wall nor screen : their iniquity hiding.
While to all is proclaimed their sin : even the soul's forni-
cation.

Up from the wintry floods : the clouds their moisture carry,
Up from the threefold depths of the sea : from ocean regions,
To the climates of heaven above : in azure whirlwinds
Destined to render fruitful : crops, and vineyards, and
orchards,
Driven along by the winds : issuing forth from their treasures,
Erupting still in their turns : the pools of the ocean.

The tottering glory of tyrants : the passing and present
 Mightiest kings of the world : set aside by God's judgment,
Lo ! the just doom of the giants : to groan beneath waters,
Great is the torment : the burning of fire and consumption,
Plunged in the swelling Charybdis : drowned in Cocytus,
In Scylla o'erwhelmed : by waves and by rocks dashed to
pieces.

Ever the Lord drops down the waters : bound in the clouds,
Lest they should all break forth at once : their barriers
bursting,
And from thin streams of fertility : gradual flowing,
As from the wedders of kine : throughout the earth's
regions,
Cold alternate and warm : at different seasons,
Rivers that never fail : are constantly flowing.

By the power divine of Great God : are constant sustained
The globe of the earth : and the circle which bounds the
abyss,
The strong hand of God, the Omnipotent : ever-supporting,
On its firm column, the same : as beams of a building;
Promontories, also, and rocks : on solid foundations
Firm, and immovably fixed : and strengthened their bases.

To no man seemeth it doubtful : Hell lies in lowest places.
Region of darkness and worms : haunt of dreadful creatures,
Where is consuming fire : blasting with flame consuming,
Where are the groans of men : weeping and gnashing of
teeth,
Where is the terrible wail ever heard : of ancient Gehenna,
Where is the horrid consumption of thirst : and anguish of
hunger.

Below the earth, as we read : 'tis known there are dwellers,
Often in prayer whose knee : to the Lord is bent.
Impossible still it is : to unroll the book written,
Sealed with its seven seals : with warnings abounding,
Which opened yet He hath : and so became victor,
Fulfilling the glory prophetic : that waits on His advent.

That Paradise at the beginning : was by the Lord planted,
Read we in Genesis written : record most noble ;
From whose gushing fountain head : four rivers are flowing,
And in whose flowery midst : is placed the Tree of Life,
Whose leaves bringing health to the Gentiles : fail not for
ever,
Unspeakable are whose joys : and also abundant.

Who hath ascended to Sinai : God's chosen mountain ?
Who its thunders hath heard : beyond measure resounding
With the clang of the trumpet terrific : fearfully pealing ?
Who the lightnings hath seen : wild flashing around ?
Who the lamps and the darts : the rocks rent and falling ?
Who but Moses : the judge of the people of Israel ?

The day of the Lord, King of Kings : most righteous is
nigh ;

A day of wrath and vengeance : of darkness and cloud ;

A day of thunders astounding : awful and mighty ;

A day of trouble and anguish : sadness and grief ;

When shall be ended : the passionate love of woman,

Ended the strife of man : and the last of this world.

Trembling we all shall stand : at the Lord's judgment seat,

Then an account shall we render : of all our deeds,

Beholding also our crimes : spread forth in our sight,

As well as the book of conscience : laid open before us.

Then shall break forth : most bitter weeping and sobs—

The day for obedience gone : the call for life-service with-
drawn.

The trump of the great Archangel : its wonders proclaiming,

The strongest cloisters shall burst : wide open the tombs
shall stand,

Rent by the freezing cold : that chills this earth of ours.

Then bone shall gather to bone : and joint to joint,

As meets the ethereal soul : with the body again,

Returning to tenant the mansion : where erst it dwelt.

Christ, the most mighty Lord : from heaven descending,

Glorious the banner : signed with the cross shall shine ;

Stricken the two chief lights : in the heaven o'erhead,

The stars to the earth shall fall : as fruit from the fig tree.

Earth's compass shall be as the blast : of a furnace that
burns.

Then shall the waning hosts hide themselves : in the caves of
the mountains.

High shall the chanted hymns swell : all ceaseless resounding,

Sung by the thousands of angels : in chorus rejoicing,

Joined by the living ones four : whose eyes are unnumbered,

Also the elders : the twenty and four on thrones seated,

All 'neath the feet of the Lamb of GOD : casting their
crowns,

Praising the Trinity ever : in endless repeatings.

Fiercely indignant : the fire shall devour the opposers,
 All who refuse to believe : that Christ comes from the
 Father ;
 But we, up borne, shall fly : forthwith to meet Him,
 And with him for ever shall be : among orders celestial,
 Eternal to each the reward : attained by deserving,
 Thus to remain in His glory : for ever and ever.

J. H. Todd (versified by Editor).

A solis ortus Cardine.*

III.

FROM the far rising of the sun
 To where his utmost course is run,
 Sing we the Christ, of Virgin born,
 With kingly praise His name adorn.

Though from Eternity His sway,
 Our flesh He made His mean array ;
 Redeeming, thus, from endless death,
 The race that owed to Him its breath.

The spotless Virgin's favoured womb
 Of Grace Divine becomes the home ;
 And wonders, passing human thought,
 Unknown and secret, there are wrought.

* The selections here given from the writings of the ancient poets of Ireland would be manifestly incomplete without some extract from those of Sedulius. That Ireland may justly claim as her own this illustrious theologian and poet there can be little doubt, the epithet "Scotus Hybernensis" being given to him in the ancient manuscripts and earliest printed editions of his works. He flourished in the middle of the fifth century, and was a voluminous prose writer, as well as an accomplished poet. It may be remarked that this author should be carefully distinguished from another of the same name, with whom our countryman is sometimes confounded. It is much to be regretted that the prose works of Sedulius have, in late years, become little known, and his poetical productions very difficult of access. The only complete collection of his poems which has come within the reach of the Editor is

The maiden's bosom, pure abode,
 Becomes a temple meet for God ;
 An earthly partner all unknown—
 THE WORD her offspring proves alone.

The mother's thankful arms enfold
 The Babe whom Gabriel had foretold ;
 Whom, though unborn, with prophet's eye,
 The Baptist John could yet descry.

In manger-shed, amidst the kine,
 All lowly lies the Babe Divine ;
 Milk from a mother's breast is given
 To Him who feeds the birds of heaven.

one embodied in a rare edition of mediæval Latin poets in Archbishop Marsh's Library, Dublin. This volume is from the Aldine press, dated Venice, 1502. A tolerably faithful, but coarsely printed collection of the poems of our author, dated Edinburgh, 1701, exists in the same library. The poem here reproduced is from the volume above indicated, where it is found with the following title :—" *C. Sedulii Presbyteri Hymnus de Christo, succincte ab Incarnatione usque ad Resurrectionem.*" Prefixed to this is the following "*Sedulii Epigramma*" :—

Hæc tuæ perpetuæ quæ scripsi dogmata vitæ
 Corde rogo facias Christe manere meo :
 Ut tibi quæ placeant tete favente requirens
 Gaudia cœlorum te duce Christe metam.

There is no doubt that this remarkable poem is the production of the Irish Sedulius, and consists of a continuous historical record of the principal events in the life of our Lord. It is alphabetical, and numbers 23 stanzas, each commencing with one of the letters from A to Z. Two portions of the Hymn of Sedulius have been incorporated in the Hymns of the Roman Breviary, each consisting of a few stanzas of the original. The former of these is entitled *De Nativitate Domini*, commencing with the words with which the original begins—*A solis ortûs cardine*. The latter is headed *De Epiphania Domini*, and commences with the words "*Hostis Herodes impie.*" Both these are favourite hymns, that on the Nativity having been more than once translated into English. Considering it a matter of interest and importance that the entire should become more generally known, the Editor has attempted an English version, the only merit to which this can lay claim being its close accordance with the original in the metre as well as in the sense.

The heavenly choir their anthem raise—
Angels unite their Lord to praise ;
While to the shepherds of the field
The God Incarnate is revealed.

Thou, hostile Herod, whence those fears ?
Is it—that Christ on earth appears ?
As though He grasped at earthly things,
Who rules o'er all, the King of Kings !

The Eastern Magi, from afar,
Eager pursue the guiding star ;
Led by its beam, true light they seek,
And own their God with offerings meek.

The matron crowd beholds, aghast,
To earth its infant offspring cast ;
Thus, through the tyrant's rage, doth rise
To Christ a spotless sacrifice.

Where flows the river's cleansing flood
The Lamb of God all meekly stood,
By His obedience to atone
For our transgressions—not His own.

His wondrous acts for Christ have won
His Name—the Eternal Father's Son ;
Before His glance disease hath fled,
To life come forth th' awakened dead.

The water owns a power Divine,
And, conscious, blushes into wine ;
Its very nature changed, displays
The power Divine that it obeys.

Lo ! the centurion comes to crave
Recovery for his dying slave ;
Such faith can pitying answer claim,
And quench e'en fever's scorching flame.

See Peter walk the swelling wave,
His Lord's right hand outstretched to save ;
The path, which nature's law denies,
To trusting faith still open lies.

Four days within the noisome grave
Lay Lazarus—He comes to save.
Rent by His Word are death's strong chains,
As life and light its prey regains.

Deep crimson stains, a noxious flood,
Pollute the garment dyed with blood ;
A pleading suppliant draws nigh,
And straight the flowing stream is dry.

A sufferer, palsied in each limb,
Pours forth his earnest prayer to Him ;
No pause ensues, no long delay—
Instant he bears his couch away.

Now hath the traitor basely sold
His Master, for the bargained gold ;
The kiss of peace he dares impart,
While treason lurks within his heart.

Vainly the JUST, the HOLY pleads,
His back beneath the dread scourge bleeds ;
Nailed to the Cross, on either hand,
The vilest of the robber band.

The Sabbath dawns, and to the tomb,
With unguents rare, fond women come ;
To whom the angel voice is sped,
" Seek not the living 'midst the dead !"

Now raise we all the joyous strain,
With sweet, triumphant, fond refrain ;
The Christ hath conquered ! Death and Hell
Redemption's mighty victory swell !

Quenched is the dragon's fiery zeal,
Crushed is the Lion neath His heel;
To Heaven ascending, thou hast trod
The path of glory, Son of God.

* *Canon MacIlwaine.*

Dies iræ.*

THOMAS A CELANO.

IV.

DAY of ire, woe worth that day!
Earth in dust shall flee away—
Thus both Seer and Sibyl say.

Oh! what trembling then shall be,
When the Judge appeareth! He
Every hidden thing shall see.

Dread the trumpet's voice shall sound
Through the tomb's repose profound,
Bidding all the Throne surround,

* A few explanatory words may be allowed for the introduction here of the above version of the "*Dies Iræ*." Archbishop Trench most justly assigns to it "a foremost place among the masterpieces of ancient song," adding the following remarks—"It is not wonderful that such a poem as this should have continually allured, and continually defied translators." Jeremy Taylor, in a letter to John Evelyn, suggests to him that he should make a version of it:—"I was thinking to have begged of you a translation of that well-known hymn, *Dies iræ, dies illa*, which, if it were a little changed, would make an excellent divine song." (*Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 300). Evelyn, as the Archbishop observes, did not comply with the request, but several versions in English exist, and, among them, the partial translation of Sir Walter Scott, universally known. The latest, perhaps, is that by the Rev. J. W. Deans, D.D., in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. What induced the Editor, at the first, to assign a place to it in this collection was the fact that among the earliest, if not the very earliest, translations of the entire poem into English verse is that of the Earl of Roscommon (born 1633,

Death and nature sink with fear,
As Creation draweth near,
From the Judge her doom to hear.

See ! the Written Word outspread,
Witnessing 'gainst quick and dead,
Shall before the world be read.

When the Judge His seat hath ta'en,
All concealment shall be vain—
Nothing unavenged remain.

Wretch ! what then shall be my plea ?
Who shall intercede for me ?
Scarce the righteous saved shall be.

died 1684), included in his works. That nobleman being of Irish birth, it was considered that his rendering of the Italian poet's production might fairly claim a place in a *Lyra Hibernica*. Further consideration, however, induced the writer to substitute the translation given above, as being more literal, and, as such, more likely to afford a correct idea, and thus to do more justice to the original. A few stanzas of the older version, taken from the commencement and the close, will illustrate these remarks.

The day of wrath—that dreadful day—
Shall the whole world in ashes lay—
As David and the Sibyl say.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be
kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find.

* * *

From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour and serpents hiss,
Promote me to Thy seat of bliss.

Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

It will not be taken amiss, it may be hoped, that another attempt at rendering into the vernacular this marvellous production is here given, when the universal admiration bestowed on it, and its adoption into the devotional poetry of Christians of all denominations, and of almost every clime and country, are borne in mind. In the German language alone, and in one volume devoted to their collection, no less than 43 versions are found. Its author, Thomas of Celano, so called from the place of his birth, was an Italian, who lived in the thirteenth century, a friend and scholar of S. Francis of Assissi, and one of the earliest members of the new order of Minorites, founded by him in 1208. His fame rests chiefly, if not altogether, on the *Dies iræ* ; but that will last as long as the Church on earth endures.

King of Majesty supreme,
Who all-freely dost redeem,
Save me, mercy's fount and stream !

Jesu ! bear in mind, I pray,
Who hath caused thy earthward way ;
Spurn me not on that dread day.

Me thou soughtest, weary, worn,
Bending 'neath thy Cross did'st mourn—
Was such labour vainly borne ?

Justly vengeful and severe,
Yet forgiving, bow thine ear
Ere the reckoning day appear.

Hear my groans, Lord, self accused,
See my face, with shame suffused :
Ne'er be suppliant's suit refused.

Thou did'st Mary's guilt remove,
Thou the Robber's refuge prove,
Rests my hope, too, in Thy love.

All unworthy is my prayer ;
Pitying One, in mercy rare,
From the fire unending spare.

With the sheep that I may stand,
Sundered from the goat's vile band,
Set me at Thy own right hand.

When the cursed, dire opprest,
Sink in flames to deep unrest,
Deign to call me with the blest.

As in prayer I lowly bend
Hear my heartfelt sighs ascend,
Bear me scathless to the end. Amen.

Canon MacIlwaine.

Love.

v.

SEEMETH not Love at times so occupied
For thee, as though it cared for none beside ?

To great and small things Love alike can reach,
And cares for each as all, and all as each.

Love of my bonds partook, that I might be
In turn partaker of its liberty.

Love found me in the wilderness, at cost
Of painful quests, when I myself had lost.

Love on its shoulders joyfully did lay
Me, weary with the greatness of my way.

Love lit the lamp and swept the house all round,
Till the lost money in the end was found.

Love the King's image there would stamp again,
Effaced in part, and soiled with rust and stain.

'Twas Love, whose quick and ever-watchful eye
The wanderer's first step homeward did espy.

From its own wardrobe Love gave word to bring,
What things I needed—shoes, and robe, and ring.

Love threatens that it may not strike, and still
Unheeded, strikes, that so it may not kill.

Love set me up on high ; when I grew vain
Of that my height, Love brought me down again.

Love often draws good for us from our ill,
Skilful to bless us even against our will.

The bond-servant of Love alone is free ;
All other freedom is but slavery.

How far above all price Love's costly wine,
Which can the meanest chalice make divine !

Fear this effects, that I do not the ill,
Love more—that I thereunto have no will.

Seeds burst not their dark cells without a throe ;
All birth is effort ; shall not Love's be so ?

Love weeps, but from its eyes these two things win
The largest tears—its own, its brother's sin.

The sweetness of the trodden camomile
Is Love's, which, injured, yields more sweets the while.

The heart of Love is with a thousand woes
Pierced, which secure indifference never knows.

The rose aye wears the silent thorn at heart,
And never yet might pain for Love depart.

Once o'er this painful earth a man did move,
The Man of griefs, because the Man of Love.

Hope, Faith, and Love, at God's high altar shine.
Lamp triple-branched, and fed with oil divine.

Two of these triple-lights shall once grow pale,
They burn without, but Love within the veil.

Nothing is true but Love, nor aught of worth ;
Love is the incense which doth sweeten earth.

O merchant at heaven's mart for heavenly ware,
Love is the only coin which passes there.

The wine of Love can be obtained of none,
Save Him who trod the winepress all alone.

* *Archbishop Trench.*

Rejoice Evermore.

VI.

BUT how shall we be glad ?
We that are journeying through a vale of tears,
Encompassed with a thousand woes and fears,
How should we not be sad ?

Angels, that ever stand
Within the presence-chamber, and there raise
The never-interrupted hymn of praise,
May welcome this command :

Or they whose strife is o'er,
Who all their weary length of life have trod,
As pillars now within the temple of God.
That shall go out no more.

But we who wander here,
We who are exiled in this gloomy place,
Still doomed to water earth's unthankful face
With many a bitter tear—

Bid us lament and mourn,
 Bid us that we go mourning all the day,
 And we will find it easy to obey,
 Of our best things forlorn ;

But not that we be glad ;
 If it be true the mourners are the blest,
 Oh, leave us in a world of sin, unrest,
 And trouble, to be sad.

I spake, and thought to weep,—
 For sin and sorrow, suffering and crime,
 That fill the world, all mine appointed time
 A settled grief to keep.

When lo ! as day from night,
 As day from out the womb of time forlorn,
 So from that sorrow was that gladness born,
 Even in mine own despite.

Yet was not that by this
 Excluded, at the coming of that joy
 Fled not that grief, nor did that grief destroy
 The newly-risen bliss.

But side by side they flow,
 Two fountains flowing from one smitten heart,
 And oft-times scarcely to be known apart—
 That gladness and that woe ;

Two fountains from one source,
 Or which from two such neighbouring sources run,
 That aye for him who shall unseal the one,
 The other flows perforce.

And both are sweet and calm,
 Fair flowers upon the banks of either blow,
 Both fertilize the soil, and where they flow.
 Shed round them holy balm.

** Archbishop Trench.*

Day of Death.

VII.

THOU inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say—
'Thou must rise and come away ;

All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last.'

Day deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright ?

Art thou distant, art thou near ?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear ?
Day with more of hope or fear.

Wilt thou come, unseen before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying, light and life are o'er ?

Or with such a gradual pace,
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face ?

Shall I lay my drooping head
On some loved lap, round my bed
Prayers be made and tears be shed ?

Or at distance from mine own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan ?

Will there yet be things to leave,
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,
From which parting it must grieve ?

Or shall life's best ties be o'er,
And all loved ones gone before
To that other happier shore?

Shall I gently fall on sleep,
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,
Like a slumber sweet and deep?

Or the soul long strive in vain
To escape, with toil and pain,
From its half-divided chain?

Little skills it where or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow.

Come thou must, and we must die—
Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye.

** Archbishop Trench.*

☪ Life, ☪ Death.

VIII.

☪ LIFE, O death, O world, O time,
O grave, where all things flow,
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime
With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing;
Without it what were we?

** Archbishop Trench.*

The Waters of Babylon.

IX.

“C’est là le mystère après lequel soupirent toutes les âmes exilées, qui s’affligent sur les fleuves de Babylon, en se souvenant de Sion.”—*Bossuet.*

A dream of many waters. I beheld,
And lo ! a summer-night in Babylon,
And the great river, even Euphrates, wash’d
The land of Shinar, somewhat swifter now
When snows were melting on Armenian hills.
So by the hundred gates, lintel and post
All polish’d brass, the waves went washing on.
And on the flood the osier barges rode,
Shield-shaped, with earthen jars of palm-tree wine
Heap’d on the deck, and dark shapes stretch’d around.
League upon league, through tracts of wheat and corn,
That look’d on boundless plains like knightly hosts,
Far glimmering with pale and ghostly gold :
Through ranks of cedars, planted of the Lord
Round the lign-aloes, by the river’s side,
Had they dropped down the flood. Then the tilth ceased,
And banks, like mountains, rose on either hand,
Worthy of wonderment, the work of kings ;
And long canals stretched lighted by the moon,
And by the company of Chaldean stars :
Till there came houses, bastion’d fortresses
With lion-gonfalons, and a maze of streets—
And then the terraced pyramid of Bel,
And a vast palace, with its gardens hung
As by art magic in the spicèd air
Pencill’d, like purple islands fast asleep.
But evermore, by all the gates of brass ;
And where the barges floated down the stream :
And far along the sloping line of streets
Hung with a thousand cressets naphtha-lit :
And up among the garden-terraces ;
I heard the murmur of Euphrates flood.

So as I linger'd there, anon methought
The tide of life in that great city pent
Parted in twain, and took its separate way.
For one moved upward by the basalt wall,
A host of fierce-eyed men, with long black hair
Stream'd o'er white tunics, their dark faces wreath'd
With turbans white, in every hand a staff
Carven with lilies or with eagle-head.
And haughty girls in gilded cars swept on
To the Assyrian Aphrodite's fane,
With faces passion-flush'd or terror-pale,—
Red and white roses, rich, but soon to fade.
High on the palace-terraces above
There walk'd a king*—it made me fear to see
How like he was to those old sculptured kings,
Black-curl'd, black-bearded, full of state and woe,
Who sit the world out on their chairs of stone,
Staring for ever on the arrow-heads,
Wherein their bloody chronicles are writ.
There too I saw grey-beard astrologers,
Who read the silver horologue of heaven ;
And them, who shape the purpose shadow'd forth
In visions of the head upon the bed ;
And priests, who give attendance at the shrine
Well-strewn, that hath no image of its god,
Or at that other where he sits eterne,
Statue and throne and pedestal of gold,
Grinning and glimmering through the frankincense.

From all there diverse went another way
Another concourse, gentler of regard.
And as a widow, when her son is dead,
Putteth her white lip down to the white shroud,
And communeth a little while with death,
So did the exiles commune with their Past.
Psalms did they murmur—poesy of him,
Shepherd, King, Saint, and penitent, who wore
The golden grief that gave the golden song :—

* Daniel iv. 29.

And later lamentations. For as when
A wandering man, beside an ocean shore
Belated, hears the waves upon the beach
Discoursing drearily, and night hangs black
On the black rocks, over the moaning sea ;—
But suddenly there circles in the gloom
A bird's voice wailing, like a soul in pain,
Not dispossess'd of some immortal hope :
So Jeremiah wailed o'er Judah's path,
Still round and round that strange old alphabet
Weaving his long funereal chant of woe,*
Still singing sweetly of the seventy years !

I saw the exiles seek the river side,
There where the willows grey grew in the midst
Of Babylon, and hang their harps thereon.

Thus evermore in ear of either throng
Sounded the voice of waters. It went up
Over the city, where the forests hang,
Sleepily parleying in the charmed light
Round alabaster stairs and curious flowers
From Media brought, and sunny steep of Ind.
How different to each !—To these it swept
On with a din of Oriental war.
It sounded an alarm that wakened up
Far echoes from far rivers all night long,
Angering the dragon in his lotos-bed,
And bringing Persian kings unto the brink
Of the Choaspes with their silver jars.
Like a soothsayer it denounced a woe
On Tigris, telling the predestined time
When he should wail along a waste of bricks
Painted with pine-cones, and colossal bulls.
And like a divination it aroused

* In primis quatuor capitibus Lamentationum versus literis initialibus ordinem Alphabethi sequuntur, ita tamen, ut in capite tertio tres semper versus continui ab eadem litera incipient. Ackermann. Introd. in Libros Sacros.

As it were gods, ascending from the earth,
Disquieting old kings to bring them up,
Uruk, and Ilgi, Iva, and the rest,
Whose politic alliances, fierce wars,
And love, and hate have perished like themselves,
Forgotten in the city where they dwelt.

But to the other throng the river told
Things written in their great old Hebrew book.
It told how it had swept through Eden once,
A bright chord of the fourfold river-lyre.
And it had old-world songs of Abraham,
And him of Rehoboth who went to rule
Among the dark-eyed dukes on Seir's red rocks,*
And him of Pethor,† walking wrapped in thought.
Anon it seem'd to sing. "My waves flow past
A dungeon, and one bound with chains of brass,
A king, a crownless, childless, eyeless ghost! ‡
And on my surface lights and shadows play,
And moonlights quiver on the ripply lines,
The silver roll among my sighing reeds,
And the stars look into my silent depths,
But on the awful river of his thoughts,
Black as the waters of a mountain lake
What time the hills are powder'd white with snow,
Sunlight, and moon, and stars, are not at all :
Dark, dark, all draped with shadows of his life."

Then came another tale—a legend wild—§
How the Ten Tribes, the banish'd of the Lord
Took counsel with themselves, that they would leave
The multitude of heathens, and fare forth

* These are their dukes . . . and these are the kings that reigned
in the land of Edom . . . Saul of Rehoboth by the river reigned.—
Gen. xxxvi. 19, 31, 37.

† Numbers xxii. 5.

‡ Zedekiah.—See 2 Kings, xxv. 7.

§ See the legend of the journey of the Ten Tribes across the Euphrates
to Arsareth in 2 Esdras.

To a far country, where there never came
Oarsman or sail. A penitential host,
They entered the Euphrates by the ford.
And often hath the moon at midnight hung
Pillars of luminous silver o'er the wave,
But not a pillar half so broad and bright
As that which steered them on, while the Most High
Held still the flood. And aye their way they took
Twice nine long months, until they reach'd the land
Arsareth. There the mountains gird them in,—
And o'er the gleaming granite pass white clouds,
That sail from awful waterfalls, and catch,
And tear their silver fleeces on the pines.
And never hunter scaled those granite peaks,
And never wandering man hath heard the roar
Of cataracts soften'd through those folds of fir,
But a great temple hangs upon the hills,
And ever and anon rolls through its gates
A mighty music washing through the pines,
And silver trumps still snarl at the new moon ;
And all their life is sacrament and psalm,
Vesper or festival, and holy deed.
There do they dwell until the latter time,
When God Most High shall stay the springs again.

The waters changed their meaning. There came down
Some of the others to Euphrates' brink,
And much they question'd why those harps hung there,
Saying "Come, sing us one of Sion's songs !"
How shall they sing God's song in the strange land ?
For it is native of the Temple, laid
Like a white flower on Moriah's breast ;
And it is not for Asia's sealike plain,
But for the shadows of the purple hills :
Not for the broad and even-pulsing stream,
But for the land where Jordan passioneth
His poetry of waterfalls, night and day
Anger'd by cataracts, lulled by nightingales,
Crown'd with white foam, and triumphing for ever,

That is to the Euphrates, as a saint
Full of sweet yearnings and of tears divine,
Is to some cold and passionless idol god
Imprison'd in his rigid marble lines.

Next, as from a far country there came one—
Slow was his gait, his garment travel-stain'd,*
And in his hand, methought, he held a scroll,
Written from right to left, Semitic-wise.
Then one said to him, "Wherefore art thou come?"
And he—"I come from him of Anathoth."
Whereat, he bound a stone upon the scroll,
And flung it far away into the flood,
When suddenly a trumpet blast waxed loud,
Against Chaldea rousing Ararat,
And Ashkenaz and Minni, kingdoms old.
Yea, instantaneously a mighty voice
Of Heav'n, and earth, and all that is therein,
Sang over Babylon. And as far north
The ice-bound mariner looks up, and lo!
The sky is spann'd with the auroral arch,
And the Heav'n, full of glory, blossometh
With light unspeakable—so now, methought,
The sky grew radiant up above my head
World upon world. And then I heard a song,
Angels, archangels, and the company
Of Heaven, chanting unto golden harps
With exultation, "Babylon the Great
Is fallen, fallen;" and from earth below
Rose echo, "fallen, fallen" back again.
And then I thought that I could hear far off
The cedars and the firs of Lebanon,†
With a wind rustling all their odorous robes,
That shaped itself in long low syllables,
As if a happy thought went sighing through
Their dark-green halls and sombre colonnades,
Saying, "No feller comes against us now,

* Seraiah—cf. Jeremiah li. 59.

† Isaiah xiv.

Since they have laid thee low, O Babylon !"
And the great river sobb'd, " O Babylon !"
I beheld gods, and demigods, and kings,
Like shadows upon unsubstantial thrones.
I saw the crowns upon their wither'd brows,
Like the thin circlet of the waning moon
Over a thin white cloud. Ranged were they all,
A royal consistory, row on row,
Sleeping their sleep. But now their ranks were stirred,
As the wan leaves, shrunken from red to white,
—The chestnuts' ashes, or the beeches' fire—
Are stirr'd in heaps, and a shrill murmuring went
Among them, like a wailing of the birds.
And they look'd narrowly on one that came
Into their company, and laughed, and said,
" How art thou fallen, O ! thou Morning star !
For we are kings at least, and take our fill
Of rest, each one in glory on his bed,
Strewn with sweet odours, divers kinds of spice.
But thou art as a wanderer in our land,
Thy carcase, trodden under foot of men—
Disrobed, disceptred, dropp'd with blood, discrown'd !
Then Heav'n and the abyss were mute once more,
And the curse fell upon broad walls, high gates,
Utterly broken, burned in the fire :
And the curse fell on garden-terraces,
Faded, all faded, like a golden cloud,
And tumbled, like a cliff in heaps of stones ;
And the curse fell upon Euphrates last,
Fountain and flood, and all his sea dried up.

Yet other shapes and sounds came to me still.
I saw a fire dark-red in the fierce sky,
Three shadowy figures flitting to and fro ;
Far off I heard their *Benedicite*.
I saw a host, across the river's bed,
Trample right onward to a palace-gate,
Whence from a great feast fled a thousand lords,

And dark sultanas, dress'd in white symars.
 And in the hall I saw a blaze of light
 Round gold and silver cups of strange device,
 And one mysterious figure, scarlet-rob'd,*
 Waiting unmov'd, and on the dias high
 A king, the wine still red on his white lips.
 And I beheld a barge upon the wave,
 Lo ! at its helm there was a godlike form,
 A glittering tiar above his kausia.†
 Sitting the centre of a light of gems,
 Shadow'd by silk-embroider'd sails, he steered
 His pinnacle to the dyke Pallakopas,
 Keeping his royal court and state on deck,
 As he sailed down to see the pictured graves
 Of the old kings, that sleep world without end,
 Where shadows are the only moving things.
 And one kept court upon the deck as well,
 White-lipp'd, and grim, and stern, and that was Death
 And then a stately chamber, muffled round
 With golden curtains, rose beside the stream :
 And, his face cover'd with a silken veil,
 Walked the Resch-Glutha‡ among aged men,
 Thin faces, pinch'd-up foreheads, narrow hearts,
 Whereon the thoughts of God's eternal book
 Are stamp'd in petty legendary lore,§
 As the great waves with all their noble beat
 Carve out those feather'd lines along the strand.
 And last I thought Euphrates was dried up,
 And o'er his bed the kings of the Orient,
 Surging with war's full stream of clanging gold,||
 March'd to the battle of Almighty God.¶

* Daniel v. 29.

† See the account of Alexander's death in Grote's History of Greece, vol. xii.

‡ The Prince of the Captivity.

§ The Gemara, Mischna, and Talmud grew up among the Babylonian Jews.

|| πολλῶν ῥεύματι—

χρυσοῦ καταχῆς.—SOPH. *Antig.* 130.

¶ Apoc. xvi, 13. 16.

But on before me swept the moonlit stream,
 That had entranced me with his memories
 A thousand battles, and one burst of psalms,
 Rolling his waters to the Indian sea
 Beyond Balsara and Elana far,
 Nigh to two thousand miles from Ararat.
 And his full music took a finer tone,
 And sang me something of a "gentler stream"*
 That rolls for ever to another shore,
 Whereof our God Himself is the sole sea,
 And Christ's dear love the pulsing of the tide,
 And His sweet Spirit is the breathing wind.
 Something it chanted too of exiled men
 On the sad bank of that strange river Life,
 Hanging the harp of their deep heart-desires
 To rest upon the willow of the Cross,
 And longing for the everlasting hills,
 Mount Sion and Jerusalem of God.
 And then I thought I knelt, and kneeling heard
 Nothing—save only the long wash of waves,
 And one sweet psalm that sobbed for evermore.

* *Bishop Alexander.*

His Name.

x.

❶ WONDERFUL ! round whose birth-hour
 Prophetic song, miraculous power,
 Cluster and burn, like star and flower.

Those marvellous rays that at Thy will,
 From the closed Heaven which is so chill,
 So passionless, streamed round Thee still,

* "A gentler stream with gladness still
 The city of our God shall fill."—*Psalms* xlv., N. V.

Are but as broken gleams that start,
O Light of Lights, from Thy deep heart,
Thyself, Thyself, the Wonder art !

O Counsellor ! four thousand years,
One question tremulous with tears,
One awful question vexed our peers.

They asked the vault, but no one spoke ;
They asked the depth, no answer woke ;
They asked their hearts, that only broke.

They looked, and sometimes on the height
Far off they saw a haze of white,
That was a storm, but looked like light.

The secret of the years is read,
The enigma of the quick and dead
By the Child voice interpreted.

O everlasting Father, God !
Sun after sun went down, and trod
Race after race the green earth's sod,

Till generations seem'd to be
But dead waves of an endless sea,
But dead leaves from a deathless tree.

But Thou hast come, and now we know
Each wave hath an eternal flow,
Each leaf a lifetime after snow.

O Prince of Peace ! crown'd yet discrown'd,
They say no war nor battle's sound
Was heard the tirèd world around ;

They say the hour that Thou didst come,
The trumpet's voice was stricken dumb,
And no one beat the battle-drum.

Yea, still as life to them that mark
Its poor adventure, seems a bark
Whose track is pale, whose sail is dark :

Thou, who art Wonderful, dost fling
One ray, till like a sea-bird's wing
The canvas is a snowy thing,—

Till the dark boat is turn'd to gold,
The sunlit-silver'd ocean roll'd
With anthems that are new and old,

With noble path of luminous ray
From the boat slanting all the way
To the island of undying day.

And still as clouding questions swarm
Around our hearts, and dimly form
Their problems of the mist and storm :

And still as ages fleet, but fraught
With syllables, whereby is wrought
The fulness of the Eternal thought ;

And when not yet in God's sunshine,
The smoke drifts from the embattled line
Of warring hearts that would be Thine ;

We bid our doubts and passions cease,
Our restless fears be still'd with these—
Counsellor, Father, Prince of Peace !

* *Bishop Alexander.*

The Death of Abel.

XI.

In youthful dignity and lovely grace,
With heaven itself reflected on his face;
In purity and innocence array'd,
The perfect work of God was Abel made.
To him the fleecy charge his sire consigned :
An angel's figure with an angel's mind,
In him his father every blessing viewed,
And thought the joys of Paradise renew'd.
But stern and gloomy was the soul of Cain ;
A brother's virtue was the source of pain ;
Malice and hate their secret wounds impart,
And envy's vulture gnaws upon his heart :
With discontented hand he turned the soil,
And inly grieving, murmured o'er his toil.
Each with his offering to the Almighty came,
Their altars raised, and fed the sacred flame.
Scarce could the pitying Abel bear to bind
A lamb, the picture of his Master's mind :
Which to the pile with tender hands he drew,
And wept, as he the bleating victim slew.
Around, with fond regard the zephyr played,
Nor dared disturb the oblation Abel made.
The gracious flames accepted upward flew,
The Lord received them—for his heart was true.
His first-reap'd fruits indignant Cain prepares,—
But vain his sacrifice, and vain his prayers,—
For all were hollow : God and nature frowned,
The wind dispersed them, and the Lord disowned.
He looks behind—what flames around him rise ?
“ O hell ! 'tis Abel's, Abel's sacrifice !
“ Curst, hated sight ! another look would tear
“ My soul with rage, would plunge me in despair !
“ Still must each wish that Abel breathes be heard ;
“ Still must I see his suit to mine preferr'd !
“ Still must this darling of creation share
“ His parents' dearest love, his Maker's care ;

"But Cain is doomed his sullen hate to vent—
"Is doomed his woes in silence to lament :—
"Why should the name of Abel sound more dear,
"More sweet than Cain's unto my father's ear?
"Each look, that once on me with pleasure glowed,
"Each kiss, each smile, on Abel is bestowed.
"He loves me, views me with sincere delight ;
"Yet, yet I hate him, yet I loathe his sight !
"But why detest him? why do I return
"Hate for his love,—his warm affection spurn?
"Ah ! vain each effort, vain persuasion's art,
"While rancour's sting is festering in my heart !"
At this ill-fated moment, when his rage
Nor love could bind, nor reason could assuage,
Young Abel came ; he marked his sullen woe,
Nor in the brother could discern the foe.
As down his cheeks the generous sorrow ran,
He gazed with fondness, and at length began :
"Why lowers that storm beneath thy clouded eye?
"Why wouldst thou thus thy Abel's presence fly?
"Turn thee, my brother ! view me laid thus low,
"And smooth the threatening terrors of thy brow.
"Have I offended? Is my fault so great,
"That truth and friendship cannot change thy hate?
"Then tell me, Cain, O tell me all thy care ;
"O cease thy grief, or let thy Abel share !"
No tears prevail : his passions stronger rise ;
Increasing fury flashes from his eyes !
At once each fiend around his heartstrings twines,—
At once all hell within his soul combines.
"Ah, serpent !"—At the words he fiercely sprung,
Caught the accursed weapon, brandished, swung,
And smote ! the stroke descended on his brow ;
The suppliant victim sunk beneath the blow :
The streaming blood distained his locks with gore—
Those beauteous tresses, that were gold before :
Nor could his lips a deep-drawn sigh restrain,
Not for himself he sighed—he sighed for Cain :
His dying eyes a look of pity cast,
And beamed forgiveness, ere they closed their last.

The murderer viewed him with a vacant stare,—
Each thought was anguish, and each look despair.
“Abel, awake, arise !” he trembling cried ;
“Abel, my brother !”—but no voice replied.
At every call more madly wild he grew,
Paler than he, whom late in rage he slew.
In frightful silence o’er the corse he stood,
And chain’d in terror, wondered at the blood.
“Awake ! yet oh ! no voice, no smile, no breath !
“O God, support me ! O should this be death !
“O thought most dreadful ! how my blood congeals !
“How every vein increasing horror feels !
“How faint his visage, and how droops his head !
“O God, he’s gone !—and I have done the deed !”
Pierc’d with the thought, the fatal spot he flies,
And, plunged in darkness, seeks a vain disguise.
Eve, hapless Eve ! ’twas thine these woes to see,
To weep thy own, thy children’s misery !
She, all unconscious, with her husband strayed
To meet her sons beneath their favourite shade :
To them the choicest fruits of all her store,
Delightful task ! a pleasing load she bore.
While with maternal love she looked around—
Lo ! Abel, breathless, weltering on the ground !
She shrieked his name—’twas all that she could say,
Then sunk, and lifeless as her Abel lay.
Not long the trance could all her senses seal,
She woke too soon returning woe to feel.
Those lips that once gave rapture to her breast,
Now cold in death the afflicted mother pressed.
Fix’d in the silent agony of woe,
The father stood, nor comfort could bestow.
Weep, wretched father ! hopeless mother, weep !
A long, long slumber Abel’s doomed to sleep !
Wrapt in the tangling horrors of the wood,
The murderer sought to fly himself and God.
Night closed her welcome shades around his head,
But angry conscience lashed him as he fled.
“Here stretch thy limbs, thou wretch ! O may this
blast

"Bear death, and may this moment be thy last !
"May blackest night eternal hold her reign ;
"And may the sun forget to light the plain !
"Ye shades surround me ! darkness hide my sin !
"Tis dark without, but darker still within.
"O Abel ! O my brother ! could not all
"Thy love for me preserve thee from thy fall !
"Why did not Heaven avert that deadly blow,
"That dreadful, hated wound, that laid thee low !
"Oh ! I'm in hell ! each breath, each blast alarms,
"And every maddening demon is in arms :
"The voice of God, the curse of Heaven I hear ;
"The name of murder'd Abel strikes my ear,
"Rolls in the thunder, rustles in the trees,
"And Abel ! Abel ! murmurs in the breeze.
"Still fancy scares me with his dying groan,
"And clothes each scene in horrors not its own.
"Curst be that day, the harbinger of woes,
"When first my mother felt a mother's throes :
"When sweetly smiling on my infant face,
"She blessed the firstling of a future race.
"O Death ! thou hidden, thou mysterious bane !
"Can all thy terrors equal living pain ?—
"Yet still there lies a world beyond the grave,
"From whence no death, no subterfuge can save.
"Thou, God of Vengeance ! these my sufferings see,—
"To all the God of Mercy, but to me !
"O soothe the tortures of my guilty state,—
"Great is Thy vengeance, but Thy mercy great,
"My brother ! thou canst see how deep I grieve ;
"Look down, thou injured angel, and forgive !
"Far hence a wretched fugitive, I roam,
"The earth my bed, the wilderness my home.
"Far hence I stray from these delightful seats,
"To solitary tracts and drear retreats.
"Yet ah ! the very beasts will shun my sight,
"Will fly my bloody footsteps with affright.
"No brother they, no faithful friend have slain,—
"Detested only for that crime is Cain.
"Had I but lulled each fury of my soul,

" Had held each rebel passion in control,
 " To nature and to God had faithful proved,
 " And loved a brother as a brother loved,—
 " Then had I sunk into a grave of rest,
 " And Cain had breathed his last on Abel's breast ! "

Rev. Charles Wolfe.

Jesus raising Lazarus.

XII.

SILENT and sad, deep gazing on the clay,
 Where Lazarus breathless, cold, and lifeless lay,
 The Saviour stood ; he dropped a heavenly tear,
 The dew of pity from a soul sincere :
 He heaved a groan !—though large his cup of woe,
 Yet still for others' grief his sorrows flow ;
 He knew what pains must pierce a sister's heart,
 When death had sped his sharpest, deadliest dart,
 And seized a brother's life. Around they stand,
 Sisters and friends, a weeping, mournful band :—
 His prayer he raises to the blest abode,
 And mercy bears it to the throne of God.
 " Lord ! Thou hast always made Thy Son Thy care,
 " Ne'er has my soul in vain preferred its prayer ;
 " Hear now, O Father ! this Thy flock relieve,—
 " Dry Thou their tears, and teach them to believe
 " Thy power the sinking wretch from death can save,
 " And burst the iron fetters of the grave :—
 " Awake ! arise !" the healing words He spoke,
 And death's deep slumbers in a moment broke :
 Fate hears astonish'd,—trembles at the word,
 And nature yields, o'ercome by nature's Lord.
 Light peeps with glimmering rays into his eyes ;
 With lingering paces misty darkness flies ;
 The pulse slow vibrates through the languid frame,
 The frozen blood renews the vital flame ;
 His body soon its wonted strength regains,

And life, returning, rushes to his veins.—
 They look ! they start ! they look !—'tis he, 'tis he !
 They see him,—and yet scarce believe they see !
 On Him—on Him they turn their thankful eyes,
 From whom such wondrous benefits arise :
 On Him they look, who, God and Man combined,
 Joined mortal feelings with a heavenly mind :
 On him their warm collected blessings poured ;
 As Man, they loved him—and as God, adored.

Rev. Charles Wolfe.

John the Baptist.

XIII.

WHY rush the wild thousands
 From Salem's proud towers ?
 Why rush the wild thousands
 From Jericho's bowers ?
 From the vine-cover'd valley,
 The olive-hill's side,
 From the cot, from the palace,
 Still rushes the tide !
 The priest and the warrior,
 The lord and the slave ;
 Still onward they pour
 To the willow-wreath'd shore,
 Where the wilderness glitters
 With Jordan's bright wave.

What seek they ? A prince,
 In his tunic of gold !
 What seek they ? A chief
 Like their warriors of old.
 When the Maccabee scythe
 Mowed the Syrian's mailed hordes,

And Arabia was tame
 At the blaze of their swords.
 But the Heaven-doom'd Roman
 Has levelled the throne ;
 And like dust on the gale,
 And like rust on the mail,
 The old lion-banner
 Is shattered and gone.

Hark ! the shouts of the host
 As they sweep o'er the plain ;
 See their gesture of triumph,
 Their glance of disdain.
 "All hail to the Prophet !
 Four hundred long years
 Have scourged us with scorpions,
 Have steeped us in tears.
 But, the kingdom is coming,
 Its Herald has come.
Now the Roman shall feel
 The tramp of our heel,
 And the gods of the Gentile
 Shall plunge in the tomb."

'Tis the Prophet of prophets,
 For ages foretold,
 Of the race that the thunders
 O'er Palestine rolled.
 With a voice that now saves,
 And a voice that now stings,
 Rebuker of people,
 Rebuker of kings.
 His eye like the flash,
 As it darts from the cloud.
 The camel's-hair fold
 Round his limbs' giant mould,
 And a forehead, to all but Jehovah
 unbow'd.

He speaks—all are hushed.
On his lip burns the coal ;
The flame from the altar,
The voice of the soul !
“ Ho ! leaders of Israel,
Blind guides of the blind,
With madness before you,
And vengeance behind ;
Repent for the time
Of Messiah is nigh ;
For the firebrand shall glow
O'er your city of woe,
And the axe at the root
Of your grandeur shall lie.

“ Why comes the proud Pharisee,
Scorn in his eye ?
Why comes the proud Sadducee,
Looking a lie ?
Ye sons of the hypocrites,
Howl in despair.
Ye kindred of Spoil,
In its doom ye shall share.
For the harvest is gathered,
The fan in the hand,
Ye bosoms of stone,
Ye infidels, groan ;
In the day of His vengeance,
What mortal shall stand ?

“ He stoops from His throne,
Yet is mighty to save ;
The prisoner of Death,
Yet the Lord of the Grave !
The King of all Kings
As a slave shall expire,
But His words shall be Spirit,
His Baptism be fire.

Then Judah shall perish
In famine and gore,
Till the trumpet shall sound,
And the dead be unbound,
And MESSIAH be Monarch,
And Time be no more !”

Rev. George Croly, LL.D.

Balak and Balaam.

XIV.

UPON the hill the Prophet stood,
King Balak, in the rocky vale ;
Around him, like a fiery flood,
Flashed to the sun his men of mail.

’Twas Morn—’twas Noon—the Sacrifice
Still rolled its sheeted flame to Heaven,
Still on the Prophet turned their eyes ;
Nor yet the fearful CURSE was given.

’Twas Eve—the flame was feeble now,
Was dried the victim’s burning blood.
The sun was sinking broad and low.
King Balak by the Prophet stood.

“ Now, curse, or die ! ” The echoing roar
Around him, like a tempest came ;
Again the altar streamed with gore,
And flushed again the sky with flame.

The Prophet was in prayer ; he rose,
His mantle from his face was flung ;
He listened, where the mighty foes
To Heaven their evening anthem sung.

He saw their camp, like sunset clouds,
Mixed with the Desert's distant blue ;
Saw on the plain their marshalled crowds,
Heard the high strain their trumpets blew.

"Young lion of the Desert sand,"
Burst from his lip the Prophet-cry,
"What strength before thy strength shall stand ?
What hunter meet thee, but to fly ?

"Come, Heaven-crowned Lord of Palestine,
Lord of her plain, her mountain-throne ;
Lord of her olive and her vine :
Come, King of Nations, claim Thine own."

"Be Israel cursed !" was in his soul,
But on his lip the wild words died ;
He paused, till night on Israel stole :
Still was the fearful curse untried.

Now wilder on his startled ear,
From Moab's hills and valleys dim,
Rose the fierce clash of shield and spear,
Rose the mad yells of Baalim.

"How shall I curse whom God hath blest ?
With whom He dwells, with whom shall dwell ?"
He clasped his pale hands on his breast ;
"Then be thou blest, O Israel !"

A whirlwind from the Desert rushed,
Deep thunders echoed round the hill,
King, Prophet, multitude were hushed !
The thunders sank, the blast was still.

Broad on the East, a newborn Star,
On cloud, vale, desert, poured its blaze.
The Prophet knew the SIGN afar,
And on it fixed his shuddering gaze.

“I shall behold HIM, but not now ;
I shall behold HIM, but not nigh.—
He comes, beneath the Cross to bow,
To toil, to triumph, and to die.

“All power is in His hand ; the World
Is dust beneath His trampling heel.
The thunder from His lips is hurled,
The heavens beneath His presence reel.

“He comes, a stranger to His own ;
With the wild bird and fox He lies.
The King, who makes the stars His throne,
A wanderer lives, an outcast dies !

“Lost Israel ! on thy diadem
What blood shall for His blood be poured ?
Torn from the earth thy royal stem—
Victim of famine, chain, and sword.”

The Prophet paused, in awe ;—the STAR
Rose broader on the boundless plain,
Flashing on Balak’s marshalled war,
On mighty Israel’s farthest vane.

And sweet and solemn echoes flowed
From harps of more than mortals given.
Till in the central cope it glowed,
Then vanished in the heights of Heaven !

Rev. George Croly, LL.D.

Westminster Abbey.

xv.

FROM England's gilded halls of state
I crossed the Western Minster's gate,
And, 'mid the tombs of England's dead,
I heard the Holy Scriptures read.

The walls around and pillar'd piers
Had stood well-nigh seven hundred years ;
The words the priest gave forth had stood
Since Christ, and since before the Flood.

A thousand hearts around partook
The comfort of the Holy Book ;
While thousand suppliant hands were spread
In lifted stone above my head.

In dust decay'd the hands are gone
That fed and set the builders on ;
In heedless dust the fingers lie
That hewed and heaved the stones on high ;

And back to earth and air resolv'd
The brain that planned and poised the vault :—
But undecay'd, erect, and fair,
To heaven ascends the builded Prayer,

With majesty of strength and size,
With glory of harmonious dyes,
With holy airs of heavenward thought
From floor to roof divinely fraught.

Fall down, ye bars ! enlarge, my soul !
To heart's content take in the whole ;
And, spurning pride's injurious thrall,
With loyal love embrace them all !

Yet hold not lightly home ; nor yet
The graves on Dunagore forget ;
Nor grudge the stone-gilt stall to change
For humble bench of Gorman's Grange.

The self-same Word bestows its cheer
On simple creatures there as here ;
And thence, as hence, poor souls do rise
In social flight to common skies.

For in the Presence vast and good,
That bends o'er all our livelihood,
With humankind in heavenly cure,
We all are weak, we all are poor.

His poor, be sure, shall never want
For service meet and seemly chant,
And for the Gospel's joyful sound
A fitting place shall still be found ;

Whether the organ's solemn tones
Thrill through the dust of warriors' bones,
Or voices of the village choir
From swallow-haunted eaves aspire ;

Or, sped with healing on its wings,
The Word solicit ears of kings,
Or stir the souls, in moorland glen,
Of kingless covenanted men.

Enough for thee, indulgent Lord,
The willing ear to hear Thy Word,—
The rising of the burthen'd breast—
And thou suppliest all the rest.

Or haply, as they held who lie
Where Six-mile-water murmurs by,
Thine, too, the sigh, and Thine the call,
Thou, liberal Lord, providing all.

* *Samuel Ferguson.*

The Hymn of the Fishermen.

XVI.

To God give foremost praises,
Who, 'neath the rolling tides,
In ocean's secret places,
Our daily bread provides ;
Who in His pasture grazes
The flat fish and the round,
And makes the herring '*maces*'
In shoaling heaps abound.

Who, in the hour of trial,
When, down the rattling steep
The tempest's wrathful vial
Is poured upon the deep,
Gives courage, calm and steady,
Through every form of fear,
And makes our fingers ready
To hand, and reef, and steer.

Who, when through drift and darkness
The reeling hooker flies,
And, rocks in ridgy starkness,
Athwart our bows arise,
Prompt to the helm's commanding,
Brings round the swerving tree,
Till, into harbour standing,
We anchor safe and free.

And, great and small sufficing,
In Nature's equal law,
That rules the sun's uprising,
And makes the mainsail draw,
Brings round His erring creatures
To seek salvation's ways,
By laws surpassing Nature's—
To God give foremost praise.

* *Samuel Ferguson.*

Three Thoughts.

XVII.

COME in, Sweet Thought, come in ;
Why linger at the door ?
Is it because a shape of sin
Defiled the place before ?
'Twas but a moment there ;
I chased it soon away ;
Behold, my breast is clear and bare—
Come in, Sweet Thought, and stay.
The Sweet Thought said me " No ;
" I love not such a room,
" Where uncouth inmates come and go,
" And back, unbidden, come :
" I rather make my cell
" From ill resort secure,
" Where love and lovely fancies dwell
" In bosoms virgin-pure."

Oh, Pure Thought, then I said,
Come thou, and bring with thee
This dainty Sweetness, fancy-bred,
That flouts my house and me.
No peevish pride hast thou,
Nor turnest glance of scorn
On aught the laws of life allow
In man of woman born.
Said he, " No place for us
" Is here : and, be it known,
" You dwell where ways are perilous
" For them that walk alone.
" There needs the surer road,
" The fresher-sprinkl'd floor,
" Else are we not for your abode"—
And turned him from my door.

Then, in my utmost need,
Oh, Holy Thought, I cried,
Come thou, that cleansest will and deed,
And in my breast abide.
“Yea, sinner, that will I,
“And presently begin;”
And ere the heart had heav’d its sigh,
The Guest Divine came in.
As in the pest-house ward
The prompt Physician stands,
As in the leagur’d castle yard
The warden with his bands,
He stood, and said, “My task
“Is here, and here my home;
“And here am I, who only ask
“That I be asked to come.”

See how in formless flight
The ranks of darkness run,
Exhale and perish in the light
Stream’d from the risen sun;
How, but a drop infuse
Within the turbid bowl,
Of some elixir’s virtuous juice,
It straight makes clear the whole;
So from before His face
The fainting phantoms went,
And, in a clear and sunny place,
My soul sat down content;
For—mark and understand
My ailment and my cure—
Love came and brought me, in his hand,
The Sweet Thought and the Pure.

* *Samuel Ferguson.*

Three Seasons.

XVIII.

Then.

MY breast was as a briary brake
 I lacked the rake and shears to trim ;
 Or like a deep, weed-tangl'd lake,
 Where man can neither wade nor swim :
 So full of various discontent
 At things I had not height to scan,
 Nor breadth nor depth to comprehend,
 It seemed as though creation's end
 Were but enigma, and God's plan
 One knotted hard entanglement.

Now.

Oh ! glad the morning light we greet,
 That shows the pathway newly found ;
 And grateful to the oaring feet
 The touch, at last, of solid ground.
 A breath : beheld in clearer air,
 The path surmounts the mountain sides ;
 A touch : the knots asunder fall,
 And from the smooth uncoiling ball,
 With easy play the shuttle glides
 To weave the robe the righteous wear.

Henceforth.

Ah me ! for such a robe unfit,
 How shall I let my face be shown,
 Or venture at the feet to sit
 Of them that sit around the Throne ?
 He who upon the darken'd eyes
 Has breathed, and touched the chords within,
 Will order all aright. Till then,
 Here let me, in the ways of men,
 Walk meekly ; and essay to win
 The righteous joy this life supplies.

** Samuel Ferguson.*

The Village Pastor.

XIX.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest ;
To them his heart, his love, his grief were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Oliver Goldsmith.

The Tower and the Open Air.

XX.

LEARNING sat in a lonely tower,
Heaping knowledge hour by hour ;
Searching through all lives, all forces,
All beginnings, and all courses ;
Tracing on, from old to new,
How rounded worlds from chaos grew ;
Sifting all matter's form and plan,
Within the utmost reach of man ;

All dependence, all relation,
Through the system of creation.
Of man's minds, too, and its modes,
Disentangling all the nodes,
To that limit where extremes
Interpenetrate like dreams,
Where the eager wings in vain
Struggle madly to sustain
The soul in void ;—where rises ever
A wall of blank to man's endeavour.

One day came a shepherd lad
To where Learning plied his task ;
And of him did Learning ask
What knowledge was the best he had ?
“ A crowded, various earth is spread
Around my footsteps,” said the youth :
“ A great heaven is above my head.
To love and hope in simple truth,
To reverence God, whate'er befall,—
This is best, this is all.”

Then did Learning take the boy,
And teach him all that he could teach ;
And after many years he said—
“ All knowledge in the human reach
Is thine to use and to enjoy.
What count'st thou best ?” He answer made :
“ Increase of knowledge is good and sweet,
That the soul may shun deceit ;
And the best is this, in sooth—
To love and hope in simple truth,
To reverence God, whate'er befall.
This is best, this is all.”

* *William Allingham.*

“**Levavi Oculos.**”

XXI.

IN trouble for my sin, I cried to God ;
To the Great God who dwelleth in the deeps,
The deeps return not any voice or sign.

But with my soul I know thee, O Great God ;
The soul thou gavest knoweth thee, Great God ;
And with my soul I sorrow for my sin.

Full sure I am there is no joy in sin,
Joy-scented Peace is trampled under foot,
Like a white growing blossom into mud.

Sin is establish'd subtly in the heart
As a disease ; like a magician foul
Ruleth the better thoughts against their will.

Only the rays of God can cure the heart,
Purge it of evil : there's no other way
Except to turn with the whole heart to God.

In heavenly sunlight live no shades of fear ;
The soul there, busy or at rest, hath peace ;
And music floweth from the various world.

The Lord is great and good, and is our God.
There needeth not a word, but only these :
Our God is good ; our God is great. 'Tis well.

All things are ever God's ; the show of things
Are of men's fantasy, and warp'd with sin ;
God, and the things of God, immutable.

O great, good God, my pray'r is to neglect
 The shows of fantasy, and turn myself
 To thy unfenced, unmeasured warmth and light !

Then were all shows of things a part of truth ;
 Then were my soul, if busy or at rest,
 Residing in the house of perfect peace !

* *William Allingham.*

The Messenger.

XXII.

A MESSENGER, that stood beside my bed,
 In words of clear and cruel import said,
 (And yet methought the tone was less unkind),
 "I bring thee pain of body and of mind."

Each gift of each must pay a toll to me ;
 Nor flight, nor force, nor suit can set thee free ;
 Until my brother come, I say not when :
 Affliction is my name, unlov'd of men."

I swooned, then, bursting up in talk derang'd,
 Shatter'd to tears ; while he stood by unchang'd.
 I held my peace, my heart with courage burn'd,
 And to his cold touch one faint sigh returned.

Undreamt-of wings he lifted : "For a while
 I vanish. Never be afraid to smile
 Lest I waylay thee : curse me not ; nay, love ;
 That I may bring thee tidings from above."

And often since, by day or night, descends
 The face obdurate ; now almost a friend's.
 Oh ! quite to Faith ; but Frailty's lips not dare
 The word. To both this angel taught a pray'r.

"Lord God, thy servant, wounded and bereft,
 Feels thee upon his right hand and his left ;
 Hath joy in grief, and still by losing gains ;—
 All this is gone, yet all myself remains !"

* *William Allingham.*

Burial of Moses.

XXIII.

WY Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab
 There lies a lonely grave.
 And no man knows that sepulchre,
 And no man saw it e'er,
 For the angels of God upturned the sod,
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever pass'd on earth ;
 But no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth—
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes back when night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
 Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills,
 Open their thousand leaves ;

So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard,
That which man knoweth not

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honour'd place
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breath'd a word.
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,
The hill side for a pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait.
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave.

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought !
Before the Judgment day.
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife, that won our life,
With the Incarnate SON OF GOD.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
O dark Beth-peor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

* *Mrs. Alexander.*

The Cloud on the Tabernacle.

XXIV.

WITHIN the Presence-cloud of God,
His Ark enshrouded lay ;
No airs that kissed the desert sod,
Might breathe that mist away.

So wrapp'd their own soft leaves amid,
The silver lilies grow,
So lies the golden chalice hid
Beneath the veil of snow.

But when the crescent moon from far
Led up her countless train,
A brighter light than any star,
Glowed on the darken'd plain.

The wild beast skulking for his prey,
Shunned that unearthly blaze,
The desert bird fled fast away,
Or slyly came to gaze :—

As outcasts wandering to and fro,
Pause by the lighted hall,
And watch the gleam along the snow
From the high casements fall :

And eyes as wild, with wistful glance,
Watched where that cloud was hung,
The warrior leaning on his lance,
The Priest with stave unslung,

With many a day the banners bright,
Drooped listless in the heat,
And children in their mother's sight
Played down the tented street.

It rose, and over hill and dale,
The pennons broad were flung—
The Levite took the purple veil,
The silver trumpets rung.

And onward boldly Israel trod
Wide plain, or mountain grey,
While, silent as the hand of God,
It pointed out the way.

But more than fire in night's dark face,
 Than mists when suns are red,
 The Presence-cloud of love and grace,
 That Christ doth on us shed :—

The cloud that goes before our fears,
 And conquers every foe,
 The calm sweet light that glows and cheers,
 When hearts beat cold and low.

Rise up, O Lord ! and scatter Thou
 Our pride, and lust, and hate,
 The sins that line the mountain brow,
 And throng the city gate.

Return, O Lord ! when sad and low
 Beneath the desert skies,
 We pause in weariness or woe,
 With salt tears in our eyes.

Come, gentle as a drooping cloud,
 Sweet as a summer star,
 With Thine own Self ourselves enshroud,
 And lead this weary war.

** Mrs. Alexander.*

Eden.

XXV.

WHERE is that garden of the Lord God planted
 Eastward in Eden in the days of old,
 Where the large blossoms and the fruits enchanted
 That filled the earliest tale our mothers told ?

Lingers it yet, kept by an Angel warden,
Over the purple mountains far away—
Untouched, since sinless Adam dressed the garden,
And the Lord walked there in the cool of day?

Nay, ask not—wherefore should our spirits venture
Over the eastern hills—beyond the bars,
Where the broad sun girt with his rosy cincture
Comes burning up, and darkens all the stars?

Why should we wish o'er sea and desert going
To find the vision true in some far land,
To dwell beside the gate—and hear the flowing
Of the great river with its golden sand?

The font stands yet in many a church's portal,
The prayers still echo round where we were made
Heirs of an Eden beautiful, immortal,
Where never serpent glided through the glade.

There flows eternally the gifted river,
Whose healing wave is as the crystal clear,
There grows the tree of life that sheddeth never
Its twelve bright fruits renewed twelve times a year.

For us that cooling wave, for us the beauty
Of that bright place that has nor sun, nor night,
If but by Christ's dear grace, in love and duty,
We walk below like children of the light.

So may we dream of those invisible bowers,
The water's tremulous flow, the flowery sod,
Hopeful that Christ's new Eden shall be ours,
The home of saints, the Paradise of God.

* *Mrs. Alexander.*

Rahab.

XXVI.

RISE up, rise up, O Rahab ;
And bind the scarlet thread
On the casement of thy chamber,
When the battle waxeth red.

From the double feast of Gilgal,
From Jordan's cloven wave,
They come with sound of trumpet,
With banner and with glaive.

Death to the foes of Israel !
But joy to thee and thine,
To her who saved the spies of God,
Who shows the scarlet line !

'Twas in the time of harvest,
When the corn lay on the earth,
That first she bound the signal
And bade the spies go forth.

For a cry came to her spirit
From the far Egyptian coasts,
And a dread was in her bosom
Of the mighty Lord of Hosts.

And the faith of saints and martyrs
Lay brave at her heart's core,
As some inward pulse were throbbing
Of the kingly line she bore.

As there comes a sudden fragrance
In the last long winter's day,
From the paly silken primrose,
Or the violet by the way.

And we pause, and look around us,
And we feel through every vein
That the tender spring is coming
And the summer's rosy reign.

In the twilight of our childhood,
When youth's shadows lie before,
There come thoughts into our bosoms
Like the spies to Rahab's door.

And we scarcely know their value,
Or their power for good or ill,
But we feel they are God's angels,
And they seek us at His will.

And we tremble at their presence,
And we blush to let them forth,
In some word of tender feeling,
Or some deed of Christian worth.

Yet those guests perchance may witness
In that awful battle day,
When the foe is on the threshold,
And the gates of life give way :

When the soul that seeks for safety,
Shall behold but one red sign—
But the blood drops of Atonement
On the cross of Love Divine !

* *Mrs. Alexander.*

The Armour of Light.

XXVII.

“**F**ORTH from the camp of Israel
Whoso will match with me !
The mightiest of her champions,
The foremost of her three !”
And high and fierce and haughty,
In front of Israel’s lines,
Strode up and down the giant
That led the Philistines.

Philistia’s tented thonsands
Lay watching in the rear
The tall shield borne before him,—
The brandish of his spear :
Full forty days defiant
Rang out that challenge grim,
While in the hosts of Israel
Was none that answered him.

Then up and spake young David,
From Judah’s pasture sod—
“Uncircumcised ! and dares he
To taunt the hosts of God ?
Less, less than slaughter’d lion
His looks my heart appal !”
They heard, and brought the stripling
In haste before king Saul.

“Wilt thou engage the giant,
That art a beardless boy ?
Then gird thee with mine armour,
Or dare not that wild joy !”

But he said, "I have not proved it :"
Then aimed the smooth stone well,
And trembling fled the foemen
As prone their champion fell !

Through well nigh three milleniums,
Since then, the Church hath passed,
And sounds of other challenge
Rise awful on the blast ;
The foe without, insulting—
The traitor heart within—
And all around, the battle-ground
That God's own host must win.

O Jesu Christ ! Thou comest
With breastplate, helm, and shield !
Thou sayest, "Take the Armour
That never lost a field."
O King ! O conquering Captain !
We gird it by Thy grace ;
Strong in the strength it giveth,
This scornful foe to face !

And ever through the muster
Of earthly wars, we hear
The march of true Crusaders—
The distant victory-cheer :
The dawn is on our banner
Of days when war shall cease :
Our feet are shod for battle
With the Gospel of our Peace !

O Saviour, dearest Saviour !
Can faith be wounded sore
If guarded by Thy breastplate—
Thine own for evermore ?
Can busy thought, world-ranging,
To harm or loss be led,
When the helm of Thy salvation
Shall hold the weary head ?

We turn us from the harness
 Of this world's royal shine !
 We kneel until Thou gird us
 O Saviour Christ ! with Thine !
 The powers of hell assail it,
 And find it foil their might ;
 'Tis it hath won the battle
 For all the saints in light !

In all our tribulation,
 In all time of our wealth—
 In sickness and in weakness,
 In weariness and health,
 May faith in Thee still shield us,
 Thy banner'd Cross defend—
 Till with Thee, crown'd and conquering,
 We reach the glorious end !

** Mrs. Henry Faussett (Alessie Bond).*

The Three Children.

XXVIII.

'T WAS on the plain of Dura
 The multitudes of old
 Assembled in their splendour
 Around a block of gold.
 The counsellors and princes,
 The great ones of the land,
 Were met in pride, and a herald cried
 Aloud the king's command :

“ What time ye hear the music
 Of cornet, harp, and flute,
 Of sackbut and of psaltery,
 Of dulcimer and lute ;

When the sound of all rejoicing
Still higher swells, and higher,
Who falls not down to the god of gold
Shall burn in yonder fire."

Blared wild the threatening trumpets,
Stole sweet the winning song
Of softer music ; prostrate
Fell that besotted throng !
Forgot the God who made them,
And yielded soul and breath,
And life and limb, that they held of Him,
To the idol of their death.

Amid the recreant thousands
Were faithful found but three,
Who spake brave words and glorious,
Who bowed no guilty knee.
Abednego and Shadrach
And Meshach stood upright,
And spake to the king in the torture-ring,
By the gleam of the furnace light :

" We will not serve thine image !
We bow to God alone !
Thine utmost might, O King, is nought
Before our Monarch's throne !
Far stronger to deliver
Is He, than thou to slay ;
In death or life, in peace or strife,
Our hearts are his for aye."

Fast bind they the Three Children
In hate and anger fierce ;
But the red tongues of the furnace,
The murderers only pierce !
Then was the King astonished—
Uprose he then in haste,
And cried aloud to the servile crowd
As wildly forth he paced—

“ Cast we not three men fetter'd
 And bound, in yonder flame ?
 Lo ! four walk through it scatheless—
 ONE hath the holiest Name !
 Methinks they love the furnace
 Than royal halls more dear,
 While He is walking with them,
 And while His voice they hear !”

In penitence and sorrow
 The proud king trembles now,
 And low in prayer for pardon
 Is bent his haughty brow.
 Forth from their fiery trial
 The three pass purified.
 Ah ! theirs is gold, of worth untold,
 With whom God's gifts abide !

Is it brave to be a martyr ?
 Sayest thou, “ No lust of gold
 Could make me bow to an evil thing
 Like those in Dura old” ?
 Distrust thyself, O spirit !
 There be idols of the heart—
 There be other foes than thy proud soul
 knows
 To draw it from God apart.

Nought breaks the power of idols
 But Christ's dear love within ;
 'Tis the Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 Who is strong to cleanse from sin.
 With Him the fiery furnace,
 Or the hard, cold world again,
 Is a safer place than what finds grace
 In the eyes of godless men.

* *Mrs. Henry Faussett (Alessie Bond).*

The Death of S. Columba.

XXIX.

THE last faint glimmer of sunset gold
Hath sunk in the western wave ;
Over the isle the night-winds blow,
Tenderly sighing, moaning low,
Like mourners o'er a grave.

'Tis only meet that his life should close
Where he watched and toiled so well ;
How is he keeping this last, sad night,
That the taper burns so late, so bright
In his sternly simple cell ?

A scribe sits there with parchment scroll—
“ Now haste thee, my son, and write !
Take thou no rest till the death-rest fall,
And watch thou, too, for the Master's call,
That cometh so oft at night.”

The monk wrote on, with eager hand,
No other sound was there ;
For the grief in his soul might find no breath
In the presence of work—in the presence of death,
Till the bell should sound for prayer.

“ I would thou hadst closed the golden psalm
With the close of this passing life ;
But these words are meet for my last farewell—
They will call the next brother like matin bell
To pray for the holy strife.”

The words that looked from the speaking page,
 That had touched so deep a chord
 In the old man's heart, would thine eyes, too, see?
 They were, "Come ye children, hearken to me,
 I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

"'Tis the midnight bell ! I will enter in
 Where my children kneel, once more ;"
 And there followed one, with torch a-light,
 To guide his way through the gusty night
 To the lowly entrance-door.

Alone he passed that portal dark,
 For the storm had quenched the lights ;
 And there, as he knelt on the ground to pray,
 His soul with the midnight soared away
 To its home on the holy heights.

They found him there, the smile of God
 Gleamed calm on his saintly face ;
 And when the deep hush of their pain was o'er,
 And they bare him out through the lowly door,
 A sweet anthem filled the place.

They laid him low for his quiet sleep
 By the Church's western bound—
 And few were there that had loved him best ;
 For the storm beat wild ; and of all the rest
 No boat could cross the Sound.

The days grew calm, and they bore him back
 To the land of his earliest love ;
 And a coffin was laid in his Own green Isle,
 For her balmy tears, and her proud, sweet smile,
 For her saint in the rest above.

* *Mrs. Henry Faussett (Alessie Bond).*

“Do this in Remembrance of Me.”

xxx.

MEMORY ! O Memory !
How full thou art to-day !
How busy with the years gone by—
The dear ones passed away !

O Memory ! O Memory !
This changing of the leaf—
This clear September air and sky—
These thoughts of joy and grief.

That quiet rustling of the trees
Within the churchyard calm—
The prayers so full of memories—
The sound of hymn and psalm !

The church's aisle their feet have paced
Who rest beneath the sod !
This very page those eyes have traced
Now closed in sleep with God !

O Memory ! O Memory !
Yet is there one thing more
That takes away the bitterness
✱ When love's great deeps run o'er:

✱ One more remembrance, dearer still—
Deeper than all the rest—
That calms this struggle of the will,
This aching of the breast.

It is the thought of HIM who died
 For us upon the tree :
 And said, "Do this, thou spirit tried,
 In memory of ME!"

Ah ! blessed Jesus ! more than wine
 Of passing earthly joy,
 We will, we do remember Thine,
 Whose love may never cloy !

With every other yearning thought
 We twine the peace of this !
 The great Redemption Thou hast wrought—
 The woe that won our bliss !

* *Mrs. Henry Faussett (Alessie Bond).*

Broken Chords.

XXXI.

D WEARY Souls, whose dreams fly fast and fleet
 Ere yet Life's goal is won,
 The Grave-grass growing high about our feet
 Will soon shut out the Sun.
 Beneath the broider'd robe and costliest guise
 We see the ghastly shroud,
 Dead faces haunt us, with their calm, fix'd eyes
 Through all the glittering crowd.

The years will not give back our ruined days,
 Re-string the broken Lute;
 Life's Morning glories, Youth's wild hymns of praise—
 All faded—all are mute.
 The whelming waves of dark Eternity
 Surge over Throne and Crown,

Falling like rain-drops on that hungry sea,
Nations and Worlds go down—
Down in the dark abyss, whence never voice
Comes back to tell the tale,
And bid the crush'd, the wreck'd, the wretched to rejoice
In Life beyond the Veil.

Hearken, O hearken, souls bereft of peace,
Troubled with many things,
CHRIST'S voice alone can bid the Tempest cease,
And still thy questionings.
With more than human love for human loss
Those soft tones plead to us,
Those outstretch'd hands once nailed upon the Cross
Beseech, appealing thus :

“Hast thou no memory of the tears I wept
In My last agony,
'Mid the dark olives, while the faint ones slept
In lone Gethsemane?

“For thee upon My fainting form was flung
The mocking purple Pall,
For thee upon the torturing Cross I hung,
And drank the bitter gall.

“On My pale brow the circling Crown of Thorn
Its impress left in blood ;
But sharper were men's words of taunting scorn,
Of Love and Grace withstood.

“For thee I trod the Hades' halls of gloom,
For thee I died ;
For thee I burst the folded Gates of Doom,
And now beside
The Judgment Seat of God for thee I plead—
I—Christ the Crucified.”

O Christ ! our brows drip blood, our joys lie dead,
 Pierced through with many spears,
 Life is but one long agony, a dread
 Gethsemane of tears.
 We, too, with faint lips to the Heavens might pray—
 Lama Sabacthani !
 O God, O God, let this Cup pass away,
 Or teach us how to die !

* *Lady Wilde.*

Aspirations for Death.

(*From the Spanish of Santa Teresa.*)

‘Muero, porque no muero.’

XXXII.

D SOUL, held prisoner out of reach
 Of God's great glory in this gloom
 Of life, as in a living tomb ;
 O God, whose mercy I beseech,
 When will my spirit rend the chain
 Of this dark prison-house of pain,
 Where weeping, pining, faint I lie,
 And die, because I cannot die.

How vain this only life I know !
 This bitter cup from poisoned springs,
 These soiled and broken spirit wings,
 Stained with my sins and dark with woe ;
 These fetters bound upon my feet,
 That fain would run their Lord to greet,
 And from my soul goes up the cry,
 I die, because I cannot die.

Here all is weak and poor and frail—
Even when my life with Thine is blent
In Thy most Holy Sacrament,
I long for death to lift the veil ;
And if the death-psalm, low and faint,
Is chanted for some dying saint,
My prayer goes upward with a sigh—
I die, because I cannot die.

Death brings alone the soul's release
From all this weary, worldly strife,
For life is death, and death is life,
And through the grave we pass to peace ;
O mournful exile of our years,
This life begun and closed in tears !
In death I hope, to death I fly,
And die, because I cannot die.

My life is slain with sorrow's sword,
And still I know it is my sin
That leaves me this low world within ;
Yet, dead lips cannot praise Thee, Lord—
Oh, to breathe forth my soul's desire,
My burning love, with lips of fire !
Until that moment draweth nigh,
I die, because I cannot die.

To stand within the Golden Gate,
Bathed in the effluent light and love
Wherein the spherèd systems move ;
To see the circling angels wait
Around the great white Throne of Him,
The Lord of all the Seraphim.
O blessed life beyond the sky !—
I die, because I cannot die.

My life, O God, I give to Thee ;
 My life—'tis all I have to give,
 And, losing it, begin to live
 The life of immortality.
 Are we not bound here unto death—
 His bond-slaves, as the Spirit saith ?
 O give me freedom, life on high !—
 I die, because I cannot die.

Life shrouds us with its gloomy pall ;
 Yet still through blinding mists I see
 Heaven's holy light stream down on me.
 O God, my God, on Thee I call,
 That soon before Thy face divine,
 For ever near Thee, wholly Thine,
 My soul may utter forth the cry—
 I live, and never more shall die !

* *Lady Wilde.*

In the Midnight.

XXXIII.

READ me a tale to-night, my Love,
 With thy voice so soft and low,
 For my heart as charmedly waits for the sound,
 As the earth for the falling snow.
 Yet, not from the pages of classic lore
 Of the mighty heroes of old,
 Tho' their deeds of glory were fitly shrined
 In Darius' casket of gold.

Nor of Chiefs and Vikings who drained the mead
 To the gods in their lordly halls ;
 Nor of knightly cavalcades sweeping by
 A leagured city's walls :

Nor yet would I aught from the tragic muse
Of her dark and terrible tale,
For on every line some passion or crime
Hath left a serpent trail :

Nor of human sorrow or human love,
Or the toil of the human brain,
Such memories fall on the heart like fire
And I long for the gentle rain.
But read to me words that will bring me peace,
And soothe the unquiet breast,
For my soul, like a dove, would flee away
And be for ever at rest.

Some verse from the holy and sacred Book,
Transcending all human lore,
That saith unto sin—I condemn thee not,
Go, sinner, and sin no more !
Yet read to me not from the ancient Law
Of the curse of Jehovah's ire,
On the murmuring lip and the hearts that pined
With a feverish, vain desire :

Nor yet of the shuddering, bitter cry
Borne on the midnight blast,
When the Angel of Death through Egypt's land
By the blood-stained lintels passed :
Nor of Israel's march with the Ark of God,
Through Arabia's burning land,
For it mirrors our life—that deadly strife
With the foe upon either hand.

And take me not up to Sinai's mount
Where Moses quaked with fear,
And the bright Shechinah illumed the skies
From Horeb to Mount Seir.

For I shrink from the glare of the prophet's eyes,
Denouncing the wrath divine
On those who lavished their costliest gifts
To build up an idol's shrine.

But read me the words of the loved Saint John,
Evangel of holiest faith,
That draws the soul to the fount of light
And the life of the spirit's breath.
Read me the tale of the Saviour's tears
By the grave where Lazarus slept,
For 'tis sweet to a sinner's heart to know
That the Sinless One hath wept.

Read of the Vine whose branches we are,
Of the Shepherd who guards the fold,
Of the Jasper stones and the gates of Pearl
In the heavenly City of gold.
Where no pain is, neither sorrow nor tears,
Nor the shadow of human death,
For the saved shall drink of the River of Life,
Even as the Spirit saith.

Read, till the holy and blessed words
Fall on life's fever-dream,
With a holy music, tender and sweet
As the Hebrew's by Babel's stream.
Read, till the warm tears fall, my Love,
With thy voice so soft and low,
And the Saviour's merits will plead above,
For the Soul that prayeth below.

* *Lady Wilde.*

Hagar in the Desert.

XXXIV.

INJURED, hopeless, faint, and weary,
Sad, indignant, and forlorn,
Through the desert wild and dreary,
Hagar leads the child of scorn.

Who can speak a mother's anguish,
Painted in that tearless eye,
Which beholds her darling languish,
Languish unrelieved, and die.

Lo ! the empty pitcher fails her,
Perishing with thirst he lies,
Death with deep despair assails her,
Piteous as for aid he cries.

From the dreadful image flying,
Wild she rushes from the sight ;
In the agonies of dying
Can she see her soul's delight ?

Now, bereft of every hope,
Cast upon the burning ground,
Poor, abandoned soul ! look up,
Mercy have thy sorrows found.

Lo ! the Angel of the Lord
Comes thy great distress to cheer ;
Listen to the gracious word—
See divine relief is near.

"Care of Heaven ! though man forsake thee,
Wherefore vainly dost thou mourn ?
From thy dream of woe awake thee,
To thy rescued child return.

"Lift thine eyes, behold yon fountain,
Sparkling 'mid those fruitful trees ;
Lo ! beneath yon sheltering mountain
Smile for thee green bowers of ease.

"In the hour of sore affliction
God hath seen and pitied thee ;
Cheer thee in the sweet conviction,
Thou henceforth His care shalt be.

"Be no more by doubts distressed,
Mother of a mighty race.
By contempt no more oppressed,
Thou hast found a resting place."—

Thus, from peace and comfort driven,
Thou, poor soul, all desolate,
Hopeless lay, till pitying Heaven
Found thee, in thy abject state.

O'er thy empty pitcher mourning
'Mid the desert of the world ;
Thus, with shame and anguish burning,
From thy cherished pleasures hurled :

See thy great Deliverer nigh,
Calls thee from thy sorrow vain,
Bids thee on His love rely,
Bless the salutary pain.

From thine eyes the mists dispelling,
 Lo ! the well of life He shews,
 In His presence ever dwelling,
 Bids thee find thy true repose.

Future prospects, rich in blessing,
 Open to thy hopes secure ;
 Sure of endless joys possessing,
 Of an heavenly kingdom sure.

Mrs. Henry Tighe (Mary Blashford).

Imitated from 130th Psalm.

XXXV.

From sorrow's depths to Thee I cry,
 O Thou, who knowest my inmost fear !
 Th' unuttered prayer, the half-breathed sigh,
 Now let it reach Thy pitying ear.

Unworthy as I am, from Thee
 My soul with hope shall mercy claim,
 For Thou hast made me—Thou can'st see,
 With mercy, crimes which man would blame.

If Thou should'st mark with eye severe
 Thy children's faults, ah ! who could stand ?
 Ah ! who with boldness could appear,
 Or bless his God's creating hand ?

Despair might then, with impious voice,
 Mock the vain tears of penitence,
 And curse existence—not his choice—
 Sad boon of free Omnipotence.

But mercy ever dwells with Thee,
 Still to forgiveness Thou art prone !
 That all with fearful hearts may flee,
 And find their refuge near Thy Throne.

On Thee, with humble confidence,
 My suffering soul for peace shall wait,
 Thy love shall comfort speak, and hence
 Thy word my hopes shall animate.

The languid sufferer, doomed to weep,
 While painful nights their course delay,
 Hopeless of sweet, refreshing sleep,
 Not more desires the morning ray,

Than this poor, harassed, troubled soul
 Hath watched for inly-whispered peace,
 Till mercy shall its fears controul
 And bid its anxious sorrows cease.

And still at mercy's sacred seat,
 Let all Thy children, Lord, be found;
 For love is there, and at Thy feet
 Consoling hopes and joys are found.

Mrs. Henry Tighe (Mary Blashford).

Imitated from Jeremiah.

CHAP. xxxi., v. 15.

xxxvi.

HARK, the voice of loud lament
 Sounds through Ramah's saddened plain;
 There cherished grief, there pining discontent,
 And desolation reign.
 There, 'mid her weeping train

See Rachel for her children mourn
 Disconsolate, forlorn !
 The comforter she will not hear,
 And from his soothing strains she hopeless turns
 her ear.

Daughter of affliction, peace,
 Let, at last, thy sorrows cease,
 Wipe thy sadly streaming eye,
 Look up, behold thy children nigh :
 Lo ! thy vows have all been heard,
 See how vainly thou hast feared !
 See, from the destroyer's land
 Comes the loved, lamented band ;
 Free from all their conquered foes
 Glorious shall they seek repose ;
 Surest hope for thee remains,
 Smile at all thy former pains ;
 Joy shall with thy children come,
 And all thy gladdened bowers shall bloom.

Mrs. Henry Tighe (Mary Blashford).

“ Arise, He calleth thee.”

XXXVII.

They spake to him of old who sat
 In darkness by the way,
 But heard the Saviour's passing feet,
 And cried to Him for day ;
 They spake to scorn, they spake to chide,—
 But o'er that living sea
 His cry went up, till it was said,
 “ Arise, He calleth thee.”

The suppliant rose, and saw his Lord
 With new unclouded sight,
 Bestowed by His almighty word
 Who said, Let there be light.

And thou, that in thy dark estate
Hast the same Lord to see,
Why sitt'st thou by the wayside yet?—
“Arise, He calleth thee.”

Child, in thy budding years, to whom
The world is strange and new,
He bids the little children come—
There is no love so true ;
No arm so strong as His spread forth,
With welcome warm and free,
To gather in His lambs from earth—
“Arise, He calleth thee.”

Youth, mounting up the slippery steep,
With hope so high and strong,
Give Him thy heart to save and keep,
From all that wreck and wrong.
His grace shall guide thine onward path,
His love thy light shall be ;
From sin, from sorrow, and from death,
“Arise, He calleth thee.”

Man of the busy days, immersed
In countless cares, and schemes
For place or gold to have or hold,—
Hast thou no loftier aims?
Is there no glorious heaven to gain?
No wrath to fear and flee?
Up from the coil of mammon's chain,
“Arise, He calleth thee.”

Thou of the weary head and grey,
Whose many years have passed
In learning all is vanity,
Come to thy Lord at last.

In lovingkindness still He waits,
 Thy late return to see ;—
 Come, ere the shutting of the gate ;
 “ Arise, He calleth thee.”

Up from the shifting sands of time !
 Their glory is but dross ;
 Up from its thousand griefs, and climb
 Above them by His cross !
 Whate'er thou art, whate'er thy part
 In this poor world may be,
 Come to the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
 “ Arise, He calleth thee.”

* *Frances Browne.*

Absent Children.

XXXVIII.

THEY were simple of speech and mind,
 Peasant mothers and neighbours kind,
 Met in the shade of a leafy lime,
 At the sweet midsummer's twilight time ;
 When labour rests and memories wake,
 When hearts grow sad for the absent's sake,
 Thus of their absent ones they spake :

One said, “ My child is far at sea ;
 He loved the wild waves more than me—
 More than his native vale and cot—
 And chose the roving sailor's lot.
 Some, but they might have feigned, foretold
 That he was born for a captain bold,
 And would come back with fame and gold.

“ But many a day and many a year,
Is the sound of the deep sea in mine ear ;
And many a stormy winter’s night
I wake with a strange and sore affright :
 For the drowning cries of shipwrecked men
 Seem mingling with the tempest then ;
 And my poor heart cannot rest again.”

Another said, “ My child this day
Dwells in a city far away :
Lightly the young bird leaves the nest,
Though it holds the hearts that love him best,
 For sights to see, and for wealth to win.
 Early he went from kith and kin,—
 ’Tis said they prosper who thus begin.

“ But still as the seasons come and go,
His thoughts more strange and distant grow ;
From us and from our village ways,
The city hath swallowed up his days.
 And oft of the sin and of the snare
 That lie in wait for his footsteps there,
 I think with trembling and a prayer.”

“ My child,” said the third, “ hath voyaged o’er
A deeper sea to a farther shore ;
A home and a welcome he hath found
In a fairer, mightier city’s bound.
 Early the songs of its happier bowers
 Won him away from us and ours,
 Yet my tears are dry that fell in showers.

“ Cold hath the love of the living grown,
But I know that his is still my own ;
My fears grow dark and my hopes grow dim
For the children with me, but not for him.
 Safe to the Ark hath flown my dove ;
 No change for youth and no chill for love,
 Is found in our Father’s house above.”

* *Frances Browne.*

Flowers in the Sick Room.

XXXIX.

FAIR in their sunny beds they grew,
Or hung on the trellised bowers,
Nor lost their scent, nor paled their hue,
As a nosegay of gathered flowers :
But fairer still, and yet more sweet,
With the summer's breath and bloom,
They seemed in that narrow crowded street,
And that feeble sufferer's room.

Alone, but not companionless,
Had her silent hours gone by ;
From the dreary sickroom's narrow space
There were paths that reached the sky.
The page that tells of life through death
Had brightened her anxious thought ;
And the summer flowers to the eye of faith
The good land nearer brought.

Thus breaks the bloom of a better hope
On the dimness and the strife,—
The dusty aims and the narrow scope
Of this poor and passing life ;
And thus, through nature's works and ways,
Such helps to faith are given,
That the flowers of earth may lift our gaze
To the fadeless flowers of heaven.

* *Frances Browne.*

The Lay of the Heart of Jesus.*

XL.

THE love of my heart is Thy Heart, O Saviour dear,
My treasure untold is to hold Thy Heart in my fond
heart here :
For ah ! it is known that Thine Own overflows with true love
for me,
Then within the love-lock'd door of my heart's inmost core,
let Thy Heart ever guarded be.

What was Thine of sorrow and pain, O Thou who in Heaven
dost reign, O King both good and great,
It comes not into my mind the amount to find, nor, if found,
could my tongue relate,
The bitter anguish and smart of Thy Sacred Heart, and the
spear-cleft in Thy side,
That moved, with a holy awe of Thy Sacred Law, even kings
on their thrones of pride.

O Father ! O Jesus mine ! who by Thy Death Divine, with
Life our souls doth warm,
Thou in creation's hour, whose plastic power made Man to
Thine own blessed form,
Is it not, O Christ ! O King ! a cruel, cruel thing, that nought
has been loved by me
Save sins that the soul defile, save all things base and vile,
that are loathsome unto Thee ?

What Moses taught of Thy lore, Thy laws that Moses bore
down to the hosts that stood in awe apart.
Ah ! little effect had they, by night or day, to melt my ob-
durate heart,

* From the Irish of Timothy O'Sullivan, an Irish poet, who was born in the County of Cork in the early part of the last century.

But furrowing their fearful path, swept envy and vengeful
wrath, and excess and all deeds unclean,
And the Holy Laws Thou hast made I disobeyed, and more,
if more could have been.

But now, with anguish spent, sad, sad and penitent, confess-
ing my misdeeds I will go
Through Ailbhe's fertile land where the meadows green
expand, through Owen where the pleasant waters flow,
With bitterness of soul, lamenting in my dole, the wickedness
and waste of my lost years,
I will openly proclaim my sorrow and my shame, and mine
eyes will tell the same by my tears.

And when returning home, at length I come, O flower of all
the Orders ! through thy prayers,
Once more to be enrolled Christ's child, and in His fold
protected for the future from sin's snares.
The prickly furze and heath, the rock's sharp jagged teeth
that stung me and that tortured me before,
Shall seem smooth silken plains, made soft by summer rains,
and satin lawns the swift scythe hath gone o'er.

The Binding.

Wandering though Thou wast, at such a fearful cost, beloved
Lord and King, from Heaven's High throne,
And for our simple state, made sad and desolate, in a way
that human sense hath never known ;
Yet it was not till the spear, O Christ my Saviour dear, a
rent through Thy side its rough way tore,
And a home of shelter there to a ruined world laid bare—a
Home in Thy Heart for evermore.

* *Denis Florence MacCarthy.*

Devotion.

XLI.

WHEN I wander by the ocean,
When I view its wild commotion,
Then the spirit of devotion
Cometh near ;
But it fills my brain and bosom,
Like a fear !

I fear its booming thunder,
Its terror and its wonder,
Its icy waves, that sunder
Heart from heart ;
And the white host that lies under
Makes me start !

Its clashing and its clangour
Proclaim the Godhead's anger—
I shudder, and with langour
Turn away ;
No joyance fills my bosom
For that day !

When I wander through the valleys,
When the evening zephyr dallies,
And the light, expiring, rallies
In the stream,
That spirit comes and glads me,
Like a dream !

The blue smoke upwards curling,
The silver streamlet purling,
The meadow wild flowers furling
Their leaflets to repose,—
All woo me from the world
And its woes !

The evening bell that bringeth
A truce to toil outringeth,
No sweetest bird that singeth
 Half so sweet,
Not even the lark that springeth
 From my feet !

Then see I God beside me,
The shelt'ring trees that hide me,
The mountains that divide me
 From the sea,—
All prove how kind a Father,
 He can be.

Beneath the sweet moon shining
The cattle are reclining,
No murmur of repining
 Soundeth sad :
All feel the present Godhead,
 And are glad !

With mute unvoiced confessings,
To the Giver of all blessings
I kneel, and with caressings
 Press the sod,
And thank my Lord and Father,
 And my God !

* *Denis Florence MacCarthy.*

A Rebuke

For Mourning the Death of a dear Child.

XLII.

“**A**H ! cruel Reaper of the Flowers !
To steal that Lily-bud of ours,
Our gentle little pet !”—
No, you of little faith, not so,—
Could you but clearly see and know,
You'd cease your vain regret.

Yours was too delicate a flower
For Earth's cold wind and nipping shower :
She would have withered here,
Her loving little heart been chilled,
Her sweet bright hopes all crushed and stilled
In this ungenial sphere.

The world was far too cold and bleak
For one so loving and so meek,
So gentle and so gay.
How could she in this wintry soil
Have borne the dust, and pain, and toil
Of life's long weary way ?

She who was touched by every breath,
To whom an unkind word was death,
Who seemed to live on love.
Who needed love's bright atmosphere,
Love's smiles around to soothe and cheer,
Love's sunshine from above.

How could she bear the world's cold gaze,
How walk its rude, rough, jarring ways
'Mid selfish crowds at best ?
How pass among the heartless throng,
Where each one plods his way along,
Unmindful of the rest ?

She who loved all, and for all grieved—
Would you have had her undeceived,
 To learn how little worth,
How very little love and truth
(Once we have passed all-trusting youth)
 We find on this cold earth ?

Ah, no ! ere this you have confessed
He acted kindly, for the best,
 The Gardener of the Flowers,
Transplanting her, in youth's soft light,
With her sweet petals, pure and white,
 Into His Father's bowers.

There, there she tastes a perfect bliss,
With no desire or wish, save this,
 That you were all "at home !"
She and her little angel brother
Oft gently whisper to each other,
 " When will the others come ?"

Ah !—you've a toilsome journey yet,
But still no time to grieve or fret—
 Too great the work and hard !
By dear-bought triumphs over sin
And nature, only, can you win
 Your Lillie's bright reward.

But courage ! Sometimes, 'mid your sighs,
Lift up on high your thoughts and eyes,
Gaze on the bright, blue, cloudless skies,
 So tranquil, calm, and fair—
And think : " Amid the heavenly bowers,
Among God's choice and cherished flowers,
There blooms a blossom once was ours—
 Our Lillie waits us there !"

* *Mary Stanislas MacCarthy.*

Life Everlasting.

XLIIL.

“**T**HEREAFTER I beheld, and lo ! in heaven,
Clothed with white robes, and palm boughs in
their hands,

A multitude, too great for man to number,
Of every nation, kindred, people, tongues,
Stood up before the throne, before the Lamb !
Crying aloud, Salvation to our God,
Which sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb !
Then all the Angels stood about the Throne,
The Elders, and the four miraculous Beasts,
And fell upon their faces, worshipping ;
Saying, Amen ! Blessing and infinite glory,
Wisdom, thanksgiving, honour, power, and might,
Be everlastingly to God !—Amen !”

Time hath its night for all things ; sunset hour
Close heavily on empires as o’er Man.
His mortal throe surceased, Man lives again ;
But Nations fall annihilate : for them,
With destiny accomplished, Hope expires.

Communities are as the Giant-brood
Fabled by poets old ; dread archetypes
Of those fierce aggregates of human strength
Who triumph in oppression, and set up
Laws, at their wild wills varying, which for them
Stand in the place of conscience, till corruption
Eat like a canker to their heart of hearts,
And national death concludes the people’s guilt.

The Devastators perish : curses, only,
Come frothing on the surges of old Time,
And break in ominous thunder on our shores.
The Persian tyrant and the Helot slave
Mingle their harmless ashes ; priestly spell
Saved not the Pharoahs ; nor unbridled will
The Demos of the Athenian Portico.
The Assyrian, and the Mede, the Wolf of Rome,

The Macedonian madman, and the Hun,
All sowed the whirlwind and have reaped the storm.
In vain Earth pleads for mercy, and the stern
Historian graves his record : through our veins
Still the old poison rolls ; and Lust of power
Leads on, with Death's pale courser in the van.

One Brotherhood, alone, survives ; not born
Of fleshly will, nor knit by mortal ties,
No national bond confining. The wide earth
Is as a tabernacle to the Church ;
And heaven her home. From her Ambition draws
No precedents : She inculcates the law
Of God ; obedience and humility.
Her armoury is Grace, her buckler Faith,
Her helm Salvation, and the Spirit her sword :
Her victories are over worldly snares ;
Her voice proclaims a kingdom not of earth ;
The King she magnifies is King of kings !

Led by her counsel to that lore of life
By heedful lips expounded, Christians know
The ways of Christ ; pray with His prayer ; confess
His name ; are blest with His beatitudes ;
Receive His Spirit ; do His Father's will.
Steadfast by faith, with charity enriched,
Hope leads their steps, an Angel-guide to heaven ;
Weaning from low affections, solacing
Disastrous days. Eternity in Time
They find, and Heaven on Earth : Death falls on them
Gently as twilight sinks on wearied eyes
Of traveller belated ; who, afar,
Descries his home of rest, with outstretch'd arms
Of unforgotten Loved-ones at the gate.

Hard was the task to part with those who went
Before, and will be, when we leave our Loved.
But Oh ! what rapture to regain the Lost !
What joy to welcome those we left behind !
What holy gladness in the consciousness
Of God's approval ; trials past ; high crowns
Apportioned ; sense of faculties enlarged ;
Capacities unknown developed ; powers,

Like mythic Pallas, without visible birth,
Sprung to existence ; and the mind lit up
With knowledge, as a sunburst on the sea !
Even senses there may be we know not of
More than the Blind of colours, Deaf of sound :
Senses, whose fine edge contact with this flesh
Makes blunt ; or without object here below.

Fashioned like Christ Himself, heirs of His glory,
We, too, shall stand before the throne with Spirits
Of just men perfected, and holy angels
Martyrs, and Confessors ! Hunger no more
Assailing us, nor sorrow, nor disease,
Nor the perplexities of care, nor fear
Of death. The Veil that shrouds Omnipotence
Withdrawn, not darkly then, as through a glass,
Shall we behold our God ; but face to face
Look up with reverential love, with songs
Of sweet thanksgiving, adoration pure,
Awe-tempered joy, hope sparkling from our eyes,
And Hallelujahs through our lips outpoured.

Diviner ecstasies than human thought
Can compass, or poetic vision paint,
Have been upon this earth. They who behold,
Not by the visual ray, but inward light
Intuitive, have spoken : they have told
Who felt : and dying Martyrs cried aloud,
While the unfolding heaven above their head
Disclosed the Beatifice Vision ! Vain
Are words, even such as leaped from Dante's lip,
These holy themes descanting : colour fades
In the celestial brightness : sound expires
Amid the choral surge antiphonal
Of Cherubim ; too glorious for the ken
Of mortal brain that concourse of blest Spirits
Who circle, multitudinous as stars,
Ring within ring, the inmost throne of God,
Gazing with rapturous ardour ; hearing, feeling,
As breath of flowers pervading vernal air,
The inexpressive voicings from that Throne
Thrill through their subtile Beings.

Ah ! too gross

The chain which Earth hangs round us : we, at best,
Fancy the unutterable Glory ; yearning
To realize the phantoms of our dream.
We judge from known analogies : we paint
The bliss of heaven from our emotions here :
That conscious spring of inarticulate joy
Which overflows the eyes with quiet tears,
When the heart flutters and the breath comes quick,
And sighs through parted lips are eloquent.
Such the absorbing sympathy that binds
The mother to her infant : such the chain
Electric that suffices without speech
To wrap in purity two loving hearts :
Such the attuning concord that awakes
The unison of friendship : and gives life
To the deep Charities, reciprocal,
That link Beneficence to Poverty.

Yet gleams of glory, tremulously bright,
And intermitting, as the midnight dawn
Of boreal Aurora, oft descend
On the authentic Church ; then most, what time
The congregated people meet beneath
The vault of some Cathedral sanctuary,
Kneeling along the venerable choir,
Or round the glowing altar bowed : the flood
Of rainbow lights from the eastern window bathing
The roofs and chequered pavement. Eminent
Upon the highest altar step stands forth
The mitred Minister of God ; around,
In order due, the consecrated Priests ;
Below, with bended knees and upraised brow,
The contrite people gather : a low voice
Intones with awe the comfortable words ;
While Angels scatter blessings ; and men's lips
Chaunt the Cherubic anthem. Hark ! the peal
Of the voluminous organ through the aisles
Grows like a swelling tide : the air around,
Suffused with melody, perfumed with prayer,
An acceptable incense, floats to heaven !

Here rest my Song ! The wearied wings of thought
 Droop—the voice falters ; and my eyes grow dim.
 Yet would I raise, once more, a prayer for those,
 Beloved, who still dwell round me, or have gone
 Before ; and for my own weak nature.

Bend

Thine ear, O Christ ! Lord, open Thou our lips !
 That worthily our mouth may speak Thy praise.
 O Lamb of God ! Thou who dost take away
 The sins of the whole world, grant us Thy peace !
 Hear us, O Christ ! have mercy on us, Lord !
 Teach us to turn from the vain gauds of life ;
 Contemn the world, and all at this side heaven !
 Set our affections upon things above :
 For where our treasure is, will be our hearts :
 So shall we sin no more ; so gain, for ever,
 The vision of Thy Glory ; best of joys !
 Fruition of our God ! This—This, is Life !

“ Lord ! Let Thy servant now depart in peace,
 According to Thy blessed word : for now
 Upon mine eyes hath Thy salvation dawned,
 Which Thou before all people hast prepared ;
 To be a guiding light unto the Gentiles—
 The glory of Thy People, Israel !”
 “ And now to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be glory everlastingly ; as ever
 Hath been, is now, and through all time shall be !”
 Amen !

Sir Aubrey De Vere, Bart.

The pursuit of Religious Knowledge.

XLIV.

MEN walk astray in ignorance ; or grow
Corrupt through some false principle, imbibed
From evil teachers, or unsteady thought.
So, when temptation comes, they fall away ;
Their feet not standing on the Rock eterne ;
That fundamental truth, whereon is built
Religion : frail in the uninstructed heart.

And such men oft seem pious, for a time ;
Nay, are so : some, cold-hearted Disputants,
Who bind the word in textual fetters down,
Freezing the vital waters ; some who quench
The Spirit, and with Sadducean nerve
Cling to the letter ; Visionaries some,
Like the old Essenian, or, in later days,
The hundred-handed Giant of Dissent.

In time of trial put no trust in these.
The mysteries divine of Love and Goodness
Are dim to Reason's microscopic eye ;
God's wisdom measureless by Sophist rules.

Must then all die through ignorance ? Alas !
We know not : but, as knowledge leads to Faith,
And Faith is safety, shall we not kneel and learn ?
Hear holy lessons from the Father-Saints ;
Submit our thoughts to heavenly influences ;
And hold Religion, virginally pure
As Mary's bosom 'neath the Saviour's cheek ?

Sir Aubrey De Vere, Bart.

Adam refuses the Presents of the Evil Race.*

XLV.

ENTHRONED, and mantled in a snow-white robe,
Man's sire I saw, the Lord of all the globe ;
High-priest of all the Church. and Prophet sure
Of Him, whose promised kingdom shall endure
Until the last of Adam's race is dead.
Nor crown nor mitre rested on his head :
Yet kings with awe had viewed him ! Deep and slow
His speech ; the words I knew not, nor could know ;
But wept to hear, amid their golden sound,
A melancholy echo from the ground.
Ages were flown since Adam's lifted hand
Had plucked, insurgent 'gainst Divine command,
That fruit, a sacrament of death, which gave
Perpetual life a forfeit to the grave :
Yet still those orbs, their Maker once that saw,
Governed the nations of the world with awe.
Mournful they looked, as though their sorrowing weight
Reposed for aye on Eden's closing gate ;
Mournful, yet lustrous still those lordly eyes,
First mortal mirror of the earth and skies ;
And still with piercing insight filled, as when
God's new-made creatures passed beneath their ken,
While he decreed, in his celestial speech,
Prophetic names, symbolical, for each.
All round, checkering the steep with giant shade,
His mild and venerable race were laid,
For dance and song no wreaths as yet had won :
Many their strong eyes bent upon the sun ;

* The arts and sciences were invented by the descendants of Cain, who were the first to build cities, wage wars, and substitute complicated systems of society for the Patriarchal.

Some on a sleeping infant's smiling face,
Wherein both Love and Faith were strong to trace
The destined patriarch of a future race !

Then through the silent circle, winged with joy,
A radiant herald moved, a shepherd boy.
Wondering he stepped ;—ere long, like one afraid,
A tribute at those feet monarchal laid,
A Lyre, gem-dowered from many a vanished isle.
Thereon the Father gazed without a smile :
But some fair children with the bright toy played ;
While sound so rapturous thrilled the echoing glade,
That Seers, cave-hid, looked up with livelier cheer,
And the first childless mother wiped away a tear !

And next there came, as one who comes from far,
A branded warrior, gloomy from the war.
Dark was his face, yet bright ; and stern as though
It bent o'er that of an expiring foe,
Retorting still, with sympathetic glare,
The imprecating anguish imaged there !
A tribute, too, that warrior brought—a shield
Graven with emblems of a death-strewn field,
And placed it at the patriarch's feet, and spoke :
" Certain oppressors reared an impious yoke,
" And passed beneath it brethren of their race,
" Therefore we rose, and hewed them from their place."
All pale the Patriarch sat—long time his eye
Fixed on the deepening crimson of the sky,
Where sanguine clouds contended with the dun ;
Then turned, and whispered in the ear of one,
Who, on his death-bed, whispered to his son—
That Man beheld the deluge !

* *Aubrey De Vere.*

ODE.

XLVI.

THE marvels of the seas and earth,
Their works and ways, are little worth
Compared with Man their lord :
He masters Nature through her laws ;
And therefore not without a cause
Is he by all adored.

Lord of the mighty eye and ear,
Each centering an immortal sphere
Of empire and command :
Lord of the heavenly breast and brow,
The step that makes all creatures bow,
And the earth-subduing hand.

And yet not loftier soars the state
Of Man o'er shapes inanimate,
In majesty confest,
Than among men, that man, by Faith
Assured in life, confirmed in death,
Uptowers above the rest !

For God is with him ; and the end
Of all things, downward as they tend,
Toward their term and close,
A sov'reign throne for him prepares ;
And makes of vanquished pains and cares
A couch for his repose !

While kingdoms lapse, and all things range,
He rules a world exempt from change ;
He sees as Spirits see ;
And garners ever more and more,
While years roll by, an ampler store
Of glorious liberty—

Yea, ten times glorious when at last
 His spirit, all her trials past,
 Stands up, prepared to die ;
 And, fanning wide her swan-like plumes,
 A glory flings across the glooms
 Through which her course must lie.

* *Aubrey De Vere.*

Nocturn Hymn.

XLVII.

NOW God suspends its shadowy pall
 Above the world, yet still
 A steely lustre plays o'er all,
 With evanescent thrill.

Softly, with favouring footstep, press,
 Among those yielding bowers ;
 Over the cold dews colourless,
 Damp leaves and folded flowers.

Sleep, little birds, in bush and brake !
 'Tis surely ours to raise
 Glad hymns, ere humbler choirs awake
 Their anthem in God's praise.

The impatient zeal of patient love
 Hath forced us from our bed ;
 But doubly blest repose will prove
 After our service said !

How dim, how still this slumbering wood !
 And O ! how sweetly rise
 From clouded boughs, and herbs bedewed,
 Their odours to the skies !

Sweet as that mood of mystery,
When thoughts that hide their hues
Reveal their presence only by
The sweetness they diffuse.

But hark! o'er all the mountain verge,
The night-wind sweeps along ;
O haste, and tune its echoing surge
To a prelusive song ;

A song of thanks and laud to Him
Who makes our labour cease :
Who feeds with love the midnight dim—
And hearts devout with peace.

* *Aubrey De Vere.*

Usque Quo Domini?

XLVIII.

HOW long, O Lord, how long?
A swathe of darkness folds Thy face,
O Christ! In clouds I faintly trace
The wreath of thorns about Thy brow,
The holes that pierce Thy feet ; and now
The blinding shadows darker grow.
How long, O Lord, how long?

How long, O Lord, how long?
Take from mine eyes these mists away.
Though earth be ringed with sapphire day,
These eyes behold the twilight grey ;
Though men grow rich and strong in faith,
This heart is in the hand of death.

I cannot see Thee, cannot feel
That thou art near me, as I kneel
On rocks and briars barbed with pain,
And clasp my hands in vain, in vain.
O Son of God, appear to me,
As in the storm of Galilee
Thou camest walking on the sea !
All things are possible with Thee.

How long, O Lord, how long ?
Hast Thou no answer for the prayer
Of faithless anguish and despair ?
Hast Thou no pity for the cry
Of hopeless woe, the streaming eye,
The tortur'd spirit's agony ?
Were there but hope, this would not be.
I cry because these lips will moan
Though the flames parch them . . . woe is me,
Who cry my cry unheard, alone !
How long, O Lord, how long ?
They said, " He standeth at the door,
Bidding thee open," and afar,
(As the low murmur of a shore
Chafed by dark seas) afar, afar,
Methought I heard Thy voice, my soul
Panted with joy ! the sounds of dole
Died from my lips ; in blissful fear
I flung the lattice back . . . my brow
Is beaten by the wind, but Thou—
Thine eyes of pity are not near ;
The land is dark and cold, and drear ;
I look in vain. Thou art not here.
How long, O Lord, how long ?

O deadly clench of chill despair !
Hope without hope ! Unprayerful prayer !
Untroubled trouble ! Careless care !
Can this frail bark such burthen bear ?

As the dear notes of some sweet air
By lips long silent warbled o'er,
Come back to stir the heart once more,
And, even while grasped, are hushed away ;
So on this darkened soul of mine
The splendours of Thy Godhead shine
One little moment, and mine eyes
Behold through tears Thy sacrifice,
Thy passion and Thine agony . . .
The mists of sin creep stealthily :
Cold wings of darkness shadow me ;
The golden light is blurred away ?

How long, O Lord, how long ?
For sinners didst thou die ? Behold
A chief of sinners ! Stiff and cold
My dead heart lies within my breast ;
Nor ghastly smile nor spectral jest
Can hide the plague that preys within.
I am too foully grimed with sin
For Thee to cleanse me. . Ah, too well
I know the gulfs that yawn below,
The fires that round the abysses glow ;
Too well I feel the burning stain
That eats away my soul with pain,
Pain without rest, unending pain !
I once was scarlet—what if now
I blacken in these fires of hell ?
A gloom of anger sweeps Thy brow,

Yet will I cry and strive with Thee
Till I have perished utterly.
O, lift me up and strengthen me !
I cannot hush these tortured lips,
Though hope be buried in eclipse.
Look down on me and pity me.
I ask not faith, but give, O give
One ray of hope, that I may live ! . . .
A swathe of darkness folds his face,

And yet, methinks, I seem to trace
 The wreath of thorns about His brow,
 The holes that pierce His feet, and now
 The awful shadows lighter grow.
 Not long, O Lord, not long !

E. J. Armstrong.

Quid Gloriaris.

XLIX.

THE air is chill ; the ground is frore ;
 On the White Mountain breaks the day.
 Earth flashes like to sparkling ore.
 The shadows melt and peel away.

O sweet and rare ! How grand, how fair
 The hills, the lakes, the vales below !
 And the near peaks, each seems to wear
 An auriolate of roseate snow.

And high and low, the purple glow
 On flakes of cloud and strips of sky—
 Aerial hues, that float and flow
 Like visions in a painter's eye.

How great ! How vast ! . . . Alas, how small !
 Man's mighty ken is bounded here.
 Maker of all things, lo, we fall
 And clasp Thy garment's skirts in fear !

We can but fear Thee—our dim eyes
 See nothing, nothing save the hem
 Of Thy vast robe, whose lightning dyes
 Would blind us, could we gaze on them.

Drop down thy plummet, Man, and sound
His depths, who framed thy mystic world.
What end—what bottom hast thou found?
Thou seest the waters faintly curled ;

Thou seest the ripple's eddying curve—
A moment—all is smooth and still ;
A thrill runs down some secret nerve ;
The cheek turns pale ; the heart grows chill ;

The head is bowed ; a feeble cry
Breaks from the lips, "Lord, what is man
That Thou art mindful? What am I,
Whose darksome days are scarce a span?

"Thou dwellest veiled in awful light,
We know not where, in boundless space ;
Yet, in this narrow orb of night,
We feel the splendour of Thy face.

"The heaven of heavens cannot hold
The fulness of Thy mind divine ;
Yet, on this blot of crumbling mould,
The glories of Thy footsteps shine !

"The stars beneath Thee dimly burn ;
Like dust of gold the systems roll ;
Yet, King of Kings ! Thou wilt not spurn
"The twilight of a human soul !"

E. J. Armstrong.

The Christ.

L.

HE is not dead but sleepeth—
Yea, though ye laugh us to scorn,
As the dawn from the darkness upleapeth,
As the night dashes out into morn,
As the moon cleaveth clouds in her glory,
As the Spring flameth forth into flower,
To His side that your spear has made gory,
To His arm ye despoiled of its power,
To the head ye have wreathed in derision,
The feet ye have nailed to the tree,
There will come back the beauty elysian,
There will come life and fervour, the free
Fair light to the lips, and the splendour
Of thought to the brow, and the rose
To the palm-smitten cheek, and the tender
Love smile to the eyes that repose ;
And as soft as a sleeper awaketh
He will wake from the slumber of death ;
As a sun-lighted cloud the wind shaketh
Blowing clear into flame with its breath,
He will shake out the hair from its bindings,
As tow that is burning His bands
Break through, and the swathes and the windings,
Rend loose with the might of His hands,
And, strong as the sun in his gladness,
Come forth like a king to his bride,
Our Christ, whom ye mocked in your madness,
Made drunk with the wine of your pride.

There is not a bone of Him broken ;—
There is not a deed of Him lost
To His world, or a word He hath spoken,
But God hath uptaken and tost

Far away among tribes, among nations,
Like seeds whirled about in the fields
When the hurricanes leap from their stations,
And autumn its winnow-fan wields,
And the year goeth forth like a sower
To sow for the years that will be—
Sweet grass for the scythes of the mower,
Sweet herbs for the kine of the lea,
Nut-kernels and pippins of apple,
And the corn shaken clear of its shells,
And flower-seed to deck and to dapple
Spring's girdle with blooms and with bells.
And though winter drive wild from the nor'ward,
And the earth be entombed in the snow,
Though the clods be frost-fettered, and forward
And backward the keen winds blow—
Will ye hold in the might of the summer?
Will ye rein the strong steeds of the sun?—
Lo ! back come the song-bird and hummer,
And the rillets are glad as they run,
And the woods with their old summer sighings,
Sway green in the gray of the dawn,
And the breezes with laughter and cryings
Tread free in the flowers of the lawn,
And the knolls are new-clad, and the mountains
Arrayed in the garment God weaves
With the hues of the bow of the fountains,
Of the sun-widowed skies of fair eves.
Will ye cause the cold winter to linger?
Will ye screen in the snows from the heat?
Will ye hold the mad months with a finger?
Will ye trample earth dead with your feet?
Will ye blow back the storms that are blowing,
Or baffle the tides in career?
Have ye frozen the rivers in flowing?
Have ye vanquished the Christ with a spear?
Aha ! He is back in despite of you !
Lo ye the prints in His palm !
Reach hither your hands in the might of you ;
Feel ye His side . . . be ye calm . . .

Can a man for his pleasuring smother
The stars or the sun in eclipse?
It is He, it is Christ, and none other,
Yea, Christ by the smile on His lips.

He is out as of old in the city,
He is walking abroad in the street ;
He tendeth the poor in His pity,
The leper that crawls to your feet,
The halt, and the maim, and the maddened ;
He feedeth the hungry with bread ;
He cheereth the heart that is saddened,
The dying, the loved of the dead ;
He restoreth the child to its mother ;
He giveth the wayfarer rest—
It is He, it is Christ, and none other,
Yea, Christ by the love in His breast.

He craveth for virtue and beauty ;
He cleaveth to good from His youth ;
To witness of truth is a duty,
Yea, a triumph to die for the truth ;
He toileth from dawn-time till even
That light may be given to men,
That earth be uplifted to heaven,
And sin driven down to his den ;
He calleth the meanest His brother,
He draggeth the tyrant in dole—
It is He, it is Christ, and none other,
Yea, Christ by the might of His soul.

For holiest freedom He yearneth,
Made blest by the law that is good ;
For justice, clear-eyed, that discerneth,
Not blindfold in shedding of blood,—
Firm-handed to hold, and fair-sighted
To watch as the balances sway ;
And for him is the black heaven lighted
With streaks of perpetual day ;

And for Him is the world-life a prison,
By death to be cloven apart—
It is He, it is Christ re-arisen,
Yea, Christ by the hope in His heart.

His face to the night He uplifteth,
He searcheth the stars and the sun,
For the secrets they hold ; and He sifteth
The sands where the gold-rivers run,—
The rivers of knowledge, of wonder,
That roll to the infinite deeps ;
Hid treasure He draweth from under
The caves of the hill where it sleeps,
And the waifs of old time that are lying
Where the earth of dead centuries lies—
It is He, it is Christ the undying,
Yea, Christ by the thirst in His eyes

He trampleth the seas in His pleasure ;
He soweth the desert with flowers ;
He dareth to try and to measure
His power with invisible powers ;
He burneth the idols with fire :
From the courts of the temples of God
He scourgeth the seller and buyer,
He driveth them forth with a rod ;
And His sword He hath sheathed, in His craving
For love in the turbulent lands—
It is He, it is Christ the all-saving,
Yea, Christ by the strength of His hands,

From the cloud-folded ultimate regions,
East and west over measureless seas,
Come thronging the myriad legions
Of the good, of the wise, at His knees
Bowing down, and from hands heavy-laden
For gifts pouring pearl and fine gold ;
Yea, the youth high of heart, and the maiden
Pure-eyed, and the rulers of old,

All the just, and the great, God-appointed,
Come thronging with reverent pace—
It is He, it is Christ the Anointed,
Yea, Christ by God's light on His face.

Ere the world was rolled forth into spaces
Of light, into regions of day,
Ere the waters ran over dry places,
And the grasses sprang green from the clay,
His rest was of old with the Highest,
He abode with the Infinite King,
He was King from the first, and the nighest
To God, and we praise Him, and sing,
Lifting hands to the throne of His splendour,
Sing aloud in our joy, 'It is Thou,
It is Thou, O Christ, our defender,
Our King by the crowns on Thy brow !'

He made Thee a King to reign over us,
God, who is thronèd on high,
Whose wings soft-shadowing cover us,
Curved wide as the sky ;
Who is crowned with the suns, O Supernal !
Who is girdled about with the stars ;
At whose feet the strong oceans eternal
Are crouched in their bars ;
Whose breastplate is darkness ; who scatters
The robes from His shoulder like fire ;
Who calleth from chaos and shatters
The worlds in His ire.

Thou movest, a King everlasting ;
Thou abidest with man to the end ;
Thou art with him to comfort him, casting
Thine arms close about, to befriend
In the moment supreme of his sorrow
That is blackened with Death for his doom :
For Thou givest him hope of a morrow
Of rest—we are strong in the gloom,

And we know that the sun going seaward
Will arise at the morn from the sea,
As we strain from the bow, looking leeward,
While the wind in our hair bloweth free,
Looking forth at the mountain tops cleaving
The clear golden spaces of light,
And we spurn at the shores we are leaving,
And laugh as we drift into night.

Thou changest from glory to glory,
Thou growest for man as he grows—
As peak after peak, high and hoary,
Palm-plumed, clad with vine and with rose,
As bay after bay that with thunder
Of breaker on cliff and on sand,
Running inward afar, rolling under
Great capes of a bountiful land,
Bursts full on the voyager sailing
By coasts of a tropical clime,
In sunlight, in moonlight unveiling,
Receding, so Thou in our time,
In the days God hath made for our moulding
As we fleet on our way, evermore,
Enlargest, upheavest, unfolding
Thy beauty, Thy light, and Thy power ;
And as ever we speed to the ending,
As earth rolleth on to her goal,
Thou wilt lend us Thy strength, ever blending
Thy light with the light of the soul,
Till to nought hath our labour diminished,
And the deeds have been done God hath willed,
And the work God hath set man hath finished,
The purpose of ages fulfilled,
Till the stars from their cycles are shaken,
The sun from his fervour hath waned,
And Life in our hands we have taken,
The realms of our glory attained !

* *G. F. Armstrong.*

Rejected of Men.

LI.

WHERE in hot winds the heavy curtain swung
 Under a vast cathedral-porch, I saw
 One crouched beneath a carved Christ that hung
 Clear from the marble tympan ; mournful eyes

He had, and with low cries

He stretched his trembling hands in vain to draw
 Pity and help from priest and worshipper
 That in and out the portal, for long prayer,

Went alway to and fro :

‘Oh, for His sake, who hangs above your head,
 A little water and a little bread !

Ye priests of Christ, and callers on His name,
 Help me in bitter need, and extreme woe,

And miserable shame.’

But the good priests did spit upon his face,
 And they that went to kneel in that high place

Shrunk from his rags, with crucifix in hand,
 And many a lewd one gibed his lazar sores ;

Till, last, some robèd hierarchs of the land,

Fierce, angered, breaking from their righteous band,

Down drove him from the doors.

And I, afar off, following bitterly,

Beheld him move with bruised feet, sad, slow
 O’er the rude pavements, on by monastery
 And palace doors, by fanes of loveliest mould,

Pure shrines of jewelled gold,

Still haunts of learnèd minds, rich stalls arow,
 Glittering with merchandise, through noise and dust,
 In glare of violent noon, a lone man thrust

This way and that, and spurned,

And greeted as he went with laughter loud,
 Sneered at and hooted by the hustling crowd,
 Nigh trodden by proud horsemen, or by wheel

Of gilded chariot crushed ; till, last, he turned,

And out in pain did reel

Between the soldiers at the city-wall ;
 And, issuing by the gates, I saw him fall
 Down underneath the bastions with a groan ;
 Then, drawing near, with sickened heart, low bent
 Hard by, and raised his shoulder to mine own,
 And long time watched him, gazing there, alone,
 On that strange face intent.

But while in wonder thus without a word
 I looked into his eyes, about my heart
 Crept a strange awe, cold as a piercing sword,
 Seeing in what vile sort so fair a soul

 Had fallen, and what dole.

And suddenly in sad speech his lips did part :
 ‘ Lo, all have bowed to devils, drinking lies ;
 The fool hath wrought them gods, and the vain wise
 Forgotten wisdom true ;

They see not what they worship in their pride ;
 Not mine but theirs the purpose they deride ;
 When truth is in their midst they tread it low,
 Part cherishing dead lies, part lusting new ;
 They know not as I know.’

And when I turned in fear to look again,
 His palms were streaming blood, and crimson rain
 Ran from his brows . . ‘ Ah Lord, come nigh to me !
 ‘ My Lord, I cried, and have they wronged Thee thus ?
 So mocked, so clothed Thee ? O, in Thine eyes I see
 Wisdom beyond all wisdom, and with Thee
 Abide, as Thou with us !’

* *G. F. Armstrong.*

A Psalm of Hope.

LII.

WHAT mean they, standing aloof, the people who watch
us and weep,
Tearing the hair in sorrow, and wailing and beating the
breast?
Is it aught if the stream roll wide, is it aught if the waters
leap,
Swollen by snows, by the storm lashed white, without pity
or rest?
Have we not crossed many worse in our march, O God, as
we follow
Leader or lord who has led for a time, and has fallen
asleep,
Seeking to see Thee and feel Thee anear, going forth by the
hollow
White glens cut aloft in the hills, by the sands of the
shores of the deep?
Would they bid us halt in our path? would they turn and
go back in the night,
And abide with the beasts of the field, and herd in the
dens of the rocks?
Nay; for our hearts are strong to the end, and we fear no
might
Of waters, or loud storm blowing, or horror of thunder-
shocks.
We will on through the night and the storm, we will march
to the bountiful land.
We scoff at the lightning's glare, we laugh at the torrent's
roar,
As we plunge in the hurrying tide, and beat with a buffeting
hand
Foam and eddying flood, and stem to the further shore.

For, ever thou drawest us on in the track of invisible feet,
Through the crisp white mountain snows, through the
pathless desert ways,
By the grisly wastes of wood, by the blossomy gardens
sweet,
By the dry sea-wolds of sand, by the curves of the tideless
bays,
High over the spears of crag a-drip with the sunset's blood,
By the shores of the desolate lakes that slumber in tracts
of death,
Mid the flakes of splintering rock where the great snow-
cataracts flood,
In the fume of the watery flats, in the sulphurous crater's
breath.
Through sorrowful spaces and sweet we march with resolute
heart,
Nearer and nearer to Thee, as ever the years roll by ;
And more and more, as we move in the wandering paths,
outstart
Signs that quicken the pulse, that brighten the fainting
eye :
For lo, in the tremulous flowers we have found a shadow of
Thee,
In the purpled banners of day that flutter about the west,
In the droves of the flaming clouds blown nor'ward over the
sea,
In the hues of shining plumes, in the gloss of the leopard's
breast.
We have wrung from the clenched crags the tale of Thy
deeds of old,
We have heard the hurrying spheres in music whisper
praise,
And the leaves of Thy love have prattled, the birds of Thy
love have told,
And the streams that flash, and the deer that leaps, and
the lamb that plays.
And we grow with the vision's growth, with the dawn of Thy
love and power,
Clearer of eye, and keener of ear, and stronger of soul,
And pain is lightlier borne, and light the driving shower

As we push through storm and sun, and strain to the
utmost goal.
And sometimes, fair in sight, will flash in a tide of light
A symbol of peace to be, a promise of power to attain ;
For sometimes while we pause on a mountain's lonely height,
Out of the stretching sea, behold without shadow or
stain,
A thousand marble spires, a cluster of domes of gold,
Will arise and fire our blood ; or, a land of loveliest dyes,
Bowery plots and streams, and mountains fold on fold,
In the sheen of the moon or sun, breaks sudden under
the skies ;
Or a rushing music sings from far through the waves and
trees ;
Or odour of mystic boundless gardens floats anear.
Yea, we are strong in trust, we are strong in the faith that
sees,
And the love that yearns and clings, and the hope that
conquereth fear ;
And dear, though rough, is the march, and sweet is the
sound of our feet
Treading in tune together, and gay are the voices blent,
As we sing in the lonely ways, and a mirthful measure beat,
Brethren marching foot to foot, ever on with the one
intent.
O 'tis good to strive and strain, and pain but turns to
mirth,
And we hail the worst with smiling lips as we march along
to Thee ;
For doing the deeds of men we taste of the blisses of earth,
We attain to the ampler life, we grow as the angels free ;
And ever Thou drawest us on, and ever we follow sure,
And Thou waitest our coming, we know, afar in invisible
lands,
In the crowd of the spirits of light, in the realms that ever
endure,
To enrol us, born of Thee, at the last in the deathless
bands,
To clothe us anew with strength, and the fervour that shall
not die,

For the glorious deeds of gods, for the doing of works
 untold,
 So soon as the years have run their span, O God Most
 High,
 And the season of man is spent, and the cloud into
 darkness rolled.

* *G. F. Armstrong.*

Reason and Revelation.

LIII.

PROUD Reason, Science, now engross the world
 Where happy Faith beheld her Lord so nigh.
 And what the substitute for breathing Love ?
 Dead, icy science on mechanic laws ;
 A world unsoul'd, a dumb deserted shrine ;
 A dreary chemistry of second causes ;
 Or, ending the interminable chain
 As a pale comet film that scarcely checks
 The straining sight, perchance a final cause
 Faintly allowed, a nebulous excuse
 For infidelity, to young beginners
 Made easy : this the substitute, for this
 They disallow the Word, whose name is Light,
 And in their smithy forge their own conceits,
 And strike a galaxy of circling sparks
 That come and go, wax brilliant, and die out
 In turn, as more advance upon the night
 Dazzling weak eyes, soon from all eyes to vanish ;
 Ignitions of the vapours which abound
 In fever swamps forsaken by the sun.

Since somewhere we must take our stand, I hold
 By the old Record ; and since He, the Maker,
 Deigns to inform me how His work was made,
 I will not therefore hold it all untrue.

While Speculation, as he swerves along
With feeble superciliousness of eye,
Mistakes for knowledge, Fancy's zigzag flights,
Lead where she pleases—anywhere but there
Where Faith has her domain. Deucalion rather,
And Pyrrha's cast of lapidary men;
Or Cadmus' dragon-teeth, as nearer guess,
How such a stony-hearted race arose
With teeth whose bite is poison. Let them go.
My Father ! as Thy children, seated round,
Raise to the light serene implicit brows ;
Rapt in the past, we see the day ere man
Could say, " 'Tis evening ! when the earth rejoiced
As a young mother kissing her first-born
Placed perfect in her bosom. While the sun,
Delighted still with new discoveries
Of grace and beauty, coursed among the shades,
Waved by the playful branches on the sward.
Passed through the gate of Faith, we leave behind
The world where Providence received in charge
The world of miracle ; when Eternity
Gave in one instant forth each pattern form
To the safe keeping of slow, cautious Time ;
And not unwitness'd ; for those morning stars
Who, shouting, hailed the world's foundation laid,
Dispersed not upward, sure, while still remained
Yet moulding on the earth the corner-stone,
The glory of the temple : as they pause
Breathless in circling scintillating rows
To see that passive mould of clay, but shaped,
From the imperial feet to the still hairs
Awaiting life, for Majesty, receive
The stamp decisive of the sovereign image ;
Fresh glittering from the mint, stamped sharp and true.
Or, as an instrument, by nicest art
Framed to express all soft harmonious sounds,
First by the artist's trial touch assayed
Is found responsive, answering to each call.
His eyes were opened, and he knew his Lord ;
His ears were opened, and he owned His voice ;

The words were understood ; his dignity,
His charge, his privilege, were all received
As natural to his maturer birth
As infant actions are to infancy.
And if by hands unskilled or passionate
Some strings are ruptured or jar out of tune,
Blame not the artist, nor his work defame ;
Say not, Behold, how many efforts yet
Ere this crude trial shall attain perfection !
Spoiled as it lies, enough survives to show
What was,—what still might be, did not neglect,
Misusage, add such wrong to what escaped,
That Handel's self might pour upon the chords
His soul's demand, and win no answer back,
Effete or all astray. And such is man,
Fallen from the first ; but not to what he falls ;
As the grand eagle, from his vantage springing,
Pierced, fluttering, tumbles, limping on the clay.

The lowliest peasant's babe is nobly born ;
Smiles like a princess ; waves its tiny arms
With sparkling flexure Art can but admire,
Exulting mother-ward. As years unfold,
Have you not seen beneath the ragged thorn,
That with scant shadow cools the wayside bank,
The picture of a child ? Its pretty limbs
Ennobling Poverty, as day's fresh spring
Glints on a russet heath ; its full, clear brow,
That breaks a tumbling sea of golden curls,
Bowed o'er its plans of shells or pottery,
With such a fixture of the studious eye,
And such a pause of motion, as reveals
A mind conceiving, or a spirit stirred
With self-discovery,—as an infant first
Stares at its fingers, wondering what they be.

And is that fairy vision, which reveals
In every gesture, attitude, the light
That glows as in some lantern's pictur'd glass

Within the frame it quickens, but a lump
 Of puddled clay that waits the graver's tool?
 Or a true fragment of the broken crown
 Ere trodden under foot of man—of swine?
 What is the diamond coated o'er with clay
 But common soil? The sun may shine upon it,
 But it cannot shine back upon the sun;
 But cleanse it—give the setter's patient skill
 To face and educate its sparkling gifts,—
 And, lo! 'tis fitted to converse with Heaven,
 All tremulous in ecstasy of light.

Thus life is given; 'tis ours to give it food,
 And carry on what germinates so fair,
 Placed in our hand. If we neglect the trust,
 Whom shall we blame? if many a dawn as bright
 So quickly changes to a leaden gloom;
 Not storm, nor rain; but gilding never more
 The landscape with one burst of the old joy,
 Whence spread those vapours? earth has stifled
 Heaven.

* *H. G. Stokes.*

A Dream.

LIV.

HAS the peace of God relieved you
 From the sinner's guilty pain?
 Has the world so oft deceived you,
 And will you trust her wiles again?
 Do you sigh to taste her pleasures?
 Pants your heart to hear her strain?
 'Tis too late to count your treasures,
 When regrets alone remain.

Once, as summer evening, closing,
Drew her shadows round my bed,
Wearied, lone, but not reposing,
Thoughts like yours their poison shed.
Life seemed all bewitching gladness,
Faith a cold unreal shade ;
Then I prayed—in vain—the madness
Would not, e'en in sleep, be staid.

In my dreams, a scene, displaying
More than waking charms, I saw ;
Happy creatures there were straying,
Youth and joy their gentle law.
Banquets here, with songs and smiling,
These apart, as each inclin'd,
'Till a sweetness stole, beguiling,
As I gazed, that filled my mind.

Harmless pleasures, so endearing,
Could it be a sin to prove ?
"Yes," said Conscience, interfering,
"You yearn to give them all your love."
But I ventured, trembled, tasted,
Oh, how sweet the new-found joy !
Earnest, rapt, what others wasted
Was to me life's fond employ.

When—with deep'ning awe beholding—
Clouds on rolling clouds around,
Open'd—oh, such scenes disclosing !
In such light—'twas holy ground.
Abraham there I saw in glory,
With him who in his bosom lay,
And all the saints of sacred story,
But how changed from sinful clay !

And there, with awful love elated,
My Pastor stood, entranced in prayer,
And hand in hand in stillness waited,
My parents, with their children there.
One was not—my bosom trembled—
Knowing who that one must be ;
For, oh ! it could not be dissembled,
I felt their place was not for me.

How I strove to catch their greeting,
Strove to show my struggling thought !
But their glances, mildly meeting,
Passed as though they knew me not.
Vainly now my soul may languish,
Not for me those scenes divine ;
But my sorrows burst in anguish,
When I thought, They once were mine.

Mine in calm and quiet feeling,
Mine along life's common walk,
Mine in deep and rich revealing,
When with God I seemed to talk.
Ev'n those moments, then distressing,
With the "wedding garment" stained.
Now had been a heaven of blessing,
For, *then*, my heart with God remained.

Thus I woke ;—my heart was breaking—
My cheek, my pillow wet with tears,
And 'twas long ere reason, waking,
Could dispel my guilty fears.
Had I even in sleep forsaken
Him to whom all hearts lie bare ?
Then I thought, though tempted, shaken,
I had closed mine eyes in prayer.

Oh, the rapture that returning
 Told my name was yet above !
 Christ was mine ;—adoring, burning,
 All my soul dissolved in love.
 And I knelt—in countless number,
 Eyes of Heaven alone might see—
 “Never may I know the slumber
 Would beguile me, Lord, from Thee !”

* *H. G. Stokes.*

God's Three Hundred.

LV.

ISRRAEL on Moreh's steep
 Waked up at dawn's first peep,
 Waked up and wondered :
 Midian in myriads round
 Lay on the dewy ground
 By the vale sundered.

Israel's ten thousands press
 On in their mightiness ;
 Loud the vale thundered :
 God's awful Voice they hear—
 “Back those who faint or fear,
 Back, trembling sword or spear,
 Faint-hearted ! draw not near.”
 He, who can save by few,
 Faithful to Him, and true,
 His own great work can do,
 Do with Three Hundred !

Far down in Moreh's glen
 Myriads of sleeping men,
 Never to wake again,
 Carelessly slumbered ;

Dreams, through their broken sleep,
Watch for God's people keep,
Waking them up to weep
 As if out-numbered ;
Then back to dream-land creep
 Souls care-encumber'd.

Sudden wild gleams of light
Flash on their startled sight,
Pitchers, at dead of night,
 Shattered and sundered ;
Wake up those wilder'd men,
God fights for Israel then,
 Trumpets loud thundered :

Out springs each heathen-sword
Out—for the mighty Lord
Doing His will and word,
 His standard raising ;
Each on his fellow fell,
Doing dark deeds of Hell,
 Man's wrath God-praising.

Israel at break of day
 Looked out and wondered ;
There in the valley lay,
Melting like dew away,
Myriads of yesterday,
 Crushed by Three Hundred !

Now when the tale is told
Of those so true and bold,
God's valiant saints of old,
 His own anointed !
Good Christian men take heart,
Rise up, and do the part
 By Him appointed.

Myriads of Heathen lie
In darkness doomed to die,
 From mercy parted ;
Thousands—themselves to please—
Live here at home at ease,
Lift not hands, bend not knees,
To bring God's light to these
 Poor broken-hearted.

Yet, to His promise true,
He His own work can do,
By His own faithful few,
 Earth's pitchers broken :
Darkness in ruin crashed,
Light on the sleepers flashed,
 By the Word spoken :
Truth,—through the countless host,
By sin depraved and lost,
 And from God sundered—
Told out—the dead to wake,
Heaven to rejoice—and make
Hell's deep foundations shake,
 Told—trumpet-thundered :
Till the world saved shall be
From dire extremity,
By the fidelity
 Of God's Three Hundred.

J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D.

Meeting the Dead.

LVI.

WHEN thou dost meet the dead,
Pass with uncover'd head,
The Conqueror of Kings is on the road;
And one day we all must
Bow down into the dust
Before this mighty Messenger of God.

He is no enemy
To injure thine or thee,
But a Good Friend, in God's great mercy sent
To open the last door
That doth to Life restore,
The Pardon'd to take back from banishment.

Had we still kept the road
We walked on once with God,
Death had no call to come amongst us here;
Life then had ever been
One long unfolding scene
Of joy—without a trouble or a tear.

But when the fatal Fall
Had so defaced us all,
That God's fair image passed away from men;
Then come to us Death must,
To crush us back to dust,
That God might make us like Himself again.

He knows how weary we
Of ruin'd life would be;
The wild heart beating at its prison bars,

Even, in their decay,
Still strong enough to stay
Its upward flight to worlds beyond the stars :

Therefore He did us send
Death as a kindly friend,
The cage to open, let the bird go free ;
Outside of the Pearl-gate
In Paradise to wait,
Until its body shall repaired be.

And that, in its repair,
It perfectly might wear
The fashion in which first it had been made,
The Maker, to re-make,
Upon Himself did take
His once fair image, now so sin-decay'd :

Then unto Death His brow
The Lord of Life did bow,
That He might take from Death its sting away ;
And from the Grave that He
Might take its victory,
Bruised head and broken heart did in it lay.

That, what the First Man spoil'd,
The Second might, unsoil'd
And pure and perfect, from the dust revive ;
That, as in Adam all
Died through the fatal Fall,
So in the Christ might all be made alive.

Then, when thou meet'st the dead,
Pass with uncover'd head,
And breathe a prayer, that the dear soul at rest
May, in the holy place,
Grow on in every grace
Here left imperfect, even in the best.

And that—not Death—but Sleep,
 Death's Christian name, may keep
 That worn-out body safe in sacred ground ;
 Until the morning when
 Jesus shall come again,
 And all His jewels shall by Him be found :

Until that morning break,
 Until the sleepers wake,
 And rise to meet their Saviour in the air ;
 Until His sacred trust
 Death render from the dust
 To Christ, in Christ re-fashion'd fresh and fair.

Then will Death wearied lie
 Down at Christ's feet and die,
 That Life alone infinity may fill ;
 The very life of Death
 On to its parting breath
 Only to know, and do the Father's will.

J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D.

Silent Leaf of Autumn.

LVII.

SILENT Leaf of Autumn !
 Dropping from the bough,
 What a tender teacher
 Of the Truth art thou !

Upon thee is written
 Wisdom deep and true,
 More than many sages
 Ever taught or knew.

Under thee are hidden
Mysteries Divine,
All thy life—a lesson,
And thy death—a sign.

Thou hast done thy duty
Where thy lot was laid,
Deck'd thy tree with beauty,
Comforted with shade.

Over life's first breathings
In each tender shoot,
Over bud and blossom,
Over swelling fruit ;—

Warding off the tempest
That against them beat,
Softening the sunshine's
Too excessive heat ;—

Outer air inspiring,
Light and gentle dew
Drinking in, life's being
Daily to renew ;—

Breathing back its perfume
From the secret cells,
Where thy hidden gladness
Delicately dwells.

Underneath thy shelter
Lay the downy nest,
Beasts in Summer noon-tide
Came to thee for rest.

Happy hearts and voices
Rang in youthful glee,
Dancing 'neath the shadow
Of thy stately tree :

While the old and weary
Rested in the shade
Which the whisp'ring thousands
Of thy kindred made.

One amid those thousand
Thousands of thy kind !
Underneath *thee only*
None could shelter find :

But Love's sweet Communion
Made the perfect bough,
And a part essential
Of its wealth wast thou !

Now, thy spring-tide over,
Now, thy summer fled,
Thou art gently gather'd
Down amid the dead :

Falling with soft rustle
On thy mother's breast,
Very little bustle
Layeth thee to rest.

Sad autumnal sighings
Low for burial lay
Thee, with the companions
Of the summer day.

And the feet of heedless
Daily passers-by
In thy grave compose thee
All unconsciously.

Yet thy death is thoughtful ;
Life that never dies
Hath its claim upon thee,
And thou shalt arise !

Wrapt around the fibres
Of that stately tree,
Once more with its being
Mingled thou shalt be !

Till the time appointed
Waiting in the dust,
Waiting in the quiet
Confidence of trust,

For the angel-trumpet
Of God's Spring to call,
Of thy resurrection
Sure as of thy fall !

Silent Leaf of Autumn !
Dropping from the bough,
What a touching teacher
Of God's Truth art thou !

Though to human senses
Passionless and dumb,
How the life that now is
Talks of that to come :

Teaching truths mysterious
Through what round us lies,
And through earthly shadows
Heaven's realities :

Preaching better sermons,
To the point more near,
Than it is one's fortune
Oft from men to hear :—

Home to the affections
Striking straight and true,
Until souls believe them
And, believing, do.

Life, with its first breathings,
Waking out of death,
At the gentle stirrings
Of the spirit's breath :

Life, with its renewals
Daily fresh and free,
Fed by its communion
With the Living Tree :

Life, with all the duties
Of Life's mystic plan,
Giving and receiving
Gifts for God and man :

Life, with the resigning
Of its sacred trust,
Laying down its body
Hopeful in the dust :

Certain of the morning
 When it shall awake :
 And a glorious body
 Like its Saviour's take :

Certain of the Spring-tide
 When it shall arise,
 And in better beauty
 Blossom for the skies.

Silent Leaf of Autumn
 Dropping from the tree,
 These the sacred lessons
 That I learn of thee.

Train me, O my Father !
 In their heavenly lore,
 On unto perfection
 Lead me evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D.

Love Maketh Fair.

LVIII.

“ Fœdam amavit, ut pulchram faceret.”—*S. Augustine.*

SHE was the fairest of all things on earth
 When first she came from her Creator's hand,
 But lost the beauty of her primal birth
 And could no longer in His presence stand ;
 Yet He, Who loveth, said He would repair
 Her beauty, and, by loving, make her fair.

He left the glory of His Father's home,
And sought her in her sinfulness and shame,
Into His heart of hearts He bid her come,
And clothed her with the honour of His Name :
Contented all her sufferings to share,
And love her foul, that He might make her fair.

But lest the splendour of His high degree
Should startle her, and scare her from His side,
He took her own poor frail humanity
And wore it as a veil the God to hide :
That she might let Him all her sorrows bear,
And love her foul, that He might make her fair.

And thus He won her heart's devotion, when
She saw how low He stooped for her relief ;
Despised and rejected among men,
A Man of Sorrows, intimate with grief ;
And all to draw her back from her despair,
Loving her foul, that He might make her fair.

And, having poured His life out for her sake,
He left her, to prepare for her a home ;
But with all precious things that might her make
Fairer, against the day when He shall come,—
Fragrant and beautiful beyond compare
Through Him, Whose love had made her foulness fair.

And daily in His absence she doth live
In the great Presence of His life below,
Fed by the heavenly food which he doth give,
That she may into oneness with Him grow ;
And all her losses may through Him repair,
Who loved her foul, that He might make her fair.

And so she grows beneath that wondrous Love,
 As Bethel's lily, or as Sharon's rose,
 Fed by the beams that woo them from above,
 Each into bloom, and fragrant beauty blows ;
 Repaying all His tenderness and care,
 Who loved her foul, that He might make her fair.

And when He comes to claim her as His bride,
 She shall not then, as now, ashamed be,
 But clothèd in His beauty, by His side
 She shall sit down through all eternity :
 And tell out to the angels round her there
 His Love, which made what once was foul so fair.

J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D

In the Time of Dearth.

LIX.

“There was a famine in the days of David three years, year after year, and David enquired of the Lord.”—2 Samuel, xxi. 1.

Part First.

PRAISE the Lord, for He is gracious ; praise the Lord,
 for He is just.
 Prostrate at His feet, confessing we are weak and worthless
 dust.

But the tender love of Jesus, oh, the wondrous ways of
 God !
 Oh, the joy that faith discloses when we kiss the chast'ning
 rod !

We have sinned against a Saviour ; we have sinnèd e'en to death.

God is pleading, gently pleading with the creatures of His breath.

Lord, to Thee be all the glory ! Lord, to Thee be all the praise !

When Thy tender hand doth chasten, it to us Thy love displays.

And the field around is wasted, and the land around us mourns ;

Man alone the judgment slighteth—man alone the warning scorns.

Who hath done it ? Are ye standing in the ways, the paths of yore ?

Seek ye there to walk, and humbly for divine support implore.

Who hath done it, are ye asking ? Turn unto your Maker's laws,

With the Word of God before you, seek not for some hidden cause.

Who hath done it ? Look around you : " Meat cut off before your eyes :"

" 'Neath their clods the seed is rotten ; desolate each garner lies."

Who hath done it ? In your cities " Cleanness" ye " of teeth" discern.

" Want of bread in all your cities ;" Oh, to God ! to God return.

Part Second.

Who hath done it? Who but Jesus. He to whom all power
belongs ;
He who all the wealthy humbles ; He who weighs the poor
man's wrongs.

He whose balance just and true is ; He who searcheth all
our hearts ;
He who ruleth but by love—who knowledge to His own
imparts ;

He who sees His cold professors full of idols, fraud, and
force ;—
Evil reigning through creation—earth's foundations out of
course ;

He who tenderly afflicteth those who as His foes behave ;
He who plucks us from the burning, for a remnant He will
save.

“Seek ye me, and ye shall live.” Yea, Lord, my heart Thy
face will seek,
Of Thy power I will make mention, of Thy kingdom's glory
speak.

Nigh to those who call upon Thee, their desires Thou mak'st
to bloom ;
With our eyes upon Thee, waiting, meat shall in due season
come.

Come, then, sinner, come to Jesus. He alone can give
relief.
Bend in deep humiliation, bend in prayer and holy grief.

'Tis for you the land withholdeth plentiful and wonted store ;
Barren e'en from your transgression, for its cry hath waxèd
sore.

Part Third.

Sanctify a fast ye people, in a solemn crowd appear ;
Gather in God's house with mourning, and His best com-
mandments hear ;

But, without a wedding garment, freely granted by His love,
Come not to His presence ; seek no half salvation from
above.

Christ is all ; then add ye nothing to His finished sacrifice ;
Be your faith alone in Jesus, lest your feast day He despise.

Lest the day which He hath threatened come upon you
from the Lord—
Judgment worse than any famine—worse than pestilence or
sword.

Day of thirst, but not for water ; day of dearth, but not of
bread ;
Day of famine, which shall gather many nations to the
dead.

Famine of the Word of God, a famine of our Saviour's
will ;—
Then from sea to sea ye'll seek him, but your ear no comfort
fill.

Then, with signs and lying wonders, Satan shall bewitch
your eye,
And the Lord send strong delusion that ye may believe a
lie.

As ye choose your own inventions, God will your delusions
choose ;
But the Lord is now beseeching—who His bidding can
refuse ?

Christ is all ! Oh, flee ye to Him ; on His bosom rest and
learn :
Crave the Holy Spirit's teaching—Oh, to God ! to God
return !

* *Viscount Massereene.*

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

LX.

CHILDREN of the new creation
To its ruler, Christ, attend ;
Seek for health and preservation,
From your only real Friend ;
All your sins to Jesus own—
Tell your wants to Christ alone.

Christ, as Joseph, was rejected,
Christ was by His brethren sold ;
But the King hath him elected—
Made Him Lord of power untold,
Prince of gifts which never fade,
Ruler over all He made.

Lo ! at God's right hand He reigneth,
Famine through the land is sore ;
But the stranger He maintaineth—
Feedeth without price the poor ;—
Filleth those who bread require,
Giving all their souls' desire.

From this starving world He calleth
Those He saves by special grace ;
Oft by ill which men befalleth,
Bringing them to see His face :
When they think He must condemn
Making known Himself to them.

Yea, to those His word who slighted,
Those who gold and lies preferred,
Those whom malice long incited,
Those whom Hell to murder stirred,—
E'en for those doth Jesus grieve,
Still He calleth, "Come and live."

Come to Jesus—stay no longer—
Come to Jesus, sinner, come.
For salvation dost thou hunger?—
Let thy mouth no more be dumb:
Call to Him whose listening ear
Stoops the faintest cry to hear.

Oh ! the beauty found in Jesus !
Oh ! the joy our spirits prove !
He who called us will release us
From this world to that above.
Here our faltering steps He'll bear—
There with us His triumph share.

Christ's the Light before us burning,
And from Egypt of our shame,
Led by Him, we're now returning
Home to God whence first we came ;—
In the Canaan of His rest
Soon to reign for ever blest.

* *Viscount Massereene.*

The Mission of Poesy.

LXI.

IF there be power in song's harmonious meed
To raise, refine, excite heroic deed,
Or crown proud virtue with perennial fame,
'Twas God first gave it, with a worthier aim.
To hallelujahs—ere this world began,
Hymned through all spheres—He waked His image, Man.
Touched every bosom-chord with grateful love,
That earth might join the host of worlds above.

Alas for man ! the muse but waked to deck
Sin's fatal triumph, and adorn earth's wreck ;
To lull stern conscience with a siren's art,
And hide death's terrors from the guilty heart ;
Strew flowers. and bid life's brawling pageant rave,
With riot less revolting, o'er the grave !

But now, at hand—as gathering signs presage
The rising advent of a purer age—
The favouring winds of heaven glad tidings pour,
And mercy walks the waves to every shore.
Though for a while the powers of air oppose,
And earth's high places throng with living foes ;
Though hell's archangel rear his gilded horn,
And band his myriads o'er the brow of morn ;
Though wild and foul revolt the world dismays,
While warring nations drop their arms and gaze :
Still undismayed, the faithful few unite,
Brace on God's armour,—and await the fight.

In this high hour, while sin's dark hosts arise,
And Calvary's banner streams through earth and skies.
The muse, though late, may haply yet return,
Mourn her sad fall, and holier incense burn ;

Assert her God—and armed with angel-hand,
Like Milton's Abdiel, spurn the apostate band.
As one to God new-born, for song no more
Pieria's fountain shall the bard explore.
With thirst more pure than e'er the Theban knew,
He there shall quaff life's waters, and renew
The songs of Zion in a happier day,
The accomplished era of Isaiah's lay ;
Sing present Christ, with all a prophet's fire,
And wake to joy the sleep of David's lyre !

The lowliest verse that ever breathed to impart
Its simple fervour to the pious heart,
To make praise vocal, and give faith a voice,
Or help the humblest Christian to rejoice,
Though feebly lisped from childhood's faltering tongue,
Yet chimes aloft, where heavenly strains are sung ;
That spirit pure—all human thought above—
Still bears it up on wings of holiest love !

When Fame's proud trophies and recording page,
And all that power has heaped through every age,
With Pharaoh's piles to sightless dust are hurled,
And He who launched shall stay this rolling world ;
Then History's tome—in one brief sentence read—
Shall speak man's fall, Redemption from the dead ;
Man's sinful dream, while heaven and hell contend
To sink or save him—and the eventful end !
Oh ! what may then one earth-born strain prolong,
When all earth's themes are past ? The Christian's song.

When the seer's wisdom and the poet's lay
Like childhood's idle tales are past away,
Nor more shed sweetness upon mortal ears,
When Shakespeare's self is silenced with the spheres ;
When tongues shall cease, and transient science fail,
The harps of heaven shall catch the undying tale.
Past ruin's power, shall sacred truth embalm
The hallowed hymn, the heavenly-breathing psalm.

Strains now unhonoured in this world's esteem,
When earth sinks mute shall be the seraphs' theme ;
And all the choirs of blessedness employ
The still, sweet song of everlasting joy !

Rev. J. Wills, D.D.

The Passing Bell.

LXII.

WITH its measured pause and its long drawn wail,
The minster bell swings on the gale,
And saddens the vale with its solemn toll—
That passeth away like a passing soul—
Pulse after pulse still diminishing on,
Till another rings forth for the dead and gone.

The minute-sound of that mourning bell
Is the lord's of the valley—the rich man's knell ;
While it swells on his lawns and his woodlands bright,
He breathes not, hears not, nor sees the light ;
On the couch of his ease he lies stiff and wan—
In the midst of his pomp he is dead and gone.

The pride has passed from his haughty brow—
Where are his plans and high projects now ?
Another lord in his state is crowned,
To level his castles with the ground !
Respect and terror pass reckless on—
His frowns and favours are dead and gone.

Had he wisdom, and wealth, and fame,
Mortal tongue shall forget his name ;
Other hands shall disperse his store—
Earthly dream shall he dream no more.
His chair is vacant—his way lies on
To the formless cells of the dead and gone.

Passing bell that doth sadly fling
 Thy wailing wave on the air of spring,
 There is no voice in thy long wild moan,
 To tell where the parted soul is flown,
 To what far mansion it travels on,
 While thou tollest thus for the dead and gone.

Yet, bell of death, on the living air
 Thy notes come bound from the house of prayer—
 They speak of the valley of darkness trod,
 On a path once walked by the Son of God,
 Whose word of promise inviteth on,
 Through the gate unclosed for the dead and gone.

Rev. J. Wills, D.D.

Lines to Orion.

LXIII.

GREAT huntsman of the eastern sky, Orion huge and
 bright,
 Climbing the dim blue hills of heaven all in the jewelled
 night ;
 Thy golden girdle cast around thy dark and untraced form,
 And thy starry dirk keen glittering in the midnight's freezing
 storm.

Bright issuer from the cold night wave, a watery couch was
 thine—
 A thousand fathoms weltering deep beneath the salt sea
 brine ;
 Yet here thou art, all standing up against the dome of sky,
 With belt and blade, and limbs of light, in matchless
 brilliancy.

The planets bowled by God's right hand along their whirling track—

The lamps of gold that burn untold o'er the circling Zodiac—
The wild north lights that blaze at nights—the white moon's gleaming ball—

These cannot vie with thee, Orion, kingliest of them all.

There are the Silver Brothers—side by side they still are beaming;

And Perseus, bent like sabre bright, with blade of stars keen gleaming;

Cassiopeia's golden chair, and the Virgin's sparkling sheaf,
And Fomalhaut's far smile of light, too fair to be so brief.

And the bold Bull, on whose broad brow glitters one eye-like star,

Gleaming amid the Hyads pale, and seems to glare from far

On fair Capella's tender beam, or to quail beneath the rays

Of the lofty Lion brothers, who from the proud Pole gaze.

And Lyra's graceful harp, hung high, breathes down its voiceless might

On Atair's upward gaze of fire, and fixes his wild flight :

While o'er him, all entranced too, still and lovely, follows on,

Swimming in heaven's wide lake of blue, the white and stately Swan.

And the dim clustering Sisters, ever weeping o'er the sea ;

And the proud Crown, all sparkling down, huge Hercules, on thee !

Great Ursa, with his pointers, treading the north wastes cold—

And Bootes, on whose burning thigh Arcturus flames in gold.

And thou, oh ! regal Pole-star, in the vast and spangled
 dome
 Of ebon night, the loftiest—fast-fixed, while others roam :
 In thy dimness, in thy farness, there is mystery and might,
 As thou lookest down o'er star-decked fields of endless sky
 and night.

Oh, lovely in thy loneliness—no star is near thee ever ;
 While others set or circle round thee, still thou changest
 never :
 Faint type of Him who fixed thee there, heaven's beacon-
 light to be
 For the lonely step on the desert path, or the wanderer on
 the sea.

But thou and all thy brilliant brothers sparkle not so bright
 As Orion, kingly constellation, strong hunter of the night ;
 As I gaze upon thee now, from my open lattice-pane,
 With thy transverse limbs of glittering light uprising from
 the main.

And I find thy name in "the blind old man of Scio's"
 tuneful page,
 Whose grand old lyre is honoured still through every clime
 and age,
 How he drew thee for admiring Greece through midnight
 fields of air—
 Great huntsman, with thy two bright dogs chasing the wild
 North Bear !

And again, in his bright verse, he makes the Ithacensian
 tell
 How he saw thy shade in flowery meads of Elysian Asphodel—
 A starlike form, with belted waist, and mace of burning
 brass,
 But like the figures in a dream, or the shadow in a glass.

But thy sparkle and thy name, too, is on a better page—
E'en God's blessed Book ; and here I find a record of thy
age,
How young and fresh thou seemest now ; yet thine unaltered
rays
Sparkled three thousand years ago, before Job's anguish'd
gaze.

And the Lord himself, thy Maker, wrapped in the whirling
storm,
In voice of thunder named thy name, o'er His servant's
prostrate form,
As if He would arraign the worm whose troubled spirit dare
Uplift himself 'gainst Him who made a thing like thee so
fair.

And tracing thee in God's bright Book to another clime and
age,
The prophet herdsman saw thy beauty, and transferred it to
his page,
When he prayed proud Judah to repent, from Tekoah's
mountain height,
And seek their glorious God, who knit thy beaming bands
of light.

But most of all, I hail thee as thou comest to visit me
In this utter sense of night intense, when thoughts are pure
and free ;
Friends and kinsmen all have said farewell—spoke is the
last good night,
And I am left alone with thee and Him who gave thee
light.

Yet not alone when He is near—His heavens above me
roll,
A blazoned book, from whence I draw deep lessons to my
soul.

Oh ! if these stars, which are but streams, have such pure
brilliancy,
How rich in waves of living light the glorious fount must be.

And, again, when night comes forth in might, and her
jewelled zone is rolled
Around her waist, one burning belt of diamonds, rays, and
gold ;
How solemn is it then, to think that "this excess of light,"
To us so fair, yet is not clean in His most holy sight.

And deeper still the mind would pierce through the clouded
times of old,
When chaos reigned—ere creation dawned—and this vault
was dark and cold,
Till He spake the word, and straight came forth from the
womb of ancient night
Ten thousand thousand dazzling suns, and decked the
heavens with light !

Poor feeble types of His far beam, the source and spring of
day !
How faint and dim you shine beside his unapproachèd ray !
Your lamps are bright for life's brief night, yet soon to pale
and die,
When o'er the expectant world shall dawn the Day-star from
on high.

Daybreak o'er the dark mountains, foretold in prophet's story,
Upspringing, kindling far and near, a morn of matchless
glory—
When He who wore the thorns of yore shall tread the
sounding earth,
And His smile of light beam broad and bright o'er a new
creation's birth.

* *Rev. R. S. Brooke, D.D.*

Light and Shade.

LXIV.

I WOULD fain enjoy the sunshine,
Yet the shadow ever falls,
Something dark within, without me,
Casts it on my prison walls ;
Then I questioned with my spirit,
“Wherefore is thy day so dim,
When God’s light is all around thee,
And its source is all in Him ?”

And my spirit maketh answer,
“Yes, God’s light is all on earth,
Like a river brimming over
From the fountain of its birth ;
Spite of all man’s aberrations,
Scathe and sorrow, shame and strife,
Like a sunlit sea it ripples
Ever up the shores of life.”

Then I answered to my spirit,
“If God’s light indeed be so,
Like a fountain in its fulness,
Like a sea-tide in its flow !
Then the fault is mine, inherent
In this dark and heavy clay,
Kneaded up throughout my nature,
Barring thus the light of day ;

Yet the glory, unattainted,
Rests on all that round us lies,
On the lily’s silver chalice,
On the rosebud’s crimson dyes,

On the green and flashing billow
 Bursting all in balls of light,
On the thousand diamond dewdrops
 Weeping for the parted night."

Then resumed my spirit, "Surely
 These things have their shadows too,
Time will dim the lily's lustre,
 Turn to dust the rosebud's hue ;
Underneath the bright green billow
 Blanch the million bones of men ;
Come and seek the dew at noon-day,
 Will you find its sparkle then ?

Yet God's light is still around us,
 Shining on with temper'd ray,
- Through the many mists and sorrows
 That obscure His people's way.
And, bethink you how the Saviour
 Walked in shadow all his years—
Was *He* not 'with grief acquainted ?'
 Was *He* not a 'man of tears ?' "

Then I answered to my spirit,
 " If my Master wore the gloom
Ere He won the glory, may I
 Humbly then His part assume ;
Still through light and shade press onward,
 With a soul serene and tender,
Till the golden bells of heaven
 Ring me in to cloudless splendour.

* *Rev. R. S. Brooke, D.D.*

“Lovest thou Me?”

LXV.

“**L**OVEST thou Me?” To him who wailed his folly
Came these sad, searching words his heart to prove,
While he, from out that heart’s deep melancholy,
Could only answer, “Lord, Thou know’st I love;”
Yet mourned he on, for memory ever kept
That *look*, which “when he thought thereon, he wept.”

And yet he says “Rejoice,” for strangely blent
Are joy and grief within us, although born
At different springs, grief from our dust is sent—
Nature’s dark dew; while from high peaks of morn
The joy-beam falls; and thus they stand together,
Like cloud and bow, in the heart’s weeping weather.

Joy checks not human grief—our Lord could weep,
Yet in that hour His soul rejoiced again;
Grief dims not holy joy—One “fell asleep,”
Foretasting bliss while tasting bitterest pain;
Yet does the heavenlier passion still prevail,
As the sweet moon shines out through mist and gale.

It is our lot, pilgrims of night, to mourn,
Treading this thorny life-path, wounding all;
It is Thy love, O God, which comes to turn
Our tears to diamonds, sparkling as they fall:
Our darkest grief still brings Thy largest light,
As stars shine keenliest in the winter night.

Thou knowest I love, though small my love may be,
O Father, grant a fuller, freer measure,
That my touch’d soul may turn and say to Thee,
Thou art my all in all, my life’s best treasure;

So when I mix with others I may find
They have my moments only, Thou my mind.

Earth's lights die out, but Heaven's bright lamps of love
Burn calmly on midst mist and storm and shower :
Does the cloud darken? Then the sun's above—
And even at life's last throb,—should that dread hour
Come fraught with fear,—then sorrow is not sorrow,
So near the breaking of the eternal morrow.

* *Rev. R. S. Brooke, D.D.*

Maria et Magi.

(From the Greek of Ephrem Syrus).

LXVI.

GOD'S Son was born—a Light arose, and darkness fled
from earth away ;
The world was bathed in glory, let it praise the Source which
shed the ray.

Forth from the Virgin's womb HE sped—the shadows fled
before the light,
And Error, bless HIS mighty name ! stole off, and hid its
head in night.

The people woke to gladness, for the dawn upon their dark-
ness rose,
The Gentiles' light and Israel's hope burst from the Babe in
swaddling⁴ clothes.

His radiance reached the furthest East, and Persia by the
golden streams
Was swept along, nor dared refuse to worship at his rising
beams.

One star, God's special messenger, came speeding on un-
resting wing,
For Persia's sons to bid prepare, and hasten to adore their
King.

Spake the bright presence thus to them : Assyria was great,
when wise ;
Be wise, ye wise, and homage pay the King who in Judea
lies.

Rose Persia's learnèd sons and great, and tarried not to go
from thence,
And bore in pix and girdle, for their Lord, gold, myrrh,
and frankincense.

A lowly hut, a woman poor, a child within a manger's rim
Startled they find, then ope their store, and, falling down,
they worship HIM.

MARIA.

Spake the young mother : Wherefore this ? strange both of
speech and garb are ye ;
Whence come ye with your mockery to this poor babe and
simple me ?

MAGI.

They answer : This your son's a King—wears many a crown
—is KING OF KINGS ;
Higher than earth His throne—His rule outlasting all
created things.

MARIA.

In sooth such never happ'd before, that poverty a king
should bear ;
A needy woman may not hope to filiate an empire's heir.

MAGI.

NEVER BEFORE—NOR YET AGAIN ; but NOW shall spring a
royal stem
From virgin lowliness to wear the universal diadem.

MARIA.

No gold is mine, nor may I boast the ownership of painted
hall ;
This home is poor and comfortless, a KING my SON how
can ye call ?

MAGI.

Thy son is Comfort, Empire, Wealth,—more than enough a
world to bless ;
Treasures of earth will fly away ; but His will know nor loss,
nor less.

MARIA.

Look in some other lordlier home the monarch ye would
now require ;
This pauper child of penury cannot be He whom ye desire.

MAGI.

Nay, can the light of Heaven deceive ? for Heaven's light
fell along our path ;
All that of power creation owns, that crib within its wicker
hath.

MARIA.

An infant hushed, a matron poor, a cheerless cottage meets
your eyes ;
No proof of kinghood sure is here, kings would such paltry
pomp despise.

MAGI.

We mark the sight—a sleeping Babe—the lowliest of the
sons of earth,
Yet marshals HE the hosts of heaven that danced and sang
to hail His birth.

MARIA.

It cannot be—ye sure mistake—or cruel are in joking strain,
Mocking a simple village mother ; elsewhere seek a king to
reign.

MAGI.

Nay, maiden mother, thou believe, for we have long believed
the lay,
THY SON'S A KING, a star hath said that lightened hither all
our way.

MARIA.

That infant form, that uncrown'd head, that manger all un-
like a throne,
Oh, these bespeak no royalty, that ye this babe for King
should own.

MAGI.

Infant is HE because He wills. and would be hid until His
showing ;
Ere long earth's mightiest sons will own His sovereignty,
before Him bowing.

MARIA.

No host, no legion boasteth he, no cohort his of shielded
men ;
His mother's poverty he shares. A King ! how may ye call
him then ?

MAGI.

The host thy Son doth wield 's aloft ; they ride the Heavens
—they flash in flame ;
One silver-mailed herald-star forth summoned us from
whence we came.

MARIA.

A babe just born ! how can it be—infant of days, obscure,
unknown—
My boy should rule the famed and strong—that these should
bend before his throne ?

MAGI.

That Babe is old, O virgin mother ! ANCIENT OF DAYS
thine Infant is—
Old when the world was young, and young when in its
death-fires Earth shall hiss.

MARIA.

Ope these mysterious words, they make strange recollections
in my brain—
Echoes of bygone visions. Say, what is the secret of His
reign ?

MAGI,

Or, ere we tell thee all, believe that had not truth us hither
driven,
We ne'er had left our fatherland in search of Him, of hope,
of heaven.

MARIA.

Men of dark sayings, ease my heart, disclose this burning
mystery ;
Say what took place in your far land, what mission brought
you here to me ?

MAGI.

A star was our conductor, shining more than stars are wont
to shine ;
The new-born KING its light announced, and led us to this
spot divine.

MARIA.

Oh, hush these tidings ! be they ne'er divulged within this
land of ours,
Lest the Boy's life be planned against by the conscious
ruler's envious powers.

MAGI.

Yield not to fear, O mother dear, all empire He will yet
destroy ;
Nor shall the wicked's wickedness have potency to hurt the
Boy.

MARIA.

Herod, the ravening wolf of Edom, makes me tremble in-
secure,
Lest this true vine's tendril be cut off yet green and im-
mature.

MAGI.

Thy Boy is safe, fond mother, let not Herod's fear thy soul
appal ;
Sure as he reigneth now, before thy son his crown and
throne shall fall.

MARIA.

Jerusalem is filled with blood, the streets are choked with
righteous dead ;
Ye little know the gloomy king ; respect an anxious mother's
dread.

MAGI.

The Boy shall stay those bloody streams, shall blunt the
sharp uplifted lance ;
The sword that frays Jerusalem shall not without His leave
advance.

MARIA.

Were there no other foe, the Scribes and Priests would make
my deadly fear,
Who slay in secret. Strangers, hush ! lest subtle foes you
overhear.

MAGI.

Nor envious Scribe, nor haughty Priest, is able to invade
His peace ;
Cometh the hour, 'tis nearing now, when Priest and Scribe
for aye shall cease.

MARIA.

Ye men of God, I hail you now ; your advent wakes a
troubled joy
To me, like angel-tidings came, some months ago, about
the Boy.

MAGI.

The same to us, God's mighty herald came in likeness of a
star,
To tell of His nativity, Heaven's brightest sons exceeding
far.

MARIA.

But, said the angel whom I saw, His kingdom ne'er shall
know an end,
And bade his poor handmaiden keep the secret, lest the tale
offend.

MAGI.

To us the star revealed that we the Lord of Kings should
find in Him.
Though bright the star, and clear the straw, we saw no form
of cherubim.

MARIA.

His LORD the glorious Gabriel called Him, ere He quickened
in the womb.
THE HIGHEST'S SON. His fatherhood, say strangers, will
ye give to whom?

MAGI.

Spake the bright star to us, and said : that, LORD OF
HEAVEN, Thy Son was born.
He ruled the jewell'd night, and His behest awoke the light
of morn.

MARIA.

Receive the tidings, men of God, Heaven to you doth its
purpose show ;
A virgin-mother bears a son—GOD'S SON—proclaim it as ye
go.

MAGI.

'Tis known ! the star foretold it all—that nature's laws are
here supprest,
And great JEHOVAH forms a son beneath a virgin-mother's
breast.

MARIA.

Ye height and depth, ye stars and angels, tell the mystery of
His birth ;
GOD'S SON, AND LORD OF ALL IS HE. Let the great secret
traverse earth.

MAGI.

One star illumed our concave blue, sealing the truth to
Persia's land,
That HE was born the SON OF GOD, and all earth's sway was
in His hand.

MARIA.

Peace to that land of faith be given, may peace abound upon
its coasts !
Peace be with you who preach the Incarnation of the Lord
of Hosts !

MAGI.

HIS peace conduct us home which brought us hitherward
right peacefully ;
And, when His kingdom comes, may our dear land His
power and presence see !

MARIA.

May Persia joy at your return,—Assyria its exalting share !
And, when my son comes forth to reign, He'll plant His
conquering standard there.

Sing, grateful church; the birth of CHRIST ! Bless our
Emanuel's name again !
The Light of Heaven and Earth, the mighty breaker of the
captive's chain !
The Way, the Truth, the Life, the gracious gladdener of all
hearts ! Amen !

* *Rev. Orlando T. Dobbin, LL.D.*

Jonah and the Gourd.

A Lesson of Mercy.

LXVII.

THROUGH mighty Nineveh
Behold the Prophet go ;
His weeds of sackcloth grey,
His words, the words of woe :—
“ Woe to the minaret !
“ Woe to the tow’r and hall :
“ Ere forty suns are set
“ Proud Nineveh shall fall.”

The Palace walls are high,
Ten thousand guards are round ;
Yet pierced that wailing cry
The inmost chamber’s bound.
The Monarch in his pride
Waxed pale upon his throne—
He turned to every side,
But comforter was none.

His pomp he straight laid down,
He bowed before the Lord :
His head with ashes strewn,
Remission he implored.
His subjects with him wove
The penitential prayer—
“ Unworthy of Thy love
“ Yet spare, Jehovah, spare.”

Then ceased the Lord to frown—
The Prophet’s task was o’er ;
Peace beamed benignly down
Where menaced Wrath before :

The Seer it pleased not now
Jehovah should relent ;
Gloom gathered on his brow,
He murmured discontent.

“ Oh ! why should Justice fail
“ Her insults to avenge ?
“ Or why th’ Immutable
“ His purpose lightly change ?
“ God’s nerveless arm and aim
“ Th’ ungodly will defy :
“ And peal the false Seer’s name
“ In laughter to the sky.”

Indignant at the thought,
The city’s dust he spurned ;
Without the walls a spot
Of shade his eye discerned—
There laid him down ; the Lord
Forgave his frenzied grief,
And o’er him raised a gourd
Most fair in fruit and leaf.

With morn the east wind blew—
Decay was at its core ;
The day was still but new—
The gourd’s short life was o’er.
Unchecked the sunbeam’s fire—
Unscreened the Prophet’s head—
“ Twixt mingled grief and ire,
“ ”Twere better die,” he said.

“ Frail mortal ! proud as frail,”
Thus spake th’ eternal King ;
“ Shalt thou a weed bewail,
“ Insensate, worthless thing ?

“ And shall not God, the Lord,
 “ Th’ immortal myriads spare,
 “ Who contritely implored
 “ His grace with tears and prayer ?

“ That gourd no dew of thine,
 “ No glowing sunbeam fed ;
 “ To bid it spring was mine,
 “ Or rank it with the dead.
 “ Work thy capricious will
 “ With ought that is thine own ;
 “ The task to save or kill
 “ Jehovah’s is alone.

“ Were grace to those who spare,
 “ Death to the pitiless,
 “ Th’ unchanging doom which ne’er
 “ Admits recal, redress—
 “ By the stern human creed,
 “ Were God a man like thee—
 “ Oh, where should be *thy* meed ?
 “ Oh, what should be *thy* plea ?”

* *Rev. Orlando T. Dobbin, LL.D.*

King Edwin.

A.D. 627.

LXVIII.

HIGH sate King Edwin in his hall,
 Around him ranged his wise men all ;
 Queen Ethelberga by his side
 Was pleading for the Crucified.
 Then thus the King :—“ Ho, Sages, say,
 “ Shall we Paulinus hear to-day ;

" Shall we our olden gods forsake,
 " And Christ our only Master make ;
 " Speak, shall we at this council-board
 " Vow fealty to Christ as Lord ?"

Coifi, chief of priests, the snows
 Of decades on his head, uprose
 And spake :—" O King, weigh well what now
 " Is preached to us ; for, I avow
 " Those gods whom I have served so long
 " Have proven false, and wrought me wrong ;
 " Others, who served them less, I own,
 " Are nearer to thy heart and throne.
 " If the new doctrines are more just,
 " In them let us repose our trust."

Another rose, of honoured name,
 And spake approving of the same :—
 " The present life of man, O King,
 " Seems like a bird upon the wing :
 " A sparrow flitting through the room
 " Wherein you sup in winter's gloom,
 " Statesmen and captains feasting there
 " In the huge log-fire's ruddy glare.
 " When storms of snow abroad prevail,
 " In flies the bird to shun the gale
 " By one door, and then out again
 " By the other ; whilst he did remain
 " Fair weather had he, safe and warm ;
 " But soon he passed into the storm
 " Once more, and vanished from our sight
 " Into the dark and wintry night.
 " Such is the soul in life, I trow,
 " Its whence and whither none can know.
 " If, therefore, this new doctrine hold
 " More certain knowledge, leave the old."

Thus wisely spake the wise ; and, when
 The words seemed pleasant to all men,
 Paulinus—by the King's command—
 Preached to the nobles of the land ;
 And kindled in all hearts the flame
 Of holy zeal for Christ's dear name.

"Who," quoth the King, "will first profane
"Altars and shrines and idols vain?"

Whereat the priest Coïfi cried :—

"Arms and a horse ! I wish to ride
"Against them ; I, of old their slave,
"From my ill counsel fain would save
"My country. For this hand, now free,
"Shall set the rest at liberty."

Straightway the King's attendants brought
The arms and good steed which he sought.
He girds the sword, he grasps the spear,
And mounts the charger without fear ;
And straight to where the idols stood
He fiercely rode. The multitude
Deemed him distraught, and watched to see
The fruit of his profanity.

But he rode dauntlessly anear ;
He reined his steed and hurled his spear.
The idols—stupid, dumb, and grim—
Stood motionless and stared at him.
Unhurt, he galloped back again,
And led the crowds with might and main
Altars and images to break
And grind to dust for Christ, His sake.
That night was painted red enow
By fires that laid the temples low.
The morning saw the priest baptized,
And Christ's salvation widely prized.

* *Rev. R. W. Buckley, D.D.*

The Listening Angel.

LXIX.

'TIS an angel of light and love
On a mission from heaven above.
'Mid flight he pauseth awhile,
And his bright eyes wear a smile :

For he hears the wide welkin ring
With the harps of celestial string.
His fellows of mould immortal
Throng around the golden portal,
As, happy and young and fair,
They peer down the cloudy stair
At this speck of a world of care.
Not long doth he pause to listen,
Not long his upraised eyes glisten,
Not long doth he poise his pinions
On the marge of the sun's dominions ;
But the while the waves of sound
From the diamond walls rebound,
That the echoes may please his ear,
Now that sorrow and clouds are near ;
Not long the delay ; for to-night
He must soothe, with slumber light,
The mortal frame of a maiden lying
Lamented, despaired of, dying.
He must soothe the pillow of death,
And relieve the labour'd breath
And burden'd heart of a child of sorrow,
On whom it will dawn an endless morrow,
Amongst the redeemed in white
In the beautiful land of light.
"Oh, angel ! haste on thine embassy,
"For in her who dieth my heart doth lie ;
"And when the sad task is o'er,
"Waft her to the deathless shore."
He listens no more, but departs
To the circle of breaking hearts ;
Like falling dew his presence they feel,
Who around the bedside kneel,
And he ministers there as he stands,
With the gentlest and softest of hands,
Until the last breath is drawn
In the hush of the chilly dawn.

* *Rev. R. W. Buckley, D.D.*

Abel in Heaven.

LXX.

AS when a seeker findeth
The gem most rare and bright ;
As when the warrior, brave and bold,
Wins banners in the fight ;
So joy'd angelic messengers
From earth, far off and dim,
Returned to the skies, with nobler prize,
Shouting their seraph-hymn.

Triumphant, from the spot where blood
First stained the young earth's sod,
They bore the soul of martyr'd saint
To heaven, and home, and God :
And ere the clay was sepulchred,
And ere a mourner wept,
Through heaven's gate, in royal state,
The angel-convoy swept.

Hail, first arrived in glory !
Thy welcome angels sing ;
Thy martyr-brow is diademed
By thy Redeemer King :
In heaven thou art a wonder,
A novel sight to see :
Thron'd seraphs gaze, in rapt amaze,
On thee, saved soul, on thee !

Hark ! hark ! the stranger spirit
Uplifts the voice of praise ;
Whilst wondering heaven lists, well pleased,
To those entrancing lays.

The new song that he singeth
 His voice alone can sing :—
“ He loved me, and He washed me,
 And made me priest and king.”

As when a thousand choristers
 Have stayed the flow of song,
That one sweet warbling voice might pour
 Its music on the throng ;
As when the songsters of the grove
 Are hushed at evening's fall,
The nightingale alone is heard,
 The sweetest of them all ;—

As when the chimes of ocean
 Have settled into calm,
And stealing o'er the water comes
 The sailor's vesper-psalm ;—
So harps and voices all were hushed,
 And seraph-bands were stilled,
As Abel's song the raptur'd throng
 Of list'ning angels thrilled.

That solitary singer
 Sings now in a mighty band ;
For thousand thousands since have joined,
 From every age and land.
Oh, may we swell the minstrelsy
 With which vast heaven rings :—
“ He loved us, and He washed us,
 And made us priests and kings.”

Rev. Thomas M'Cullagh, W.M.

Moses on Pisgah.

LXXI.

WITH bold and tireless footsteps
By precipice and scar,
He climbed the steep Abárim,
And Nebo's range afar,—
Till the grey crest of Pisgah
The grand old Prophet bore ;
His heart as warm, as strong his arm,
As a hundred years before.

His eagle-eye as piercing
As when, in youthful days,
O'er the strange old lore of Egypt
It burned with ardent blaze :
And to that eye of lightning
God showed the promised land,
In all its worth, from South to North—
From East to the utmost strand.

Lebanon's goodly mountain
The old man joyed to view ;
And Bashan, too, with its oak-wreath'd crown,
And Carmel's fading blue ;
And Gilead, and Tabor,
And Olivet's fair green ;
And Zion's hill, with rapture's thrill,
And Calvary, were seen.

All pleasant were the valleys
O'er which his vision rolled ;
Achor, with all its lowing herds,
And Sharon's verdant fold ;

Jezreel showed its vineyards ;
Jehoshaphat its stream ;
And Eschol's vale, and Shaveh's dale,
Looked like a Prophet's dream.

The land of brooks and fountains
Lay 'neath the Seer's glance ;
He saw the Arnon gambol ;
He saw the Jabbok dance ;
The ancient river Kishon
Swept on in wrathful force ;
And the Kidron mild, like a playing child,
Laughed in its flowery course ;

The Dead Sea and Gennesaret,
Like gems on a stately King,
Were joined on Canaan's royal robe
By Jordan's pearly string ;
And the mantle green of the beauteous Queen
With many a jewel beamed ;
For the distant rills amongst the hills
Like threads of silver seemed.

Oh, who can tell the rapture
That fired the Prophet's breast,
As, afar, he saw where The Oath was sworn
To his forefathers blest !
Old Mamre's plain and Sichem ;
Bethel, by angels trod ;
And Gerar, too, where the promise true
Was ratified by God.

But, alas ! the princely quarry,
Which Death pursued so long,
Upon the brow of Nebo
Is struck by the archer strong !

The eagle-eye grows strangely dim,
The beauteous landscape's fled ;
And a funeral band of angels stand
Around the kingly dead !

He must not cross the Jordan,
Nor dwell in the goodly land ;
But a better country welcomes him
To the glorious Prophet-band :
Not cedar trees, but trees of life
For ever flourish here ;
Not Jordan's rush, but rivers gush
With living waters clear.

Thus, oft the God of Moses
With sorrow bows the head ;
For which He gems a crown of life,
To crown the faithful dead ;
Thus, oft refuses earthly bliss,
While higher bliss is given ;
Denies us health, and denies us wealth,
But bids us enter heaven.

Rev. Thomas M'Cullagh, W.M.

The Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory.

LXXII.

THINE, Father ! is the kingdom ;
This truth no heart can doubt,
Thy presence when we feel within,
And see Thy works without :

Thine are the earth and ocean,
Thine are the day and night :
Thou movest in the moving heavens,
And shinest in the light ;

And Thine the voice of wisdom
That speaks within the breast,
And giveth guidance to the strong,
And to the weary rest.

And Thine the power, O Father !
The power we feel and see—
The powers of nature and of mind—
Have all their source in Thee:

Thine are the rain and sunshine,
And Thine the lightning's blaze :
Thine is the power that glows in life,
And Thine the power that slays ;

And Thine the power, O Saviour !
Which can alone be made
Perfect in weakness ; Thine the strength
Whereon the souls are stayed

Of heroes and of martyrs ;
The power is Thine to free
From fear and sin, and over death
To give the victory.

But where, O Lord, Thy glory ?
Thy kingdom's brightness, where ?
In clouded skies and stormy seas,
In hardly answered prayer,

In stars that burn to ashes,
In life that ends in dust,
Oh, must we seek Thy glory there,
Thou merciful and just ?

It is not so. Thy glory,
O Father, must have shined
Where'er Thy power and kingdom are :
It is that we are blind.

We see but gleams and flashes
From a hidden brightness dart ;
Oh, give us eyes to see Thee, Lord,
In glory as Thou art !

But are not gleams and flashes
Enough for such as we ?
The full unveiling of Thy face
No mortal eye may see ;

And is it not sufficient
For us, if we behold
Thy brightness where the sunbeams shine,
And where the stars are rolled ;

And if we see Thy glory
Reflected in the face
Of those who live in Thee, and die
Triumphant in Thy grace ?

Were I to hear Thee saying,
" Servant of God, well done !
Thy work is proved, thy sins forgiven,
Thy battle fought and won ;

" The harvest of thy sowing
The time to come shall reap ;
Now lay thee down in perfect peace
For everlasting sleep ;"

So great would be the blessing
I could not ask for more ;
No wish nor prayer my lips could frame—
I only could adore.

But more than this we hope for :
And what we long for most
Is not to join the adoring song
On heaven's eternal coast ;

And not to meet the loved ones
Assembled round Thy throne ;
What most we long for, Lord, is this—
To know as we are known ;

To gaze upon Thy glory
With face to face, and live :
For this includes all blessings, Lord,
Which even Thou canst give.

* *Joseph Fohn Murphy.*

A Reverie.

LXXIII.

I HAVE ere now been half inclined
To wish the present life were all ;
That death upon the soul might fall,
And darkness overwhelm the mind ;

Not that I envied then the beast
Which never thinks of good and ill,
And only cares to eat his fill
At mighty Nature's bounteous feast ;

But, that our motives might be pure,
And free our choice, and clear our way,
The law of conscience to obey,
Whether to act or to endure ;

To fight with sin, without regard
To conquests in the battle won ;
To say at last, "My work is done :
I die, and seek for no reward."

And yet I know 'tis better far
That faith should look beyond the grave
On Him who died the world to save,
And rose to be the polar star,

For ever, of our hope and love ;
To guide us on, through death and night,
To realms of deathless life and light—
To mansions of the blest above.

I know 'tis well to trust the Power
Who makes the buried seeds to bloom,
That He will raise me from the tomb,
As summer's breath awakes a flower ;

To take a child upon my knee,
Or lay what was my friend in dust,
And feel a reverential trust
That He who made them both to be—

Who gives us death as well as birth,
And maketh children grow to men—
Will give us other life again,
More blessed than the life on earth.

* *Joseph John Murphy.*

An Incident on the Riviera.

LXXIV.

UNDER an aged olive, by the sea,
A charcoal fire, and fish thereon, and bread—
For there a fisher crew their meal had spread—
I saw ; and as I saw, to Galilee
My thoughts were borne, and to the beach where said
The Saviour to the Apostle, *Lov's't thou Me ?*
I could not speak like Peter, but, instead,
I felt mine eyes with silent tears grow dim,
To think how weak and faint my love for Him.

Yet I have served Him for a length of years ;
I would not hide one secret from His sight ;
And yet I have not done with doubts and fears ;
My path is but a darkness crossed with light,
And Heaven most like a clouded heaven appears ;
His joy by flashes only have I gained,
His constant peace I never have attained.

And so it was with Peter and the rest.
They knew that He who died was raised again,
But knew not of the blessings they possessed,
And spread the net once more, their food to gain,
And all the night they spread the net in vain ;
But when the morning glowed upon the lake,
The Saviour stood upon the shore, and spake.

And unto me He spake, that summer day,
Under the olives, on Liguria's shore.
And though I made no answer, He will stay.
He stands beside me when I cannot pray,
He follows me and finds me when I stray,
And leads me back to bless Him and adore.

The pure in heart shall see Thee and be blest.
 But am I pure? I know not ; but I know
 It is Thy will, my God, to make me so,
 And in that knowledge I can safely rest ;
 And I rejoice to think that in my breast
 There's not a thought or wish but long ago
 Was known, my Saviour and my Judge ! to Thee,
 Before Thy hand in secret fashioned me.

Therefore, I pray Thee, search and try my heart,
 And lead me in the everlasting way,
 And free me from my sin against the day
 When I shall see Thee, Saviour ! as Thou art.

* *Joseph John Murphy.*

The Great Key-Bearer.

LXXV.

WITHIN His House the God of Love
 Hath many rooms to show ;
 Some mansions are prepared above,
 And some below.

The Saints below have not to wait,
 Their Heaven begins on earth ;
 'Tis entered by the Portal-Gate
 Of Second-Birth.

And in that House there dwelleth One
 To Whom all power is given ;
 The Father's well belovèd Son—
 He rules in Heaven.

Each room and door and key He knows,
The House is all His own.
'Tis His to open, His to close—
Yea, His alone !

Lo ! at the Mercy-Gate He stands—
The Very Christ who died ;
Behold His brow, His piercèd hands,
His wounded side !

“ Come to the Father’s House,” He cries—
“ Confess to Him thy sin ;
The Door of Pardon open lies,—
Come, enter in !

“ The far-off country leave behind
Where thou hast dared to roam ;
Oh, come within, and thou shalt find
At last thy Home.”

*Oh happy they whom Jesus calls,
And who His call obey,—
They come within the Heavenly walls,
Thrice happy day !*

And each unto his room is led
By Him who holds the Key ;
“ Come in,” He saith, “ for thee I bled—
Work thou for Me.

“ Behold the door is open wide !
The day is not yet gone—
Make haste—the workless eventide.
Is stealing on.”

*Oh happy they whom Jesus tells
To work for Him and pray,
With them His presence ever dwells
Through life's long day !*

And when the day of work is o'er,
Then unto each He saith—
“Come, I must bring thee to the door
That men call Death.

“’Tis time the room of toil to leave,
And seek that place of rest,
Where waits the Father to receive
His weary guest.

“It is no place of outer gloom,
Within the Home it lies ;
’Tis but the further, better room
Of Paradise.

“And I—the Holy One and True—
Who liveth, and was dead—
I have the Keys, I have been through,
What dost thou dread ?

“When I did rest from work and care,
There did my spirit flee ;
The contrite thief was welcomed there
That day by Me.

“And all the saints who faithful die,
There safe with me abide.
Why dost thou fear to go, when I
Am by thy side ?”

*Oh happy they whom Christ is near,
 When at death's door they stand :
 The room beyond they need not fear
 Who hold His hand !*

And when on Resurrection-day
 The ransom'd meet at last ;
 Death feared no more, tears wiped away,
 And judgment past.

Then shall be heard once more His call—
 “ Come, blessed children, see
 The best of rooms reserved for all
 Who follow Me !

“ No pardon there shall ye require,
 For ye no more shall sin ;
 And though ye work ye shall not tire—
 Come, enter in !

“ Behold the door is open—Come !
 Soon must I close the gate ;
 Come ere the feast begin, for some
 Will knock too late.”

*Oh happy they who find a place—
 While open lies the door—
 With those who see the Master's face
 For evermore !*

*O great Key-bearer, grant that we,
 Within Thy home above,
 May praise through all eternity
 Thy wondrous love ! Amen.*

* *Lord Plunket, Bishop of Meath.*

Stanzas

Sent with an Autograph of Wordsworth.

LXXVI.

TWO lines—bright issues of undying mind,
Two deep-souled lines to thee and Nature dear,*
A name immortal by the Immortal signed,
Traced by his own enchanted pen—are here !

Hung o'er the page that brow magnificent,
Shrine for its mighty inmate fitly wrought !
O'er it those visionary eyes were bent,
That gaze, slow-wandering through the deep of Thought.

Mightiest of all the laurelled lineage high,
He sate, as when in Fancy's golden gleam,
He saw deep visions by the "sylvan Wye,"†
Or drew his childhood's bright Platonic dream.‡

A vesper light was there—a light to lend
To Age a genial tint, a kindred ray ;
And Nature harmonized the hour, to blend
Her glories with the sunset of his day !

The brighter noontide hours in converse grave
And high, had passed with him, our glorious guest ;
Winander fondling still with playful wave
The faery barque that rocked her poet's rest.§

* "To me the meanest flower," &c.

† The poem written near Tintern Abbey.

‡ The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.

§ We had been sailing on Windermere part of the day, July 26, 1844.

He taught how men may rise to soul through sense
Of that diviner vision, which can see
Symbols in narrow space of God's immense,
Shadows in time of God's eternity :

Of man—the sorrows humble souls endure,
The one great Heart that beats in all who move
O'er earth, the peaceful glories of the poor,
And all the meek sublime of human love.

He taught of mysteries hid in fields and flowers,
Of marvels that in Nature's lone haunts dwell ;
He spoke as Thou, whose not unhappiest hours
Have learned his lore, can thence far better tell.

But Thou, whose spirit serene of maiden youth,
So brightly calm, so beautifully wise,
Loving all loveliness, yet sees in truth
A glory richer than all fancy's dyes :

Thou, when the glistening eye and beating heart,
Attest for thine the true poetic thrill,
And speak the Mighty Master's matchless art—
Wilt breathe a want, wilt yearn for something still !

New-born to Him who bore the cross's shame,
No joy is joyous, be but He forgot ;
We dare not rest beneath a lower name,
Or own aught perfect where the Cross is not.

Our wisdom's but to know His wisdom's worth,
To feel all light beside His lustre dim ;
Cold to all beauty save what shadows forth
The one sole central Beauty, shrined in Him !

To win an hour from sense, by finer touch
 Of sympathy to wake the better mind,
 This is not nothing, but it is not much—
 Alas ! the world is world, howe'er refined.

No—the stern lessons, self-hate, self-control,
 The dark of Nature in its Lord made bright—
 These can alone unbind the pinioned soul,
 And flood the enfranchised heart with love and light.

Creation's mightiest marvels twinkle weak
 Beside that solar glory—Sin forgiven ;
 Mount—Alp on Alp—the topmost glittering peak,
 But clearer shows the infinite height of *Heaven !*

W. Archer Butler.

Sonnets.

The Patriarchal Time.

LXXVII.

WORLD ! thou hoary monster, whose old age
 Is gray in guilt ! How purer and more fair
 The freshness of thine infancy to share !
 The primal records of the holy page
 Tell how, amid thy morn, the Form of God
 Lighted the valleys of our vernal earth—
 A parent, with the children of His birth—
 And smiled to dark the sunshine, as He trod !
 Tending their flocks among the quiet hills
 And shadowed waters of their orient clime,
 The men of majesty, in early time,
 Bore heaven upon their brow ! Alas ! it chills
 The soul, to mark the God-given spirit's course,
 Beam of the Eternal Sun, dissevered from its source !

Nature and the Human Soul.

LXXVIII.

How vast the little infinite,* where march
 The last far heavens in all-surrounding round,
 Where on and on, beyond the lowly arch
 Of inner worlds, God's mighty work is crown'd.
 For, still untired, creative energy
 Scattering new life, where only thought can soar,
 Planting his standards through immensity,
 Builds temples still, and beings to adore :
 Yet is one MIND—the pauper-peasant's mind—
 Reason's invisible chamber—more sublime
 Than all that scene material, whose array
 Throngs endless space ; more vast and unconfined
 Than aught (save endless Space itself and Time,
 Nature's twin lords) *one soul* that stoops to live
 one day !

*W. Archer Butler.**On a Child in the College Park.*

LXXIX.

ON yester-eve I saw at play
 A child—'twas Fancy's precious prize—
 The lovely light of gladness lay
 Couched softly in his gleaming eyes.
 Come gaze on me, my pretty child,
 And smile again as thou hast smiled :
 Such happiness alive in thee
 Makes me a child again to see !

What dost thou in our "learned bowers" ?
 Heads may be wise where hearts are breaking
 And happier science thine than ours,
 For thou hast found what we are seeking !

* Finitus et infinito similis.

Ah, would our midnight lamp could bless
 Us with *thine* art of happiness !
 Ah, would its care and toil of thought
 Could teach what thou hast learned untaught !

Alone among the flowers he lies,
 As fair as they, as coyly wild—
 “To droop above thy vernal eyes
 I’ll set them in thy bonnet, child !”
 A painful throb is in my heart,
 I will not bid it to depart ;
 I never knew what ’twas to grieve
 With pleasure, till I saw this eve.

The primrose flower of life is here,
 The rapturous promise of its spring ;
 Time touches it with gentle fear
 To harshly touch so soft a thing.
 So bright a flower was never set
 In Flora’s fading coronet ;
 “Alas ! must thou, too, fade, my child ?”—
 The boy looked up at me and smiled.

Sweet spirit newly come from heaven,
 With all the God upon thee still,
 Beams of no earthly light are given
 Thy heart even yet to bless and fill.
 Thy soul, a sky whose sun has set,
 Wears glory hovering round it yet ;
 And childhood’s *eve* glows sadly bright
 Ere life hath deepened into *night* !

Sonnet,

Which may illustrate the last Stanza of the preceding Poem.

THOU, whose meek eyes are bending o’er my page !
 Hast thou not sometimes felt a thrilling sense
 As if our life were but a second stage
 Of elder being ? Dreams—dim dreams from thence

Rise often on our thoughts, like thoughts of home
Crushing the spirit of the wanderer lost
In the drear desert. Oh, for a glimpse to come
Across the soul, of that most blessed coast
Whose banks we left to sail the stormy ocean
That wrecked us upon earth ! Oft—oft it seems
In our bright hours, the angel thoughts whose motion
Darts meteor-like athwart the brain, are gleams
From our lost heaven ! Sons of Eternity,
Though here the wards of fleeting Time, are we.

W. Archer Butler.

By the Unknown Deep.

LXXX.

I STOOD beside the margin of a sea,
If sea it were, where neither wind nor wave
Its surface stirred, all leaden-like and still,
As molten cloud whereon no gleam was shed
From light of sun or moon or distant star.

Silence reigned sovereign o'er the vast abyss
Outstretched as far as eye or thought could reach,
Whose depth in vain might sounding-line explore
Unknown and fathomless. No night and day
Alternate came, where all was void and dark ;
Save that, scarce visible, distant and dim,
A quivering ray, as from some outer sphere,
Gleamed vision-like above the drear expanse.

Here, as I stood and gazed, methought a sound,
Like echo wafted from a distant world,
Fell on my ear with strange entrancing power.
No spoken word, no utterance it was
Such as on earth reaches the listener ;
Yet to the very inmost soul it spake
With meaning most intense, as in that realm
Where spirits disembodied converse hold.

I turned, and by my side there seemed to stand
A form like those which pass at eventide
Cloud-wrought, dark marshalled, moving overhead,
Like travellers gliding on their darksome way,
Along the pathway of the western sky.
Was this, then, Dreamland? all thus seen and heard?
Was it a vision of the night? I knew not;
But words unutterable seemed to reach
Both heart and ear, while he who spake stood nigh,
Shrouded in veil of gloom and mystery.

A plaint I heard, a plaint which wailing told
Of a life spent in hot though vain pursuit
Of happiness, of glory, wisdom, all
That earth calls gain. And sadly, too, it told
Of broken vows, vain warnings, idols throned
Where ONE alone should reign. Such the lament,
And evermore a voice appeared to utter
"Too late !"

And then, methought I overheard
What seemed a prayer, low uttered, earnest, faint,
As from a heart deep-rent with doubt and dread,
For mercy, pity—for one guiding ray
Amidst the "darkness visible," to light
The strange wayfarer by that unknown deep !

Awful it is to hear the thunder-peal
Roll amid Alpine heights from cliff to cliff,
From chasm to chasm, lit by the vivid gleam
Of lightning flash. But yet more awful still,
To stand entombed in depth of night like this,
And hear the spirit-wail that then I heard.

That prayer seemed but to reach the laden air
Which brooded o'er the abyss. Could human heart
Hear, and not inly pray it might be heard
By Him, whose arm omnipotent can reach,
Whose ever-open ear can hearken to
The sufferer whelmed in sorrow's wildest wave,
The sigh sent forth from deepest depth of woe?

Silent a prayer I breathed, then bent my view
Across the void, and lo ! beheld a form
Dim in the distance where at first appeared

That struggling gleam. It shone as shines the light
Which in far Polar regions cheers the eye
Of ice-bound mariner, when sun and moon
Are buried 'neath the horizon. Thus it seemed,
But whether distant cloud, or spirit clothed
With cloud-like garb, I knew not. Still methought
It grew in shadowy radiance and drew near,
While o'er the surface of the misty deep
A brightness dawned, such as at morning-tide
Gladdens the eye of watcher through the night.
In fashion as a man that form next showed,
But man so glorious that the countenance
Beamed with the cloudless light of Deity.
A crown the brow adorned, so passing bright,
That shrouded seemed each feature. Where a hand
Was raised, as though to bless, athwart the sky,
Like glowing meteor, more than diamond bright,
A shape appeared like that which legends say
Shone o'er the Cæsar's path as forth he went
To war, and bade him triumph in the Cross.
Thus o'er the void appeared that form divine ;
While in each outspread palm glistened a wound
Deep sunken, and of ruby hue. The feet
Of Him who o'er the trackless waste drew nigh,
Seemed also pierced with wounds, and underneath
A billowy path of surging cloud was rolled,
Purple and golden, such as marks the way
Of autumn-sun low sinking in the west.

As upward turned my gaze, a gentle wind,
Such as at spring-tide breathes o'er opening flowers,
Stole o'er my brow; and, kneeling by the marge
Of that still sea, late dark, but lightened now
With heaven's own rays, I saw a figure bent
Low at the feet of Him whose presence shed
Joy's radiance round. Hidden the shrouded face
Within close-folded hands, while scarcely breathed
I heard—"Oh, Christ ! thou art the Son of God !"

* *Canon MacIlwaine.*



Hymns.

Sancti Venite.

Hymn of the Ancient Irish Church, from the *Antiphonarium Benchorensse*, preserved in the Ambrosian Library, Milan.

LXXXI.



RAW nigh, ye holy ones, draw nigh,
And take the body of the Lord ;
And drink the sacred blood outpoured,
By which, redeemed, ye shall not die.

O saved from justice and the rod
By this divinest flesh and blood,
By these made strong, in grateful mood
Give thanks and praises unto God.

By this (Oh ! blessed news to tell !)
This sacrament of flesh and blood,
Have all been rescued from the flood—
The flood of death—the jaws of hell.

The giver of salvation, HE,
The Christ, the Son of God above,
Restored unto his Father's love
The world, by blood and by the tree.

From north to south, from west to east,
For all, the sacrifice is given—
For all is slain the Lord of Heaven
Himself the Offering and the Priest.

Read well the story through and through
Of victims bleeding at the shrine,
Types of a mystery more divine,
And shadows of a truth more true.

The liberal Giver of all light,
The Saviour of the human race,
A special glory and a grace
Doth give His saints who fear His might.

Approach ye all with fond and pure
Believing hearts, and for His sake
The gage of your salvation take,
Your souls physician, and its cure.

The guardian of the saints, the Lord,
By whom ye move, and breathe, and live,
Eternal life doth largely give
To those believing in His word.

The bread of heaven He doth bestow
On hungry souls about to sink ;
The thirsty He permits to drink
From out a living fountain's flow.

The source and stream—the first and last—
Even Christ, the Lord who died for men,
Now comes ; but He will come again
To judge the world when time hath passed.

* *Denis Florence MacCarthy.*

Plaudite, Cæli, Rideat Aether.

Hymn of the Fifteenth Century.

LXXXII.

HEAVEN, ring with rapture,
Laugh, lightest ether,
Earth, be thou joyful,
Summit and centre ;
Storm winds are silent,
Black clouds have vanished,
By the boughs shaken,
Young buds awaken.

Spring from your slumber,
Flowers without number ;
Seeds, rise and cover
All the fields over ;
Paint them with pansies,
Mingle with roses,
Lily, carnation,
In sweet alternation.

Lute, loudly thrilling,
Prove thou art willing ;
Song, with thy metre,
Ever sing sweeter :
Christ has arisen
Up from his prison,
Death's spell is broken,
As He hath spoken.

Praise Him, ye mountains,
Warble, ye fountains,
Hills, give Him greeting,
Valleys, repeating :
Christ has arisen
Up from His prison,
Death's spell is broken,
As He hath spoken.

* *Denis Florence MacCarthy.*

Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

BY KING ROBERT OF FRANCE, A.D. 1031.

LXXXIII.

COME, Holy Ghost, and from on high,
Through our sin-o'ershadow'd sky,
Rays of Thy pure radiance dart ;

Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come with gifts that cleanse and cure ;
Come, Thou Light of every heart.

Best consoler, sweetest guest,
That the soul hath e'er possessed ;
Fountain of all pure delight.

In our toils refreshment sweet,
Coolness in the summer's heat,
Solace in our tearful plight ;

O Thou blessed Light divine !
Fill the inner hearts of Thine,
Overflow each faithful soul.

Ah ! without Thy saving light,
Nothing is in man aright,
Nothing free from sin's control.

Wash what in us is unclean ;
Water, and our dry make green ;
Heal the wounds that none behold ;

Bend our stiffness to Thy way,
Guide what in us is astray,
Warm what in us is too cold.

Ah ! unworthy though we be,
Upon those who trust in Thee
Let Thy sevenfold gifts alight ;

Give us Virtue's sweet reward,
Give a happy death, O Lord !
Give us Thy eternal Light.

* *Denis Florence MacCarthy.*

Stabat Mater Dolorosa.

LXXXIV.

STOOD the mournful Mother weeping,
By the Cross her vigil keeping,
While her Jesus hung thereon :
Through her heart, in sorrow moaning,
With Him grieving, for Him groaning,
Through that heart the sword hath gone.

Oh how sad and sore distressed
Was she—the for-ever blessed
Mother of the Undeild !
She who wept, and mourned, and trembled,
When she saw such pains assembled
Round about the Holy Child.

Who that sees Christ's Mother bending
'Neath His load of sorrow, rending
Her sad soul in woe so deep ;
Who that sees that Pious Mother
With Him weeping, could do other
Than, himself afflicted, weep ?

For the sins of each offender,
Sinless Soul, and Body tender,
Sees she 'neath the cruel rod :
See her own sweet Son, her only,
Dying, desolate, and lonely,
Pouring out His Soul to God.

Jesu ! Fount of Love ! Thee loving,
And my soul Thy sorrow moving,
Make me watch and weep with Thee :
As my God and Christ Thee knowing,
Let my loving heart be glowing
With a Holy Sympathy.

Holy Father ! let affliction
For Thy dear Son's crucifixion
Pierce my heart : and grant this prayer,
That while He for me was wounded,
With indignities surrounded,
I His cup of grief may share.

Make me truly weep, and never
From the Crucified me sever,
Long as I on earth remain :
By the Cross of Jesus keeping
With His Mother watch of weeping,
Sharing with her pain for pain.

God of Saints ! Thou King most holy !
Comforter of spirits lowly !
Fill me with my Saviour's grief ;
That, His death devoutly bearing,
And His bitter passion sharing,
I may bring Him some relief.

Make me with His stripes be stricken,
With the Cross my spirit quicken,
For the love of Christ, I pray :

That with love inflamed, attended,
 I by love may be defended
 In the awful Judgment Day.

By the Cross for ever guarded,
 And, through Christ's dear dying, warded
 By the Grace that never dies ;
 When my mortal body, dying,
 In the quiet grave is lying,
 Take my soul to Paradise ;

To adore
 Thee, my God ! for evermore.
 Amen.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D.

Noli, Pater, Indulgere Conitruui cum Fulgere.

S. COLUMBA.

LXXXV.

FATHER, keep under
 The tempest and thunder,
 Lest we should be shattered
 By Thy lightning's shafts scattered.
 Thy terrors while fearing,
 We listen still hearing
 The resonant song
 Of the bright angel throng,
 As they wander and praise Thee,
 Shouts of honour still raise Thee.
 To the King ruling right,
 Jesu, lover and light,

As with wine and clear mead,
 Filled with God's grace indeed,
 Precursor John Baptist's word,
 Told of the coming Lord,
 Whom, blessed for evermore,
 All men should bow before.
 Zacharias, Elizabeth,
 This Saint begot.
 May the fire of thy love live in my heart yet,
 As jewel of gold in a silver vase set !

* *Mary F. Cusack.*

In te Christe.

S. COLUMBA.

LXXXVI.

THOU who all men dost relieve,
 Christ in Thee I do believe,
 Come unto my aid, O Lord,
 While I labour for Thy word ;

Hasten to my help, I pray,
 Bear my burden every day.
 Of all mankind the maker Thou,
 Before Thy throne our Judge we bow.

O Lord of lords and King of kings !
 To Thee all nature homage brings.
 The angels all alone in state,
 In the celestial city wait.

O God of gods, eternal Light,
O Lord most high, most sweet, most bright ;
O God of patience, past all thought ;
O God, Thou teacher of the taught ;

O God, who hast made all that was,
Of past and present Thou the cause.
O Father, for Thy Son's dear sake,
Prepare the way that I shall take,

And let Thy Holy Spirit guide
My soul through all my wandering wide.

Christ, lover of the virgin choir,
Christ, man's Redeemer from hell-fire,
Christ, fount of wisdom, pure and clear,
Christ, in whose word we hope and fear,

Christ, breastplate in the hour of fight,
Christ, who has made the world and light.

Christ, of the dead the living life,
Christ, of the living, strength in strife.
Christ, crowner of each conquering soul,
Who count'st it in the martyrs' roll.

Christ, Saviour of the world so wide,
Christ on the cross at Passion-tide,
Christ into depths of hell descends,
Christ into heaven above ascends.

Be glory to the Father given,
Exalted in the highest heaven,
All honour to the Only Son,
With God the Father ever One,
And to the Spirit Holiest, blest,
Be equal power and praise address :
So be it until time is past,
And while Eternity shall last.

* *Mary F. Cusack.*

The Christian Penitent.

LXXXVII.

WHEN backward on my actions past
I turn my mournful eyes,
The black review from first to last,
With guilt all crowded lies.

When on the time to come I pore,
The lowering prospect shows
A dreadful sea without a shore,
A sea of fears and woes.

Behold, even now the storm begins,
The swelling billows rise,
And gathering fury from my sins,
And from the angry skies,

Thro' terrors not to be expressed,
My troubled soul they drive,
Of hope, of comfort, and of rest,
My anxious heart deprive.

Oppressed by fear, by hope betrayed,
'Tis vain to stand or fly :
For life unfit, of death afraid,
I must not, dare not, die.

From God's all-seeing eyes to hide,
Or screen me from his view,
'Tis vain in darkness to confide,
He looks my conscience through.

There, blessèd Saviour, take me in,
There safely let me lie,
Till thou hast purged my soul from sin,
And vengeance passes by.

Rev. Philip Skelton.

Hymn to God.

LXXXVIII.

TO God, ye choir above, begin
A hymn so loud and strong,
That all the universe may hear,
And join the grateful song.

Praise Him, thou sun, who dwells unseen
Amidst transcendent light,
Where thy refulgent orb would seem
A spot, as dark as night.

Thou silver moon, ye host of stars,
The universal song,
Thro' the serene and silent night,
To list'ning worlds prolong.

Sing Him, ye distant worlds and suns,
From whence no travelling ray
Hath yet to us, thro' ages past,
Had time to make its way.

Assist, ye raging storms, and bear
On rapid wings His praise,
From north to south, from east to west,
Thro' heaven, and earth, and seas.

Exert your voice ye furious fires
That rend the wat'ry cloud ;
And thunder to this nether world,
Your Maker's word aloud.

Ye works of God, that dwell unknown
Beneath the rolling main ;
Ye birds, that sing among the groves,
And sweep the azure plain ;

Ye stately hills, that rear your heads,
And, tow'ring, pierce the sky ;
Ye clouds, that with an awful pace,
Majestic roll on high ;

Ye insects small, to which one leaf
Within its narrow sides,
A vast extended world displays,
And spacious realms provides ;

Ye race, still less than these, with which
The stagnant water teems,
To which one drop, however small,
A boundless ocean seems.

Whate'er you are, where'er you dwell,
Ye creatures great or small,
Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
That made and keeps you all.

And if you want or sense or sounds
To swell the grateful noise,
Prompt mankind with that sense, and they
Shall find for you a voice.

From all the realms of boundless space
Let loud Hosannahs sound ;
Loud send, ye wond'rous works of God,
The joyful concert round.

Rev. Philip Skelton.

Hymn for Morning.

LXXXIX.

SEE, the star that leads the day,
Rising, shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go
From heaven above and earth below ;
And warn us early with the sight,
To leave the beds of silent night ;
From a heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground,
Send devotion up on high,
Winged with heat to reach the sky.
See, the time for sleep has run,
Rise before, or with the sun ;
Lift the hands, and humbly pray,
The fountain of eternal day ;
That, as the light serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air,
The sacred spirit so may rest,
With quickening beams, upon thy breast
And kindly clean it all within
From darker blemishes of sin ;
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See, the day that dawns in air
Brings along its toil and care ;
From the lap of night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings ;
Prepare to meet them in a mind
That bows submissively resigned ;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has ordered all.
And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast ;
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day ;
Or early walk abroad to meet

Our business, with industrious feet ;
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
 His glory still be kept in view.
 O giver of eternal bliss,
 Heavenly Father, grant me this ;
 Grant it all, as well as me,
 All whose hearts are fixed on thee ;
 Who revere Thy Son above,
 Who Thy sacred Spirit love.

Thomas Parnell, D.D.

Hymn for Evening.

XC.

THE beam-repelling mists arise,
 And evening spreads obscurer skies ;
 And twilight will the night forerun,
 And night itself be soon begun.
 Upon thy knees devoutly vow,
 And pray the Lord of Glory now
 To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
 May cause a blinder night within.
 And whether pleasing vapours rise,
 Which gently dim the closing eyes,
 Which make the weary members blest
 With sweet refreshment in their rest ;
 Or whether spirits in the brain
 Dispel their soft embrace again ;
 And on my watchful bed I stay,
 Forsook by sleep, and waiting day ;
 Be God for ever in my view,
 And never He forsake me, too ;
 But still as day concludes in night,
 To break again with new-born light ;
 His wondrous bounty let me find,
 With still a more enlighten'd mind ;

When grace and love in one agree—
Grace from God, and love from me ;
Grace that will from heaven inspire,
Love that seals it in desire ;
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with increasing flames.
Thou that hast Thy palace far
Above the moon and every star,
Thou that sittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice and make me blest,
By kindly granting its request.
If thoughts on Thee my soul employ,
My darkness will afford me joy
Till Thou shalt call, and I shall soar
And part with darkness evermore.

Thomas Parnell, D.D.

The Soul in Sorrow.

XCI.

WITH kind compassion hear me cry,
O Jesu, Lord of life, on high !
As when the summer's seasons beat,
With scorching flame and parching heat,
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
And thirsty gaps in earth are made ;
My thoughts of comfort languish so,
And so my soul is broke by woe.
Then on Thy servant's drooping head
The dews of blessing sweetly shed ;
Let those a quick refreshment give,
And raise my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger, while I breathe,
My dread of endless hell beneath,
My sense of sorrow for my sin,

To springing comfort, change within ;
Change all my sad complaints for ease,
To cheerful notes of endless praise :
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But such as owe their birth to joy ;
Joy transporting, sweet, and strong,
Fit to fill and raise my song ;
Joy that shall resounded be,
While days and nights succeed for me,
Be not as a judge severe,
For so Thy presence who may bear ?
On all my words and actions look,
(I know they're written in Thy book) ;
But then regard my mournful cry,
And look with mercy's gracious eye ;
What needs my blood, since Thine will do,
To pay the debt to justice due ?
Oh, tender mercy's art divine !
Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine !
Thy dropping wounds, Thy woeful smart,
Allay the bleedings of my heart ;
Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
Restores my soul to life again.
Guide me, then, for here I burn
To make my Saviour some return.
I'll rise (if that will please Him still,
And sure I've heard Him own it will) ;
I'll trace His steps, and bear my cross,
Despising every grief and loss ;
Since He, despising pain and shame,
First took up His, and did the same.

Thomas Parnell, D.D.

Christmas Hymn.

XCII.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind) ;
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you, in David’s town, this day
Is born of David’s line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign.

The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the Seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song.

“All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease !”

Nahum Tate.

Jesus, at thy Command.

XCIII.

JESUS, at Thy command
 I launch into the deep,
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep:
 For Thee I fain would all resign,
 And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.

Thou art my pilot wise ;
 My compass is Thy word ;
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord.
 I trust Thy faithfulness and power
 To save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep
 Through all my passage lie,
 Yet Christ will safely keep
 And guide me with His eye :
 My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
 And I each boisterous storm outride.

By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest ;
 My soul, thy sails expand
 And fly to Jesus' breast :
 O may I reach the heavenly shore,
 Where winds and waves distress no more.

Whene'er becalmed I lie,
 And storms forbear to toss,
 Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
 Lest I should suffer loss :
 For more the treacherous calm I dread,
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

Come, heavenly wind, and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace,
 To waft from all below
 To heaven, my destined place :
 Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

Rev. Richard De Courcy.

Christ is Born.

XCIV.

CHRIST is born, go tell the story,
 Tell the nations of His birth ;
 Tell them that the " Lord of Glory "
 Comes from heaven to dwell on earth :
 Let the tidings
 Fill the world with sacred mirth.

See, He lies in yonder manger :
 " Prince of Life," His title is,
 'Midst His own, and yet a stranger,
 All things seen and unseen His ;
 Yet neglected :
 Wonder, O ye heavens, at this.

See fulfill'd prophetic vision,
 " Unto us a child is born ; "
 Though an object of derision,
 Though the theme of human scorn :
 Yet His people
 Hail His birth, and cease to mourn.

Hail, Emmanuel, child of promise,
 " Lord of All " in humble guise ;
 Long detained, and absent from us,
 Come at length to bless our eyes :
 Hail, Emmanuel !
 God the Saviour, only wise !

Thomas Kelly.

Jesus Drains the Cup of Sorrows.

XCV.

JESUS drains the cup of sorrows ;
See, He lies beneath our load ;
Gives His life a ransom for us,
And redeems us by His blood ;
Was there ever love like this ?
Was there ever grief like His ?

Jesus is "a Man of Sorrows,"
Here He claims pre-eminence ;
See Him pierced by heaven's own arrows ;
See Him die for our offence.
We, like sheep, had gone astray :
Jesus takes our sins away.

Jesus suffers—wond'rous victim !
'Tis the Son of God that dies !
Heaven, and earth, and hell, afflict Him :
Justice claims the sacrifice.
Darkness now exerts its power ;
Darkness reigns this fearful hour.

Come, ye saints, look here and wonder ;
Come, behold what love could do ;
Gaze upon the victim yonder :
Jesus suffered thus for you.
Bid adieu to low desire ;
Here let earthly love expire.

Thomas Kelly.

The Head that once was Crowned with Thorns.

XCVI.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now,
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
"The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,"
And heaven's eternal light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly.

Hark, the Sounds of Gladness.

XCVII.

HARK ! the sounds of gladness
From a distant shore ;
Like relief from sadness,
Sadness, now no more :
'Tis the Lord has done it,
He has won the day,
His own arm has won it,
Joyful let us say.

Idols lately bowed to
Lie by all abhorred ;
And the people crowd to
Temples of the Lord :
What a change ! how glorious !
Lord, Thine arm is strong,
Thou hast proved victorious,
Though the fight was long.

Long the foe resisted,
Loth to yield his prey ;
Every power enlisted,
And maintained the day :
But his arm is shattered,
And the slaves are free ;
All his force is scattered ;
Glory, Lord, to Thee.

Hence, those sounds of gladness
From a distant shore ;
Then away with sadness,
And despond no more :
Ye who mourn with Zion,
And her welfare seek,
Think of Judah's lion,
Never faint nor weak.

When he wakes from slumber,
And puts on his might,
What is force or number
Matched with him in fight ?
When his foes assemble,
Hoping to prevail,
Soon the valiant tremble,
And the mighty fail.

Thomas Kelly.

On the Mountain's Top.

XCVIII.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands ;
Mourning captive !
God himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

God, thy God, will now restore thee :
He himself appears thy friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end ;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed ;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favour blessed ;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly.

We've no Abiding City Here.

XCIX.

WE'VE no abiding city here,"
 This may distress the worldling's mind ;
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

"We've no abiding city here,"
 Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
 But let the thought our spirits cheer,
 "We seek a city yet to come."

"We've no abiding city here,"
 Then, let us live as pilgrims do ;
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.

"We've no abiding city here,"
 We seek a city out of sight,
 Zion its name—the Lord is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly.

Zion's King shall Reign victorious.

C.

ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own His sway,
He will make His kingdom glorious,
He will reign through endless day :
What, though none on earth assist Him,
God requires not help from man ;
What, though all the world resist Him,
God will realise His plan.

Nations now from God estrangèd,
Then shall see a glorious light,
Night to day shall then be changèd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight :
See, the ancient idols falling !
Worshipped once, but now abhorred ;
Men on Zion's King are calling,
Zion's King by all adored.

Then shall Israel long dispersèd,
Mourning seek the Lord their God,
Look on Him whom once they piercèd,
Own and kiss the chastening rod :
Then all Israel shall be savèd,
War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquer'd world in peace.

Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain,
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to Thy reign :
Angels in their lofty station
Praise Thy name, Thou only wise,
O let earth wth emulation,
Join the triumph of the skies.

Thomas Kelly.

The Lord's Prayer.

CL.

TEACH us, Almighty Lord, this day,
Thy mercies to proclaim ;
Teach us with heart and lip to pray,
"All hallowed be Thy Name."

Grant that as we our wrongs forgive,
Our faults may be forgiven ;
And daily may our souls receive
The bread that comes from heaven.

Grant that our hearts no more may yield
To sin and Satan's power ;
But make Thy word our sword and shield,
In dark temptation's hour.

Grant that Thou mayst be worshipped here
As angels worship Thee—
In love that casteth out all fear,
Till earth shall bow the knee.

When shall we see the coming sign?
When hear the trumpet blown,
Which makes earth's kingdoms all be Thine,
The universe Thy throne?

Rev. George Croly, LL.D.

Spiritual Guidance.

CII.

BLEST be the day, all gracious Lord,
Which Thou to man hast given,
To sing Thy praise, and hear Thy word,
And fix his heart on heaven.

And while beneath Thy sacred roof,
We join in humble prayer,
May every thought be kept aloof
Unfit to enter there.

Teach us on earth, however tried,
To love and serve Thee still ;
To make Thy law our only guide—
Thy will our only will.

Teach us to keep our conscience pure,
Our heart without a stain ;
Our hope unclouded, faith secure,
Till death dissolves our chain.

Rev. George Croly, LL.D.

Supplication.

CIII.

SPIRIT of God ! descend upon my heart ;
Wean it from earth ; through all its pulses move ;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies ;
 No sudden rending of the veil of clay ;
 No angel-visitant, no opening skies ;
 But take the dimness of my soul away.

Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King ?
 All, all Thine own—soul, heart, and strength, and
 mind ;
 I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling ;
 Oh, let me seek Thee, and Oh, let me find !

Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh ;
 Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear ;
 To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh ;
 Teach me the patience of unanswer'd prayer.

Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
 One holy passion filling all my frame ;
 The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
 My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

Rev. George Croly, LL.D.

“ Come unto Me.”

CIV.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
 Yet, midst the gloom I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper—“ *Come to me.*”

It tells me of a place of rest,
 It tells me where my soul may flee ;
 Oh ! to the weary, faint, opprest,
 How sweet the bidding—“ *Come to me !*”

When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents—"Come to me."

When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me—"Come to me."

When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see ;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters—"Come to me."

"Come, for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye ;
I am thy Portion—"Come to me."

O, voice of mercy ! voice of love !
In death's last fearful agony,
Support me—cheer me—from above !
And gently whisper—"Come to me."

Rev. Hugh White.

The Nineteenth Psalm.

cv.

LORD supreme, in glory dwelling,
Of Thy wondrous power and might—
Earth and heaven rejoice in telling,
Day to day, and night to night ;

Through each clime, to every nation,
 Trumpet-tongued—by sea, by land—
 Nature speaks her adoration
 Of Thy great creative hand.

See, the sun, in bridal splendour,
 Tells from whence his glories rise—
 See, the moon, her homage render,
 As she climbs the spangled skies ;
 Glorious, thus, Thy Word it beameth,
 O'er the soul serenely bright,
 Speaking Him whose love redeemeth—
 Joy of nations—Light of light.

Some may strive for earthly treasure,
 Gold of Ophir's richest mine !
 Sons of luxury and pleasure,
 For their honied sweets may pine ;
 Be Thy grace my soul's possession,
 Ruling every turn of mind,
 Till each thought, and each expression
 In Thy sight acceptance find.

Lieut.-Col. Blacker.

The Nativity.

CVI.

UPLIFT the voice of melody, your choicest numbers bring,
 Of grace divine the song shall be, and mercy's flowing
 spring;
 We'll celebrate the mighty love of Him, who, throned on
 high,
 Descended from that throne above, to suffer and to die.

Uplift the voice of melody, to hail the glorious morn,
 That saw in Beth'lem's manger lie the wondrous Virgin-born ;
 We'll follow in the shining train of that seraphic band,
 Whose voices bore, in choral strain, the tidings thro' the
 land.

Uplift the voice of melody, "to us a Son is given"—
 Shout "peace, good-will" and victory, the bonds of sin are
 riven ;
 He comes "the Sun of Righteousness," with healing in His
 wings—
 He comes, a ransomed world to bless, and reign the King
 of Kings.

Uplift the voice of melody, "Hosanna to the Lord"—
 Let earth, let ocean, and let sky take up the joyous word,
 And hail with us the glorious day that gave the Saviour
 birth,
 To Him united homage pay—Emmanuel—God on earth.

Lieut.-Col. Blacker.

Whitsunday Hymn.

CVII.

ETERNAL Spirit ! Thou whose wing
 Didst order fair from chaos bring,
 As, brooding o'er the formless earth,
 It sped the young creation's birth.

Eternal Spirit ! Thou the same
 Revealed in tongues of lambent flame
 To aid the Apostolic band
 To preach the Word in every land.

Eternal Spirit ! hail to Thee,
 Commissioned from above to be
 Our sanctifying comfort here,
 Till Jesus' self shall re-appear.

Eternal Spirit ! Dove of Grace !
 Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place ;
 And still, with power divine, control
 Each thought that " wars against the soul."

Eternal Spirit ! lo ! we raise
 To Thee the tribute of our praise,
 Conjoint with Father and with Son,
 The everlasting Three in One.

Lieut.-Col. Blacker.

Evening Hymn.

CVIII.

LORD ! ere we turn us to repose,
 Before our eyes in slumber close,
 To Thee our humble thanks we pay,
 For all the blessings of the day.

If safe through many an evil hour,
 If shielded from the tempter's power,
 The safeguard of our path we own,
 Is Thy protecting love alone.

Alike to Thee the day, the night,
 Alike the darkness and the light ;
 Through both, to us, all gracious Lord !
 Thy sure protection then afford.

Around us still, awake, asleep,
The angel of Thy presence keep ;
His guardian watch, His pinions spread
About our path, about our bed.

Oh, teach us so of Time to think,
As those who stand on judgment's brink,
Whose soul required, this night may be
Forbid another dawn to see.

To Father, Son, and Spirit blessed,
Be worship, glory, praise addressed ;
Hosanna ! Lord supreme ! to Thee,
Triune in glorious majesty.

Lieut.-Col. Blacker.

Who is the Foe, my Spirit tell ?

CIX.

WHO is the foe, my spirit tell,
Or what the power of earth or hell,
That shall my steadfast bosom move
To quit my dear Redeemer's love ?

Shall tribulation's gloomy train,
Or sad distress, or grinding pain,
Or persecution breathing blood,
Or peril by the land or flood,

Or famine howling at my board,
Or tyrant armed with fire and sword ?
Not these, nor worse, my soul appal,
Thro' Christ I triumph o'er them all.

And in my secret soul I feel,
 Not danger, want, nor fire, nor steel ;
 Not all the torments death arrays,
 Not all the glories life displays,

Not empires, diadems, and thrones,
 Nor angels' joys, nor hell's deep groans ;
 Not all the present hour reveals,
 Not all futurity conceals,

Nor height sublime, nor depth profound,
 Nor aught in all creation's round,
 Shall e'er my steadfast bosom move
 To quit my dear Redeemer's love.

William H. Drummond, D.D.

Give Thanks to God the Lord.

CX.

GIVE thanks to God the Lord !
 The victory is ours ;
 And hell is overcome
 By Christ's triumphant powers.
 The monster Sin
 In chains is bound,
 And Death has felt
 His mortal wound.

Oppressed by guilt and woe,
 In darkness long we lay ;
 Till Christ on earth appeared—
 Then all was boundless day.
 With terror struck,
 The host of night
 Fled in despair,
 To shun the light.

Now o'er the vanquish'd tomb,
Behold the trophy blaze ;
The banner of the Cross,
That pours its streaming rays,
To mark the path
Where Jesus trod,
And upward guide
Our steps to God.

Give thanks to God the Lord !
The victory is won ;
And up the path to heaven
Our march is now begun.
The hymn of joy
Exulting raise ;
And shout aloud
The Saviour's praise.

William H. Drummond, D.D.

The Heaven of Heavens cannot contain.

CXI.

THE Heaven of Heavens cannot contain
The Universal Lord ;
Yet He, in humble hearts, will deign
To dwell, and be adored.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The Heaven of God is there.

His presence there is spread abroad,
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seeks the mercies of his God,
Is ever near His throne.

Dr. Drennan.

The Second Advent.

CXII.

HARK ! what notes of rolling thunder
Now proclaim—the King is near !
All creation starts in wonder,
Sinners shrink with trembling fear ;
Jesus comes in clouds descending,
Angels all their voices lending,
And the songs of saints ascending,
Call on heaven and earth to hear.

See, His glorious throne erected,
He who once appeared as man,
Slighted, spurned, despised, rejected,
Now unfolds His righteous plan.
Earth's great empires now are ended,
All its kingdoms to be blended
Into ONE, for Christ intended
Ev'n before the world began.

Ransom'd saints bow down before Him,
Grateful own His sovereign sway ;
Sinners ! look, believe, adore Him,
At His throne of mercy pray ;
Ask for every promis'd blessing,
All your guilt and sin confessing,
Then, both joy and peace possessing,
Spend with Him an endless day.

* *Dean Bagot, D.D.*

The Gospel Invitation.

CXIII.

SINNERS come, by guilt afflicted,
Come to Christ, the sinner's friend,
Lo ! He calls the heavy laden
And the weary to attend ;
Now He calls you,
At His cross in prayer to bend.

Glorious means has He provided
From the coming wrath to flee,—
By His precious death and burial,
By His cross and agony ;
Chief of sinners,
Here your peace and pardon see.

All the works the Law requireth
He Himself hath fully wrought ;
From the curse of Sinai's justice
He hath guilty sinners bought :
Let your souls, then,
By His love and grace be taught.

Blessings rich He'll freely give you,
By His pains and groans obtained ;
Pardon now, and joys hereafter,
Every source of bliss is gained ;
Ceaseless pleasures
For His ransom'd Church ordained.

Faith in Him will lead you onward
To the place where He is gone,
Where He is himself preparing
Seats before His Father's throne,
Made for those who
Plead His finished work alone.

Sinners come, refuse no longer,
Angels wish to see you near ;
Christ invites you—God commands you :
Give to both a listening ear.
Blessed Spirit,
Banish Thou their trembling fear.

* *Dean Bagot, D.D.*

The noblest Songs that Angels Sing.

CXIV.

THE noblest songs that angels sing
Are sung in honour of their King ;
The sweetest strains that saints can raise
Are tuned to their Redeemer's praise.

The brightest crowns the ransomed wear
In heaven above, resplendent, fair,
They cast before their Saviour's throne,
And homage pay to Him alone.

Oh ! may it be our lot at last,
When life's precarious days are past,
With them in clouds from earth to rise
To meet our Saviour in the skies.

* *Dean Bagot, D.D.*

There is a Joy Unknown in Heaven.

CXV.

THERE is a joy unknown in heaven,
The infant joy of those forgiven,
Who by their faith and trust alone
Christ as their Lord and Saviour own.

There is a hope—a hope of bliss—
Which Gabriel cannot claim as his ;
The hope a sinner feels when God
Bathes him in Christ's atoning blood.

There is a love—a blessed love—
Unfelt by those who live above ;
Saints, but not angels, feel its spell—
When rescued from the gates of hell.

But saints and angels join in one
To worship Jesus on His throne ;
Their song of ardent praise resounds
To heaven's and earth's remotest bounds.

* *Dean Bagot, D.D.*

When my Feet have Wandered.

CXVI.

WHEN my feet have wandered
From the narrow way
Out into the desert,
Gone like sheep astray ;
Soiled and sore with travel
Through the ways of men,
All too weak to bear me
Back to Thee again :

Hear me, O my Father !
From Thy mercy-seat,
Save me by the Passion
Of the Bleeding Feet !

When my hands, unholy
Through some sinful deed
Wrought in me, have freshly
Made my Saviour's bleed :
And I cannot lift up
Mine to Thee in prayer,
Tied and bound, and holden
Back by my despair :
Then, my Father ! loose them,
Break for me their bands,
Save me by the Passion
Of the Bleeding Hands !

When my thoughts, unruly,
Dare to doubt of Thee,
And Thy ways to question
Deem is to be free :
Till, through cloud and darkness,
Wholly gone astray,
They find no returning
To the narrow way :
Then, my God ! mine only
Trust and truth art Thou ;
Save me by the Passion
Of the Bleeding Brow !

When my heart, forgetful
Of the Love that yet
(Though by man forgotten)
Never can forget ;
All its best affections
Spent on things below,
In its sad despondings
Knows not where to go :

Then, my God ! mine only
 Hope and help Thou art ;
Save me by the Passion
Of the Bleeding Heart !

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D.

Crowned with Thorns.

CXVII.

CROWNED with thorns, arrayed in purple,
 O, my Saviour, how divine
 Art Thou in Thy robe of meekness,
 With that bleeding brow of Thine !
 Oh ! if through the scorn of others
 My poor heart can loyal be,
 When Thou comest in Thy kingdom,
 Wilt Thou not remember me ?

Saviour ! when the world insults *me*,
 I to Thee will turn instead ;
 See, the mockers spit upon *Thee*,
 Take the reed and smite *Thy* head ;
 Oh ! if then my soul, ashamed
 For Thy sake, can gentle be,
 When Thou comest in Thy kingdom,
 Wilt Thou not remember me ?

Christ ! the Rock from whence for thousands
 Once the healing waters burst,
 Now my wounded, dying Saviour !
 Crying from parch'd lips, " I thirst : "
 Oh ! if I through faith can only
 Find my freshest springs in Thee,
 When Thou comest in Thy kingdom,
 Wilt Thou not remember me ?

Amen.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D.

Pity on us, Heavenly Father.

CXVIII.

PITY on us, heavenly Father,
For the love of Jesus, take,
And, with Thine own Holy Spirit,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the lowly Cradle Manger,
Over which the angels spake
Songs of peace, and words of wonder ;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the tender Human Nature
He for us did stoop to take,
All His travail, thirst, and hunger ;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the Tears whose loving-kindness
From His human eyes did break,
When He stood by human sorrow ;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the Words, whose free forgiveness
In the dying thief did wake
Hope of Paradise and pardon,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the Love that for His Mother
Did a last provision make
In her hour of desolation,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the Plea, that in His Passion
 He did for His murderers take,
 And prefer before His Father,
 Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the Thorns, that mocking crowned Him,
 By the Bloody Sweat that brake
 From His brow in bitter anguish,
 Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By His Limbs, outstretch'd and wounded,
 By the Cleft the spear did make,
 By the Blood, and by the Water,
 Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

Amen.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D.

Sinful, Sighing to be Blest.

CXIX.

SINFUL, sighing to be blest,
 Bound, and longing to be free,
 Weary, waiting for my rest,
 God, be merciful to me !

Goodness I have none to plead,
 Sinfulness in all I see,
 I can only bring my need ;
 God, be merciful to me !

Broken heart and downcast eyes
 Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
 Yet Thou canst interpret sighs,
 God, be merciful to me !

From this sinful heart of mine
 To Thy bosom I would flee,
 I am not my own—but Thine ;
 God, be merciful to me !

There is One beside Thy throne,
 And my only hope and plea
 Are in Him, and Him alone ;—
 God, be merciful to me !

He my cause will undertake,
 My Interpreter will be,
 He's my All, and for His sake,
 God, be merciful to me !

Amen.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D.

Jehovah Sabaoth.

CXX.

“JEHOVAH Sabaoth”—
 Tell forth the great name
 Of Him who formed all things,
 His praise to proclaim !
 He marshals His armies
 In battle array ;
 O ! dread ye His anger,
 Nor scorn His mild sway !

“JEHOVAH Sabaoth”—
 How mighty a shield !—
 On Him, on Him only,
 Your confidence build.

Though nature's strong pillars
 Should crumble to dust,
 "JEHOVAH Sabaoth"
 Will cherish the just.

"JEHOVAH Sabaoth"—
 The heavens He bowed;
 The Eternal descended,
 His glory to shroud
 In weakness and sorrow;
 Yea, stooped to the grave,
 A race of delinquents
 From anguish to save!

"JEHOVAH Sabaoth"—
 His praises resound,
 Ye winds and ye waters,
 That sweep the world round!
 His greatness, His goodness
 Ye angels extol,
 But praise Him, ye ransom'd,
 The loudest of all!

* *Rev. J. D. Hull.*

Christmas.

CXXI.

LIFT high your notes,
 Ye bright adoring throng
 Who nearest stand
 To God's right hand
 Engaged in ardent song,
 Pour out to-day, along your utmost line,
 The richest measures of the art divine,
 Through all your deeps let peal the lofty hymn—
 The Christ is born to-day in Bethlehem.

And ye who roam
Amongst the spacious plains
In His employ,
Who is your joy,
Take up the inspiring strains,
And, while all heaven in silent wonder stands,
Clap, clap in unison, your myriad hands,
And to the sympathetic crowds proclaim—
The Christ is born to-day in Bethlehem.

Earth, earth take up
The full harmonious lay,
In hut and hall,
Let great and small,
Be one with heaven to-day.
No gladder news has thrilled the air before—
Hear it, ye lost ones, and be lost no more ;
Awake to hope, ye sons of sin and shame,
The Christ is born to-day in Bethlehem.

To-day, to-day,
Brothers, rejoice, to-day
The clouds have fled,
The sun has shed
On every heart his ray.
Hail, Prince of Peace ! hail, Uncreated Light !
We give Thee welcome, King of Truth and Right !
Our hearts are glad to hear the loud acclaim—
The Christ is born to-day in Bethlehem.

* *Rev. William Cowan.*

Nunc Dimittis.

CXXII.

THY light and Thy salvation,
 O Lord, at length have come,
 Now send Thy swift-wing'd angel,
 And bear me safely home—
 Up to the shining city
 For which my spirit faints—
 The fellowship of angels,
 The brotherhood of saints.

The burning words of prophets
 That kindled Israel's hope
 Through centuries of darkness,
 When faith and doubt did cope,
 At length receive fulfilment—
 These dim eyes witness bear,
 For Christ, the Lord, is born,
 The Holy Child is here.

The glory of the Gentile,
 The glory of the Jew,
 Has burst upon the nations,
 And shall make all things new.
 The darkness which erst curtained
 The long-complaining earth,
 I see it disappearing
 Before the Saviour's birth.

My soul, rise to the fulness
 Of joy unknown before,
 Thy mourning days are ended,
 Thy conflicts all are o'er.
 O Christ, I've longed and thirsted
 That I might see Thee come—
 Now let Death's angel bear me
 In peace and safety home.

* *Rev. William Cowan.*

O Jesus, Blessed Saviour.

CXXIII.

O JESUS ! blessed Saviour !
 Teach us to know Thee thus !
 “ Made an High Priest for ever,”
 And “ entered in for us !”
 For us—whose guilt had lost it—
 Thy precious blood could win
 That long, deep rest in glory,
 With God, and free from sin.

O Jesus ! blessed Saviour !
 In all our life's long need,
 In all our sin and sorrow,
 For us Thy suppliants plead !
 Thy precious intercession
 Availeth evermore,
 Till time and its transgression,
 Its toils and tears are o'er !

O Christ ! by God the Father
 Exalted high to give
 Peace, pardon, wisdom, glory,
 We look to Thee and live.
 O Holy Ghost, the Comforter !
 Teach us to know Him thus.
 Help us to link together
 “ For ever ” and “ for us.”

* *Mrs. Henry Faussett (Alessie Bond).*

Able to Succour in the Hour.

CXXIV.

“**A**BLE to succour” in the hour
When earthly succours fail ;
When doubts and dark temptations lower,
And shocks of sin assail.

“Able to succour” when the heart
Feels nought but fear and sin ;
To bid its enemies depart,
And whisper peace within.

“Able to succour” when life’s breath
So faintly ebbs away ;
Unchanging in the hour of death,
And in the Judgment Day.

“Able to succour”—strong to save,
Light of the darken’d soul !
Its peace, its triumph o’er the grave,
Its Hope, its Way, its Goal !

O Saviour ! Thou whose mighty grace
Is all the sinner’s plea,
In all my need shew Thy dear face,
Stoop down and succour me !

* *Mrs. Henry Faussett (Alessie Bond).*

For the Robes of Whiteness.

CXXV.

FOR the robes of whiteness,
O for the tearless eyes ;
O for the glorious brightness,
Of the unclouded skies !

O for the "no more weeping"
Within the land of love ;
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above !

O for the hour of dying,
My risen Lord to meet ;
O for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet !

O for the bliss of seeing
My Saviour face to face ;
The joy of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place !

Jesus, thou King of Glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee ;
Soon shall I sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.

Meanwhile my soul would enter,
By faith before the throne ;
And all my love would centre
On Thee, and Thee alone.

* *Mrs. Bancroft (C. L. Smith).*

Thy Way is Best.

CXXXVI.

THY way is best, my Father,
Though full of pain and care ;
Thy will is right, my Father,
However hard to bear.
Thy path is best, my Father,
Though far apart from mine ;
Thy judgments, O my Father,
With truth and mercy shine.

Thy gifts are best, my Father,
Though not the gifts I'd choose ;
Thy choice is right, my Father,
Whether I gain or lose.
Thy word is good, my Father,
That bids me live or die ;
And I am blest, my Father,
In bowing silently.

Thy thoughts are deep, my Father,
Thy love is calm and wise ;
My future life, my Father,
Unveiled before Thee lies.
Thy time is best, my Father,
Thy purpose to fulfil ;
O give me strength, my Father,
To bow me to Thy will.

* *Mrs. Bancroft (C. L. Smith).*

Fellowship with Jesus.

CXXVII.

D MAN of Sorrows ! hast Thou given to me
The honour thus Thy crown of thorns to wear ?
Am I so blest, dear Lord, to follow Thee ?
Thy fellowship to share ?

In dust and ashes at Thy feet I fall
And clasp my feeble arms around Thy cross ;
Henceforth I own Thee as my all, my *all*,
And earthly gain but loss.

This baptism of fire is hard to bear,
And human hearts will shrink amid the flame ;
Yet scourge me, slay me, if I may but share
The glory of Thy shame.

Yea, crush this self within me, so shall I
Exalt Thee, Saviour, to Thy rightful throne ;
Subdue my will and let this proud heart die
To all but Thee alone.

Be this the single object of my life,
With self-renouncing love Thy cross to bear ;
To be Thy faithful witness in the strife,
And raise Thy banner there.

And if at times my spirit shrinks in dread,
Or fails beneath the pressure of Thy hand,
Be the eternal arms beneath my head
Within this weary land.

Help me, forsaking all, to follow Thee,
With patient love to suffer for Thy sake ;
And, with a heart from earthly bonds set free,
My burden meekly take.

Thus satisfy me with Thyself alone,
Tear every idol from my faithless breast ;
Claim and possess me for Thy own, Thy own,
And then I *must* be blest !

* *Mrs. Bancroft (C. L. Smith).*

Lord, of Thy Mercy Hear our Cry.

CXXVIII.

LORD, of Thy mercy hear our cry
For this long-favour'd land ;
That now, as in the days gone by,
Her strength may be Thy hand.

May she her holy lot fulfil,
Earth's sanctuary to be ;
And stand amid the nations still,
A witness true to Thee.

And when the last dread trumpet's sound
Upon her ear shall ring,
Grant that her children may be found
Prepared to meet their King.

* *Mrs. Toke (Emma Leslie).*

D Lord, Thou Knowest all the Snares.

CXXIX.

D LORD, Thou knowest all the snares
 That round our pathway be ;
 Thou know'st that both our joys and cares
 Come between us and Thee ;
 Thou know'st that our infirmity
 In Thee alone is strong ;
 To Thee for help and strength we fly ;
 O let us not go wrong !

O bear us up, protect us now
 In dark temptation's hour ;
 For Thou wast born of woman, Thou
 Hast felt the tempter's power ;
 All sinless, Thou canst feel for those
 Who strive and suffer long ;
 'Midst all our weakness, cares, and woes,
 O let us not go wrong.

* *Mrs. Toke (Emma Leslie).*

Thou art gone up on High.

CXXX.

THOU art gone up on high,
 To mansions in the skies,
 And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise.
 But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care opprest,
 Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to Thy rest.

Thou art gone up on high,
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony,
To pass unto Thy crown ;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward cause must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee !

Thou art gone up on high,
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train ;
Oh ! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high.

* *Mrs. Toke (Emma Leslie).*

When Wounded Sore the Stricken Heart.

CXXXI.

WHEN wounded sore the stricken heart
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only Hand, a piercèd Hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only Heart, a broken Heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitential grief has wept
Over some foul dark spot,
One only Stream, a Stream of Blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis JESUS' Blood that washes white,
 His Hand that brings relief ;
 His Heart is touched with all our joys,
 And feels for all our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O LORD,
 Unseal that cleansing Tide ;
 We have no shelter from our sin
 But in Thy wounded Side.

* *Mrs. Alexander.*

The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn.

CXXXII.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away !
 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
 Oh, for the golden floor,
 Oh, for the Sun of righteousness
 That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint ;
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint !
 Oh, for a heart that never sins,
 Oh, for a soul washed white,
 Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day nor night.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher ;
 But there are perfectness and peace,
 Beyond our best desire.

Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

* *Mrs. Alexander.*

Once in Royal David's City.

CXXXIII.

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed ;
Mary was that Mother mild,
JESUS CHRIST her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is GOD and LORD of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall ;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy,

And, through all His wondrous Childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly Maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay ;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew ;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love,
 For that Child, so dear and gentle,
 Is our LORD in heaven above ;
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him ; but in heaven,
 Set at GOD's right hand on high ;
 When, like stars, His children crowned
 All in white shall wait around.

* *Mrs. Alexander.*

From out the Cloud of Amber Light.

CXXXIV.

FROM out the cloud of amber light,
 Borne on the whirlwind from the north,
 Four living creatures wing'd and bright
 Before the Prophet's eye came forth.

The voice of God was in the Four
 Beneath that awful crystal mist,
 And every wondrous form they wore
 Foreshadowed an Evangelist.

The lion-faced, he told abroad
 The strength of love, the strength of faith,
 He shewed the Almighty SON of GOD,
 The Man Divine, Who won by death.

O, Lion of the Royal Tribe,
Strong SON of GOD, and strong to save,
All power and honour we ascribe
To Thee, Who only makest brave.

For strength to love, for will to speak,
For fiery crowns by Martyrs won,
For suffering patience, strong and meek,
We praise Thee, LORD, and Thee alone.

* *Mrs. Alexander.*

To Calvary, Lord, in Spirit now.

CXXXV.

TO Calvary, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.

There, through Thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit passed ;
Grace there its wondrous victory gained,
And love endured its last.

Dear, suffering Lamb ! Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And linked our life with Thine.

Thy sympathies and hopes are ours ;
 Dear Lord ! we wait to see
 Creation—all, below, above—
 Redeemed and blest by Thee.

Our longing eyes would fain behold
 That bright and blessed brow,
 Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
 Its crown of glory now.

Why linger then? Come, Saviour, come,
 Responsive to our call ;
 Come, claim Thine ancient power, and reign,
 The Heir and Lord of all.

* *Sir Edward Denny.*

Light of the Lonely Pilgrim's Heart.

CXXXVI.

MIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
 Star of the coming day !
 Arise, and with Thy morning beams
 Chase all our griefs away.

Come, blessed Lord ! let every shore
 And answering island sing
 The praises of Thy Royal Name,
 And own Thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
 To the bright world above,
 Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
 In memory of Thy love.

Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
 The air, the earth, the sea,
 In unison with all our hearts,
 And calls aloud for Thee.

Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
 Of grace and peace divine :
 Be Thine the crown of glory now,
 The palm of victory Thine !

** Sir Edward Denny.*

Our Lord Christ hath Risen.

CXXXVII.

OUR Lord Christ hath risen !
 The Tempter is foiled ;
 His legions are scattered,
 His strongholds are spoiled.
 O sing Hallelujah ! O sing Hallelujah !
 O sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,
 Our great foe is baffled—Christ Jesus is King !

O death, we defy thee !
 A stronger than thou
 Hath entered thy palace ;
 We fear thee not now !
 O sing Hallelujah ! O sing Hallelujah !
 O sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,
 The grave cannot scare us—Christ Jesus is King !

O sin, thou art vanquished,
 Thy long reign is o'er ;
 Though still thou dost vex us,
 We dread thee no more.

O sing Hallelujah ! O sing Hallelujah !
 O sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,
 Who now can condemn us? Christ Jesus is King!

Our Lord Christ hath risen !
 Day breaketh at last ;
 The long night of weeping
 Is now well-nigh past.
 O sing Hallelujah ! O sing Hallelujah !
 O sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,
 Our foes are all conquered—Christ Jesus is King !
** Lord Plunket (Bishop of Meath).*

Holy Communion.

CXXXVIII.

THOU, from whom no heart is hidden,
 Thou to whom every thought is known,
 We come, the guests that Thou hast bidden,
 The people Thou hast made Thy own.

Though sin and weakness be our dower,
 For help, O Lord, we come to Thee :
 We come to eat Thy bread of power,
 And drink Thy wine of purity.

To eat the bread that came from heaven,
 When Christ first drew a human breath :
 To drink the wine that Christ has given
 In pouring out His soul to death.

To live the life that first began
 When Christ the vale of sorrow trod ;—
 For Thou, O Son of God, art man,
 And Thou, O Son of Man, art God.

Therefore it is that not in vain
We seek, O Christ, from Thee to win
A "painless sympathy with pain,"
A sinless pity for our sin.

* *J. J. Murphy.*

My Father, when I hear Thy voice.

CXXXIX.

MY Father ! when I hear Thy voice,
Its whispers bid my heart rejoice,
And darkness from my soul remove—
"Loved with an everlasting love."

Though tossed on life's dark stormy wave,
Though billows foam and tempests rave,
I hear Thy voice the storm above—
"Loved with an everlasting love."

When days and nights of mourning come,
And sorrow makes my heart her home,
These tender words my comfort prove—
"Loved with an everlasting love."

Though anguish rack my feeble frame,
Thy watchful care is still the same,
With this sure hope all doubts remove—
"Loved with an everlasting love."

When sore the combat, sharp the strife,
These words renew my strength and life—
"Thou yet shalt more than conqueror prove,
Loved with an everlasting love."

When rough my path, and worn my feet,
 When fainting 'neath the noontide heat,
 Still onward, upward, I can move—
 “Loved with an everlasting love.”

And when the tempter's wiles are tried
 To lure me from my Saviour's side,
 This thought forbids my feet to rove—
 “Loved with an everlasting love.”

My Father ! in Thy smile of light,
 This weary waste of earth looks bright ;
 And this shall be my heaven above—
 “Loved with an everlasting love.”

* *Isaac Ashe, M.D.*

When my Love is Failing.

CXL.

WHEN my love is failing,
 Sin and earth prevailing,
 Oh, Lord, remember me !
 When my faith is weakest,
 When the strayed Thou seekest,
 Oh, then remember me !
 When my foes endeavour
 From my Lord to sever
 This frail heart for ever,
 Still I'll cling to Thee ;
 Let me never leave Thee,
 Ne'er disturb or grieve Thee,
 Oh, still remember me !

When, in hours of sighing,
Earth's bright joys are flying,
 Then, Lord, remember me ;
In the tomb when laying,
Best lov'd forms decaying,
 Oh, Lord, remember me !
When my heart, benighted,
Sees each fond hope blighted,
When the joys that lighted
 All life's pathway flee ;
Let Thy smile to gladness
Turn my tears of sadness,
 Then, Lord, remember me !

When life's hours are closing,
On Thy love reposing,
 Oh, Lord, remember me !
E'en in death's dark river
Thou canst save for ever,
 Then, Lord, remember me ;
When from heaven descending,
All Thy saints attending,
Rocks and mountains rending,
 Earth Her Lord shall see ;
When Thy throne Thou gainest,
And in glory reignest,
 Then, Lord, remember me !

* *Isaac Ashe, M.D.*

Ad Spiritum Sanctum.

CXLI.

HOLY Spirit—love divine !
Come and shed those rays of Thine,
From Thy heavenly home.

Father of the poor and lowly,
Giver of good gifts and holy—
Light of all hearts come.

Comforter, the best and meetest,
Dweller in our souls the sweetest—
Sweet refresher, Thou.

Thou that rest in labour givest,
That with calm vext hearts relievest,
Solace in our woe.

Light the purest, light divinest,
Faithful hearts whereon Thou shinest,
Pour Thy radiance in.

Oh, without Thee, blessed Spirit,
Fallen man cannot inherit
Aught but stain and sin.

What is filthy, cleanse and whiten ;
What is parched, Thy soft dew light on—
Every wound make whole.

Bend each rigid stubborn feeling ;
Warm whate'er is cold and chilling ;
Guide each wandering soul.

To those in the faith abiding,
To those in the power confiding,
Thy sabbath rest be given.

Give the crown of holy living,
And the death of God's saints giving
Endless joys of heaven.

* *John Francis Waller, LL.D.*

Christ our Sun on us arose

CXLII.

CHRIST our Sun on us arose,
From His glory fled our foes,
CHRIST our Sun from us is gone,
And our hearts were faint and wan.
Thirsty yearned we for His grace,
Weary watched we for His Face,
While the bare and lonely shrine,
Waited for the Guest Divine.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Joy hath come to earth again,
Downward poured the SPIRIT's rain,
And the rushing wind of might,
Swept away the clouds of night.
She whom weary years before,
In His love He hovered o'er,
Mother, Daughter, Spouse of God,
Chants anew her song of laud.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

And the Apostolic choir,
 Glowing with the tongues of fire,
 Clearer now and joyous raise,
 CHRIST their Monarch's endless praise.
 He hath let His Breath go forth,
 And renewed the face of earth,
 Bid the brook a river be,
 And the river made a sea.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

From the snows where Scythians toil,
 To Cyrene's thirsty soil,
 From the Indian's distant home,
 To the gates of mighty Rome,
 Alleluia ! raise the song,
 Raise it high, and raise it long,
 To the FATHER, and the WORD,
 And the SPIRIT, GOD adored.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

* *Rev. R. F. Littledale, LL.D.*

Jesu, most Loving One.

CXLIII.

JESU, most loving One, who from Thy glory's throne
 Camest to seek the sheep roaming astray,
 JESU, Thou sweetest Guest, JESU, Thou Shepherd best,
 Draw my heart after Thee, now and for aye.

I who have lost my way, I am that sheep astray,
 Save me, CHRIST JESU, from peril of hell,
 And in the gushing flood of Thy most precious Blood
 Wash me, that cleansed I may cherish Thee well.

Comfort of weeping eyes, Thou the soul's sweetest prize;
 Fount of grace, love, and sole gladness below,
 SAVIOUR, with Whom is rest, JESU, Thou Shepherd best,
 After death save me, and guard from the foe.

JESU, Thou fairest here, Bridegroom most true and dear,
 Brighter than sunshine, than honey more sweet,
 Grant me, O LORD, Thy grace, give Thy lost sheep a place
 When life is ended, in joy at Thy feet.

* *Rev. R. F. Littledale, LL.D.*

WEARY with my Load of Sin.

CXLIV.

WEARY with my load of sin,
 All diseased and faint within,
 See me, Lord, Thy grace entreat,
 See me prostrate at Thy feet :
 Here before Thy Cross I lie,
 Here I live or here I die.

I have tried, and tried in vain,
 Many ways to ease my pain ;
 Now all other hope is past,
 Only this is left at last :
 Here before Thy Cross I lie,
 Here I live or here I die.

If I perish, be it here,
 With the Friend of Sinners near.
 Lord, it is enough—I know
 Never sinner perished so :
 Here before Thy Cross I lie,
 Here I cannot, cannot die.

Rev. Wade Robinson, C.M.

We will Praise Thee.

CXLV.

GREAT JEHOVAH ! we will praise Thee,
Earth and heaven Thy will obey ;
Suns and systems move obedient
To Thy universal sway.

Deep and awful are Thy counsels,
High and glorious is Thy throne ;
Reigning o'er Thy vast dominion,
Thou art God, and Thou alone.

In Thy wondrous condescension,
Thou hast stooped to raise our race ;
Thou hast given to us a Saviour
Full of goodness and of grace.

By His blood we are forgiven,
By His intercession free,
By His life we rise to glory,
There to reign eternally.

God of Power—we bow before Thee ;
God of Wisdom—Thee we praise ;
God of Love—so kind and tender,
We would praise Thee all our days.

Praise to Thee—our Loving Father ;
Praise to Thee—Redeeming Son ;
Praise to Thee—Almighty Spirit ;
Praise to Thee—Thou Holy One.

* *Rev. John White, C.M.*

Advent.

CXLVI.

MORNING cometh, wanes the night,
 Dawns the day that endeth never ;
 Gird your loins, ye sons of light,
 Darkness fades and flees for ever :
 In the East His sign appears,
 Crown of all the coming years.

Through the skies a voice is heard,
 Trumpet-tongued, more deep than thunder ;
 'Tis Jehovah's mighty word,
 Kindreds, nations, hear and wonder !
 Spread the tidings far and wide,
 Triumphs now the CRUCIFIED,

Fair as early morning-beams,
 O'er the countless dew-drops shining,
 Wake the saints from peaceful dreams,
 Slumber and the grave resigning :
 Glad they rise, their Lord to meet,
 Follow to the judgment-seat.

Deep the awe, the fear, the joy,
 Now the Son of man surrounding—
 Highest Angel-hosts employ
 All their powers His name resounding—
 Christ they praise, with one accord—
 Christ the Saviour, Christ the Lord !

Oh ! when round the throne we stand
 On that glorious Advent-morning,
 Gazing on Thy brow, Thy hand,
 Clothed with radiance, raised in warning,
 Jesu ! may Thy smile of love
 Our eternal gladness prove.

* *Canon MacIlwaine.*

Epiphany.

CXLVII.

D KING, most meek, most lowly,
O Child, how wondrous fair !
O humble roof, yet holy,
For angels worship there.

'Neath Thee the Virgin mother
Folds in her arms of love,
That new-born babe, no other
Than His who reigns above.

Shine, Star ! of all the fairest
That grace the Eastern sky ;
Bring gifts the noblest, rarest,
That richest realms supply.

Come, wonder and adore Him,
Come, render homage meet ;
Earth's wisest bow before Him,
Fall lowly at His feet.

Oh ! height of love, transcending
Thy star-encircled throne,
Smile on us, as here bending
We worship Thee alone.

Bright streak of heavenly promise,
Amidst our darkest night ;
Shine on, nor e'er hide from us,
Thy cheering, guiding light.

* *Canon MacIlwaine.*

Easter.

CXLVIII.

ROLL back, ye bars of light,
Wide open, gates of glory ;
All heaven, behold the sight,
Attend the wondrous story :
Ye angels hosts that crowd
Around the Conqueror's car,
Proclaim His praise aloud,
Whose mighty ones ye are.

Rise, saints the Lord to meet,
To praise and to adore Him ;
Come, worship at His feet,
And cast your crowns before Him.
Lift up your heads, ye gates,
And let the Victor in ;
Eternal triumph waits
The Vanquisher of sin.

At morn the Saviour rose,
Like giant from His slumber ;
Fled all His mighty foes,
Though countless was their number ;
Death and the gloomy grave
Have yielded up their prey ;
Almighty now to save,
On high He takes His way.

Ride on, ride on, O Lord,
The golden gates enfold Thee ;
In highest heaven adored
Our eyes may not behold Thee :
Yet hear, oh ! hear our praise,
Great Saviour, God and King,
As thus our hymn we raise,
Our heart's devotions bring.

* *Canon MacIlwaine.*

Harvest Hymn.

CXLIX.

ALL bounteous Lord of harvest,
 Beneath whose gracious hand
 A thousand hills, rejoicing,
 Spread blessing o'er our land ;
 The clouds above drop fatness,
 The valleys sing below,
 While wave the sheaves, bright golden,
 The streams in gladness flow.

All praise to Thee, Creator !
 Thy tender love and pow'r
 Still clothe the grass with verdure,
 With fairest hues the flow'r :
 All praise to Thee, Preserver !
 Thy ceaseless guardian care
 Spreads wide its shade and shelter
 O'er earth, and sea, and air.

From Thee the dew descended,
 From thee the gentle rain,
 Thine was the sun that ripen'd
 Each bending field of grain :
 Thou crownest with Thy gladness
 This joyous Autumn-tide ;
 While peace and smiling plenty
 O'er all our homes preside.

Praise for our labour ended,
 For barn and store-house filled !
 Praise for the ripe fruits gather'd
 From fields that labour till'd !
 And when Time's course is over,
 Life's day of travail past,
 May we be safely garner'd
 With Christ's own sheaves at last !

* *Canon MacIlwaine.*



Sacred Lyrics.

Hymn of the Universe.

CL.



OLL on, thou SUN ! in glory roll,
Thou Giant, rushing through the
Heaven,
Creation's wonder, Nature's soul,
That hast no Morn, and hast no
Even ;
The Planets die without thy blaze ;
The Cherubim, with star-dropt wing,
Float on the ocean of thy rays,
Thou brightest emblem of their
King !

Roll, lovely EARTH, in night and noon,
With Ocean's band of beauty bound,
While one sweet orb, the pearly Moon,
Pursues thee through the blue profound ;
And angels, with delighted eyes,
Behold thy plains, and mounts, and streams,
In day's magnificence of dyes,
Swift whirling, like transcendent dreams.

Roll, PLANETS, on your dazzling road,
 For ever sweeping round the Sun ;
 What eye beheld, when first ye glowed ?
 What eye shall see your courses done ?
 Roll, in your solemn majesty,
 Ye deathless splendours of the skies,
 Ye Altars, from which angels see
 The incense of Creation rise.

Roll, COMETS, on your flaming cars,
 Ye heralds of sublimer skies ;
 Roll on, ye million-million STARS,
 Ye hosts, ye heavens of galaxies !
 Ye, who the wilds of Nature roam,
 Unknown to all but angels' wings,
 Tell us, in what more glorious dome,
 Rules all your worlds the KING OF KINGS ?

Rev. George Croly, LL.D.

The Evening Star.

CLI.

TELL us, thou glorious STAR of Eve !
 What sees thine eye ?
 Wherever human hearts can heave,
 Man's misery !
 Life, but a weary chain,
 Manhood, weak, wild, and vain,
 Age, but a lingering pain,
 Longing to die !

Tell us, thou glorious STAR of Eve,
 Sees not thine eye
 Some spot where hearts no longer heave,
 In thine own sky ?

Where all life's dreams are o'er,
Where bosoms bleed no more,
Where injured Spirits soar,
Never to die.

Rev. George Croly, LL.D.

A Dirge.

CLII.

“**E**ARTH to earth, and dust to dust!”
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold ;
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid ;
Here the warrior and the king,
Side by side, lie withering :
Glory, but a broken bust :
“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng ;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with the sleepers sleep ;
Prince and peasant, lord and slave,
Moving onward, wave on wave,
Till they reach the sullen shore,
Where their murmurings are o'er.
Here the spade, and sceptre, rust :
“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

But, a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last—
ALL shall see the Judgment-Sign,
On the clouds the Cross shall shine ;

Angel-myrriads on the wing ;
 Earth upgazing on its King ;
 Heaven revealed to mortal sight,
 Earth enshrined in living light ;
 Kingdom of the ransomed Just !
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

Then shall dawn immortal day ;
 Death and Sin no more have sway ;
 Then shall in the Desert rise
 Fruits of more than Paradise ;
 Earth by angel-feet be trod,
 One great Garden of her God.
 Earth no more the vale of tears,
 Satan chained a thousand years.
 Now in hope of HIM we trust :
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

Rev. George Croly, LL.D.

Thou art, O God.

CLIII.

THOU art, O GOD, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee.
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine !

When Day, with farewell beam delays
 Among the op'ning clouds of Even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into Heaven—
 Those hues that make the Sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, LORD ! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, LORD ! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is borne beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are Thine !

Thomas Moore.

The Bird let Loose.

CLIV.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam ;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, GOD, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee !
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs ;—
Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings !

Thomas Moore.

Oh, Thou ! who dry'st the Mourner's
Tear.

CLV.

OH, Thou ! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee !
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too,
Oh ! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our Peace-branch from above ?
Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day !

Thomas Moore.

Were not the sinful Mary's Tears.

CLVI.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
 An offering worthy Heaven,
 When, o'er the faults of former years,
 She wept—and was forgiven?

When, bringing every balmy sweet
 Her day of luxury stored,
 She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
 The precious odours poured ;—

And wiped them with that golden hair
 Where once the diamond shone ;
 Though now those gems of grief were there
 Which shine for GOD alone !

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed—
 That hair—those weeping eyes—
 And the sunk heart, that inly bled—
 Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
 Oh ! wouldst thou wake in Heaven,
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
 “ Love much ” and be forgiven !

Thomas Moore.

There is a Bleak Desert.

CLVII.

THERE is a bleak Desert, where daylight grows weary
Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary—
What may that desert be?
'Tis Life, cheerless Life, where the few joys that come
Are lost like that daylight, for 'tis not their home.

There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes
The water he pants for but sparkles and flies—
Who may that Pilgrim be?
'Tis Man, helpless Man, through this life tempted on
By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert stealing
To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing—
What may that Fountain be?
'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under ground,
By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.

There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell
To point where those waters in secrecy dwell—
Who may that Spirit may?
'Tis Faith, humble Faith, who hath learned that, where'er
Her wand bends to worship, the Truth must be there!

Thomas Moore.

Angel of Charity.

CLVIII.

ANGEL of Charity, who, from above,
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And Pity's soul is in thy tear.
When on the shrine of GOD were laid
First-fruits of all most good and fair,
That ever bloomed in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there.

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
But as our guides to yonder sky ;
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
There, lost in perfect bliss, they die ;
But, long as Love, Almighty Love,
Shall on His throne of thrones abide,
Thou, Charity, shalt dwell above,
Smiling for ever by His side !

Thomas Moore.

Song to the Dove.

CLIX.

SWEET Dove, that homeward winging
O'er endless waves thy lonely way,
Now hither bend'st thee, bringing
The long-sought olive spray;—

* The Editor is indebted to D. F. MacCarthy, Esq., for bringing under his notice the above Lyric. It is not included in the collected edition of Moore's works, but appears with other sacred songs, set to music by Sir John Stephenson, arranged by John Goss, Organist of S. Paul's, and published by Longmans, London, in 1859.

Thou tell'st us Love still reigns above,
 That God doth not His own forget,
 That mercy's dawn, upspringing,
 Will light the lost world yet !

And see, in heav'n ascending
 The radiant bow of Peace unfurled,—
 Like Love's bright arms extending,
 To clasp a weeping world.
 Hail, union bright of mist and light,
 True type of sinners' hopes and fears,
 When light celestial, blending,
 Draws glory out of tears.

Thomas Moore.

Oh ! if the Atheist's words were True.

CLX.

OH ! if the Atheist's words were true,
 If those we seek to save
 Sink—and in sinking from our view
 Are lost beyond the grave !
 If life thus closed—how dark and drear
 Would this bewildered earth appear,
 Scarce worth the dust it gave,
 A tract of black sepulchral gloom,
 One yawning, ever-opening tomb.

Blest be that strain of high belief,
 More heaven-like, more sublime,
 Which says, that souls that part in grief,
 Part only for a time !
 That far beyond this speck of pain,
 Far o'er the glooming grave's domain,
 There spreads a brighter clime,
 Where care and toil, and trouble o'er,
 Friends meet, and, meeting, weep no more.

Thomas Furlong.

As panting flies the hunted hind.

CLXI.

AS panting flies the hunted hind,
 where brooks refreshing stray ;
 And rivers through the valley wind,
 That stop the hunter's way.

Thus we, O Lord, alike distrest,
 For streams of mercy long ;
 Streams which cheer the sore oppress
 And overwhelm the strong.

Oliver Goldsmith.

Carolán's Prayer.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL IRISH.)

CLXII.

OH KING of wounds ! O Son of Heaven ! who died
 Upon the Cross to save the things of clay ;—
 O Thou whose veins poured forth the crimson tide,
 To wash the stains of fallen man away ;—
 O Thou whose heart did feel the blind one's spear,
 While down to earth the atoning current flowed ;
 Deign, gracious Lord ! Thy creature's cry to hear !
 Shield me, and snatch me to Thy bright abode.

Carolán.

Lord, many times I am aweary Quite.

CLXIII.

LORD, many times I am aweary quite
 Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity—
 Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
 Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
 And enter with myself in fierce debate :
 Take Thou my part against myself, nor share
 In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
 We know of our own selves, they also know :
 Lord, Holy One ! if Thou who knowest worse
 Shouldst loathe us too !

* *Archbishop Trench.***Waves, Waves, Waves.**

CLXIV.

WAVES, waves, waves,
 Graceful arches lit with night's pale gold,
 Boom like thunder through the mountain rolled,
 Hiss, and make their music manifold,
 Sing, and work for God along the strand.

Leaves, leaves, leaves,
 Beautified by Autumn's withering breath,
 Ivory skeletons carven fair by death,
 Float and drift at a sublime command.

Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts,
Beating wave-like on the mind's strange shore,
Rustling leaf-like through it evermore—
O that they might follow God's good hand !

** Bishop Alexander.*

Creation.

CLXV.

'**T**HERE the lonely pow'r of night
From her ancient realm was hurled,
From the throne of living light
Burst a voice, "Exist, O World!"

Awful rolled the solemn sound,
Swift arose the new-born earth,
Deep within the vast profound,
Ocean trembled into birth !

Then amid the realms of space,
Blazed the splendid orb of day,
Earth unveiled her youthful face,
Glitt'ring in his purple ray.

Glorious through the glowing sky,
Shone the starry host above,
Angels shouted forth for joy,
Rapt in ecstasy and love.

Through the heavens triumphant ran
Sounds of glory and of praise,
Wond'ring at his being, Man
Rose and joined the grateful lays.

Who was he, what mighty God
 Bade the reign of darkness cease,
 At the terror of whose nod,
 Frighted chaos sunk to peace ?

Why before his dreadful Word,
 Fled these eldest-born of things ?
 'Twas the Everlasting Lord !
 'Twas Jehovah, King of Kings !

High enthroned, above all height,
 Glorious in the bright abodes,
 Clothed in honour, robed in light,
 Dwells this awful God of Gods !

James Stuart, LL.D.

Christ's Nativity.

CLXVI.

O'ER Heaven's pure arch, a star of living light,
 Streaming with glory, took its brilliant way ;
 Pointing the joyous travellers' path aright,
 To where the King of Kings, an infant, lay :
 Whilst Angels raised the solemn song above—
 Whose breath is music, and whose voice is love.

Oh ! 'twas a strain, more soothing and sublime
 Than e'er before had met the ear of Man—
 Since, stained and tarnished by primeval crime,
 His race of misery and guilt began ;
 And Pleasure's lure, and Passion's fierce control,
 In sin and anguish plunged his erring soul.

“Glory to God on highest—and on earth
Peace and good-will to Man are freely given—
This hour is hallowed by Salvation’s birth—
O hail with trembling joy the boon of Heaven !
With ardent faith salute this happy morn—
The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords is born !”

He comes—not clothed in majesty and light,
Such as enrobe “the God of Gods” alone,
When Seraphs scarcely bear the vision bright,
But veil their eyes before the eternal throne ;
Nor, as when clad in Terror’s awful form,
He walks on wings of wind—in thunder and in storm.

Not so—With aspect all benign and mild,
The humble infant in a manger lies ;
The virgin-mother views her heaven-sent child,
With tears of rapture sparkling in her eyes.
She reads the smile that lightens o’er his face—
Prelude of pardon to the human race.

Helpless He seems—yet this is He whose voice
Shall rouse the nations from the yawning grave ;
Then shall His people in His power rejoice,
For He is mighty to destroy or save.
All Hell shall tremble, while the Saints adore,
And Time—yea, Death himself shall be no more.

The earth—the Sun shall melt in liquid fire—
The Moon shall cease to run her peerless race—
The starry host in splendour shall expire,
And leave no traces in the realm of space !
Angels shall gaze upon the vacant scene,
And, wrapt in wonder, ask—“Where have their
orbits been?”

James Stuart, LL.D.

The Love of God.

CLXVII.

IN deep affection's troubled hour
 When sorrow rules the breast,
 And earthly soothing hath no power
 To quiet its unrest—
 When mirth but maketh jarring din,
 And all is heaviness within ;

To Thee we fly, oh, God ! to Thee,
 When all denies relief,
 And still more tremulously flee
 In storms of deeper grief—
 While all around to darkness turns,
 Thy inward light more brightly burns.

Thy love which passeth mortal sense
 To sooth, enlighten, save—
 Through life sustaining Providence—
 Redemption in the grave ;
 Without it, life is idle breath,
 Without it, terrible is death.

Rev. J. Wills, D.D.

Providence.

CLXVIII.

WHEN late on life's departed years
 The scenes and seasons past—
 Their hopes and joys—their cares and fears,
 A lingering glance I cast ;

And mark how oft hopes fondly nursed
 Have dealt affliction's blow—
 How oft from sorrow's cloud hath burst
 A pure and heavenly glow !

How oft a moment changed the scene,
 When keenest grew distress,
 How disappointment oft hath been
 The path to joyfulness ;
 Methinks I see Heaven's hand import
 The expedient good to all—
 In time depress the o'er-worldly heart,
 And raise up hearts that fall.

I gazed on Time's long page ; the same
 All guiding spirit still,
 Through all o'er-ruled with changeless aim
 The turns of good and ill ;
 One hand, with unseen touch, combined
 The parts of mercy's plan,
 Links of the eternal chain designed
 For benefit to man.

Rev. F. Wills, D.D.

On the Death of an Infant.

CLXIX.

IT breathes no more ! one low drawn sigh,
 One transient thrill ;
 And purely pale those features lie,
 And dreadly still.

I've seen the violet wither so
 In April's sun,
 But never dreamt this sight of woe,
 My precious one !

From thy sweet lip the smile is flown,
Thy life's young light
Hath left, where loveliest it shone,
For death's pale night.

Thy little hand hath ceased the strife
Of infant play ;
Each wonted sign of thy sweet life,
Oh ! past away.

And yet, and yet, dear babe, 'tis well
For thee to go ;
For mournful is their lot who dwell
E'er long below.

Thy woes were light, to their sad wail,
Who live to see
Their bosom's treasure thus lie pale
And cold like thee !

Thy dewy tears were quickly dried,
Thy pains are o'er ;
Thou'rt gone, dear babe, where they abide
Who die no more !

To thee this world of woe to tread,
It was not given ;
Thou art above with Him who said,
Of such is Heaven !

The love bereaved, unblest desire,
Privation, strife ;
The waste of toil, affliction, ire,
That make up life ;

The saddening loss, the sordid gain,
The world's control,
Ne'er left one sorrow or one stain
On thy sweet soul.

Yet undisclosed the primal taint
Slept in thy breast ;
More pure than thee no martyr'd saint
Ere went to rest.

Than thou, no brighter from death's sleep
Shall break the tomb,
When the last trump peals on the deep
Its note of doom.

And, if the dead Redeemed arise
Ere that dread morn,
Wilt thou first greet thy mother's eyes
From death new-born ?

And shall the smile she loved first break
The death-vale's air,
O ! shall thy voice in Heaven first speak
Her welcome there ?

* *Mrs. Wills.*

The Coming Day.

CLXX.

DH, seek not that the world should know
Thy deeds of love and grace ;
The day will come, when friend and foe
Shall see thee face to face.

Thy Saviour then, will bring them forth
Washed in His sacred blood ;
Then shall thy deeds acquire a worth,
And God pronounce them good.

But if thou claim man's plaudits still
For all that man can see,
Search inward for the secret ill,
The lurking vanity.

Though love of souls impel thine act,
Look narrowly within—
Lest self should triumph, pride detract,
And taint the work with sin.

It is a shameful thing to boast,
As if we worked alone,
And to forget the fearful cost
By which that grace was won.

Work on in silence for the Lord,
Work, work, while yet 'tis day—
Stay not thy hand to speed His word,
Nor let thy foot delay.

The time is short, the hands are few,
The harvest ripening fast ;
Work with the glorious end in view,
Where'er thy lot be cast.

Each step will ease the heaviest weight,
While striving for the crown,
Till, entering the eternal gate,
Thou'lt lay thy burden down.

* *Mrs. Wills.*

Seeking God.

CLXXI.

I SAID, "I will find God," and forth I went
 To seek Him in the clearness of the sky,
 But over me stood unendurably
 Only a pitiless, sapphire firmament
 Ringing the world,—blank splendour ; yet intent
 Still to find God, "I will go seek," said I,
 "His way upon the waters," and drew nigh
 An ocean marge weed-strewn, and foam-besprent ;
 And the waves dashed on idle sand and stone,
 And very vacant was the long, blue sea ;
 But in the evening as I sat alone,
 My window open to the vanishing day,
 Dear God ! I could not choose but kneel and pray,
 And it sufficed that I was found of Thee.

* *E. Dowden.*

Communion.

CLXXII.

LORD, I have knelt and tried to pray to-night,
 But Thy love came upon me like a sleep,
 And all desire died out ; upon the deep
 Of Thy mere love I lay, each thought in light
 Dissolving like the sunset clouds, at rest
 Each tremulous wish, and my strength, weakness, sweet
 As a sick boy with soon o'erwearied feet
 Finds, yielding him unto his mother's breast
 To weep for weakness there. I could not pray,
 But with closed eyes I felt Thy bosom's love
 Beating toward mine, and then I would not move
 Till of itself the joy should pass away ;
 At last my heart found voice,—“Take me, O Lord,
 And do with me according to Thy word.”

* *E. Dowden.*

A Sonnet for the Times.

CLXXIII.

WHAT! weeping? Had ye your Christ yesterday,
 Close wound with linen, made your own by tears,
 Kisses, and pounds of myrrh, the sepulchre's
 Mere stone most venerable? And now ye say
 "No man hath seen him, he is borne away
 We wot not where." And so, with many a sigh,
 Watching the linen clothes and napkin lie,
 Ye choose about the grave's sad mouth to stay.
 Blind hearts! Why seek the living amongst the dead?
 Better than carols for the babe new-born
 The shining young men's speech "He is not here;"
 Why question where the feet lay, where the head?
 Come forth; bright o'er the world breaks Easter morn,
 He is arisen, Victor o'er grief and fear.

* *E. Dowden.*

Emmausward.

CLXXIV.

LORD CHRIST, if Thou art with us and these eyes
 Are holden, while we go sadly and say
 "We hoped it had been He, and now to-day
 Is the third day, and hope within us dies,"
 Bear with us, Oh, our Master, Thou art wise
 And knowest our foolishness; we do not pray
 "Declare thyself, since weary grows the way,
 And faith's new burden hard upon us lies."
 Nay, choose Thy time; but ah! whoe'er Thou art
 Leave us not; where have we heard any voice
 Like Thine? Our hearts burn in us as we go;
 Stay with us; break our bread; so, for our part
 Ere darkness falls haply we may rejoice,
 Haply when day has been far spent may know.

* *E. Dowden.*

Yet One More Step.

CLXXV.

YET one more step—no flight
The weary soul can bear—
Into a whiter light,
Into a hush more rare.

Take me, I am all Thine,
Thine now, not seeking Thee,—
Hid in the secret shrine,
Lost in the shoreless sea.

Grant to the prostrate soul
Prostration new and sweet,
Make weak the weak, control
Thy creature at Thy feet.

Passive I lie : shine down,
Pierce through the will with straight
Swift beams, one after one,
Divide, disintegrate.

Free me from self,—resume
My place, and be Thou there ;
Yet also keep me. Come,
Thou Saviour and Thou Slayer !

* *E. Dowden.*

The Gift.

CLXXVI.

NOW I draw near ; alone, apart
I stayed, nor deemed I should require
Such access, till my musing heart
Suddenly kindled to desire.

“ No farther from Thee than Thy feet !
No less a sight than all Thy face !
Nay, touch me where the heart doth beat,
Breathe where the throbbing brain has place ;

Yield me the best, the unnamed good,
The gift that most shall prove me near,
Thy wine for drink, Thy fruit for food,
Thy tokens of the nail, the spear.”

Such cry was mine. I lifted up
My face, and from all speech did cease,
Daring to take the bitter cup,
But ah, Thy perfect gift was Peace ;

Quiet deliverance from all need,
A little space of boundless rest,
To live within the Light indeed,
To lean upon the Master's breast.

* *E. Dowden.*

A Christmas Carol.

CLXXVII.

MERRILY the minster bells
Peal upon the morn,
Cheerily their music tells
"Christ to-day is born."
'Tis the tale the angels told
To the shepherds in the fold,
Chanting heavenly melodies,
While God's glory filled the skies.

Let us chant that hymn sublime
That erst the angels sung,
Let every race and every clime,
And every heart and tongue,
Wake a world-wide song of praise,
As the joyful strain they raise,
Earth proclaim and heaven reply
"Glory be to God on High !"

Not myrrh, nor frankincense, nor gold,
The offerings we bring,
As royal Magians gave of old,
To Child and God and King.
We give not part, we give the whole ;
We give our spirit, body, soul,
We love, and worship, and obey,
The infant God-King born to-day.

Minster bells, peal merrily
On this festal morn—
"Glory be to God on High !
Christ to-day is born !"
So sang the Church in ages past,
So shall she sing while time shall last,
Her hymn on earth, while warring, given,
Her hymn triumphant yet in heaven !

* *John Francis Waller, LL.D.*

Rest in the Lord.

CLXXVIII.

REST in the Lord, blest in the Lord,
Washed in the blood of Him that was slain ;
Glorious the throng raising the song,
Thousands and thousands are swelling the strain—
Holy ! Holy ! Lord of Hosts !
God everlasting all ages before ;
Angels adore Thee, saints bow before Thee ;
Heaven with the glory is filled evermore.

Past the deep wave, past the dark grave,
Death with its terrors, life with its tears ;
Christ is our own—King on his throne,
Love that is perfect hath cast out our fears :
Through great tribulation past
Sweet our rest in heaven above ;
White our array, sin washed away,
Ever to live in the light of His love.

Raise high the song, sing the new psalm,
Casting your crowns before the throne of gold ;
Praise to the Lord, praise to the Lamb,
Glory and honour and praise as of old.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glory and wisdom, and blessing and power,
Be to the Lord, be to the Lamb,
Praise to our God and the Lamb evermore !

* *John Francis Waller, LL.D.*

Agnus Dei.

CLXXIX.

AGNUS DEI ! when the heart is weary
 With its load of sin ;
 When all without is black and dreary
 And hope is faint within,
 Faith looks up to Thee to bear
 All that load of sin and care ;
 Thou canst give the soul repose
 From its guilt and from its woes.

Agnus Dei ! when that hour is near me,
 Terrible to all.
 By Thy love for sinners hear me
 When to Thee I call ;
 Through the darkness of that night
 Be my comfort and my light,
 From the victory of the grave
 Thou canst rescue, Thou canst save.

Agnus Dei ! when my trembling spirit
 In that ireful day
 Waits the judgment, let Thy merit
 Plead for me, I pray.
 On Thy sacrifice most holy
 Rest I my redemption solely,
 Thy precious blood my great salvation—
 Thy death my life—Thy Cross my exaltation.

* *John Francis Waller, LL.D.*

A Song of Sustainment.

CLXXX.

WHEN the riddle of thy life darkest seems ;
 When no beams
 Pierce thy soul, of heavenly light,
 And thou dreamest in the night
 Evil dreams :
 Truly love the True, and truth shalt thou find ;
 Thy vext mind
 Shall attain a golden shore
 Which thou sawest not before,
 Being blind.
 When the darkness as of Egypt round thee clings ;
 When the wings
 Of vampyres foul flap near,
 And fiend-voices in thine ear
 Whisper things
 Obscene and horror-fraught, to drag thee down ;
 When God's frown
 Seems in anger o'er thee bent,
 Heaven shut, and Christ content
 Thou shouldst drown :
 Doubt all else, if in thine anguish doubt thou must,
 Only trust
 That, though thou be tempest-tost,
 Rudder gone and compass lost,
 God is just.

Faint and weary, wait on God patiently :
 It may be
 He would have thee stand and wait,
 Till He ope for thee a gate
 Meet for thee.
 Being strong, strive ever upward like a fire ;
 Still aspire

Toward the Perfect and the Pure—

God appoints thy life, be sure,

Never tire.

Trust that all things well-ordered from above

Rightly move.

God is just—hold fast that creed,

It will serve thee in thy need,

Till thou come to know indeed

God is love.

** John Todhunter.*

There shall come false Christs.

CLXXXI.

I DREAMED of a phantom Christ
 That fledeth athwart the sky,
 Fleeted and flickered across, and enticed
 After it, smiling, a smiling throng,
 Whose hymns were loud as they hurried along,
 Crowned with flowers and proudly elate,
 Jauntily blowing the trump of fate
 In the ears of the sorrow-stricken,
 Leaving the fainting world to sicken
 In the smoke of hell, and to die.

I dreamed of a spectre Christ
 That wandered o'er all the earth ;
 On its altars were sacrificed
 Sacred pledges and solemn vows ;
 Sin built temples, with shameless brows,
 Virtue-whitewashed renewed her youth,
 Lying her lies in the cause of truth,
 Handing tracts to the sinners around—
 All that grace might the more abound.
 She had experienced a true new-birth.

I dreamed of a demon Christ
That glared upon land and sea,
Throned like Juggernaut, coldly iced
In the frozen armour of creed ;
Nerves must quiver and hearts must bleed
For its worship where'er it came,—
Fair limbs writhe in the scorching flame,
Torments, famine, and plague, and wars,
Made men mad under sun and stars,
To prove its dreadful divinity.

I dreamed of a suffering Christ,
A sorrowful Son of Man,
Clad in derision—a stone sufficed
For his pillow, his home the street,
Rest was none for his lonely feet,
Faint he was, and none brought him wine :
But who gazed in those eyes divine
Straight grew wise in life-mysteries,
Wise in all human sympathies,
Read in the world its inner plan.

I dreamed of an awful Christ,
The terrible Son of God :
Him, the blood of whose eucharist
Works, like leaven, in wine and bread,
Life in the living, death in the dead,
Where the gleam of his sun-crown fell,
Earth, self-judged, became heaven or hell ;
Plunged in God, like a lake of fire,
Each drank deep of his heart's desire,
Love or hate—waxed or waned in God.
When things that be are as things that seem,
Then all the world will have dreamed this dream.

* *John Todhunter.*

The Christ-Child.

CLXXXII.

THE Christ-Child came to my bed one night,
He came in tempest and thunder ;
His presence woke me in sweet affright,
I trembled for joy and wonder ;
He bore sedately His Christmas-tree,
It shone like a silver willow,
His grave child's eyes looked wistfully
As He laid a branch on my pillow.

And when He had left me alone, alone,
And all the house lay sleeping,
I planted it in a nook of my own,
And watered it with my weeping.
And there it strikes its roots in the earth,
And opens its leaves to heaven ;
And when its blossoms have happy birth,
I shall know my sins forgiven.

* *John Todhunter.*

The Lone Rock.

CLXXXIII.

THERE is a single stone
Above yon wave,
A rocky islet lone—
Where tempests rave.

What doth it there ?—the sea,
Restless and deep,
Breaks round it mournfully,
And knows no sleep.

The sea hath hung it round
With its wild weed,
No place can *there* be found
For better seed.

Storm-beaten rock ! no change
'Tis thine to know,
Only the water's range
Of ebb and flow.

The happy sounds of earth
Are not for thee,
The voice of human mirth—
Of children's glee :

No song of birds is thine,
No crown of flowers !
Say, dost thou not repine
Through long lone hours ?

Yet stars for thee are bright
In midnight skies,
And tranquil worlds of light
Around thee rise :

They smooth thine ocean-bed,
Its heavings cease,
While they, from o'er thy head,
Breathe on thee peace.

The wearied man of grief
Like thee I deem,
To whom comes no relief
Through life's dark dream.

No human ties are left,
 Earth's hopes are gone ;
 He dwells, a thing bereft—
 Blighted—alone.

Yet o'er him from above
 Bright spirits bend ;
 And He whose name is Love,
 Calls him His friend ;

And thus he thankful learns
 Why grief was given,
 And trusting, peaceful, turns
 To God in Heaven.

* *Rev. T. V. Fosbery, M.A.*

The Communion of Saints.

CLXXXIV.

SWIFT o'er the desert plains the wild wind sweeps,
 Swift o'er the sea, that heaves beneath its power,
 And steady flight o'er fairest scenes it keeps,
 Tho' perfume breathes from every sunlit bower :
 Earth knows no charm its onward course to stay ;
 It takes no rest, it passeth on, away.

Lord, are we likened to this fleeting wind ?—
 To quit this earthly life we do not grieve,
 But must the yearning spirit leave behind
 The dear and true whom it is death to leave ?
 Sure our strong hearts' deep love can never fail
 As part and break the clouds before the gale.

Only the mortal frame can fade and die ;
 All that is worthy of a spirit's love
 Shall cleave to us throughout eternity,
 Shall dwell with us in far bright worlds above :
 Here if pains, partings, sorrows, cares molest—
 Swift flight is ours—before us lies our rest.

Here we are severed far ; Thou seest, Lord,
 How each in lonely course is onward driven ;—
 Thy righteousness, Thy love, Thy strength afford,
 So shalt Thou gather us to meet in Heaven ;
 And us, Thy wandering *winds*, Thou then shalt own,
 Hushed into still pure *air*, around Thy throne.

* *Rev. T. V. Fosbery, M.A.*

The Bow of Promise.

CLXXXV.

I STOOD beside yon fountain, where the sun
 Looked on the waters as they rose and fell
 Through the calm air unceasingly, with plash
 Monotonous. Their column only gave
 Back to the eye a glimmer cold and pale.
 Sudden, a wind descending smote the trees
 That stood around, and smote the waters, too,
 As they sprang upward ; marring, as it seemed,
 The fair proportions of their pillared height.
 But, as the breeze seized thus upon the jet,
 And broke it into spray, a thousand gems
 Flashed in the sunshine, and the water-cloud
 Gave forth a Rainbow, radiant as the first
 Set by our Father as His sign in heaven.

O tossed with tempests and not comforted !
 O tried and smitten one ! thy weary heart
 Must read its lesson here. Thy Saviour's love
 (Shaken and broken though thy spirit be)
 Sends down this visiting of stormy grief
 To mark thee with His Bow of Promise now,
 And keep thee for His own eternally.

* *Rev. T. V. Fosbery, M.A.*

Lent.

CLXXXVI.

LENT marks the Spring : It is the Spring of tears,
 That primal rain which fell at Eden's gate
 From our first parents' hearts disconsolate,
 Now wept anew, for that the Cross appears
 Down the long vista of the forty days ;
 That while the reverent heart in sad amaze,
 Upon the Symbol that Faith's hand uprears,
 In lowly hope, and voiceless love doth gaze
 Until glad victory comes and clothes it round with rays.

Lent is a wilderness, a lonely place
 To hide our souls in from the giddy throng ;
 We sit outside of Eden mourning long
 Our lost estate, our ancient Fall from Grace ;
 We sit and weep beside the Cross of shame
 Alone and wear the days out in self-blame :
 But Jesus turns on us His pitying face,
 We are His sheep, He calleth us by name,
 And comforts dwell where sorrows erewhile went
 and came.

* *Rev. R. W. Buckley, D.D.*

Evensong.

CLXXXVII.

DN Summer eves,
When the spirit of music awakes in the leaves,
Whispering low sweet tones ;
When the stars look down on the quiet scene,
As happy as if they were angels' thrones ;
No sound, I ween,
Steeps the soul in a calm so holy
As that now gay, now melancholy,
Which dwells and swells
In the tinkling of the vesper bells.
Listen, listen ; listen and come, young and old ;
Enter the antique shrine, behold
How slantingly the stain'd rays pour
Their hues on the tessellated floor ;
The footfall's sound
Through the pillar'd aisle runs round and round ;
The sainted figures as you pass
Seem to smile from the tinted glass ;
The worshippers are upon bended knees.
Heed not these ;
While the penitential prayer
Swells full of sorrow on the air ;
The solemn aisles of the temple thrill
Till the words of absolution fall
Like the dew of heaven, to still
The restless hearts of all.
Hark ! the chant hovers and floats
Over the pealing organ-notes ;
Up to the choir of seraphim
Rise the cadences of that holy hymn.
The Soul, an athlete
From the arena's dust and heat,
Now drinks the cup of strength and youth,
Drawn from the fount of the Word of Truth.
Resting at Jesus' feet.

The world shut out, the heart keeps tryst
 Alone and long with the Saviour Christ,
 Until the words of blessing shed
 Seal the grace to heart and head.
 In sooth, an image of joy divine
 At evensong is thine,
 If thou prayest thus at the day's decline.

* *Rev. R. W. Buckley, D.D.*

Twilight Sorrow.

CLXXXVIII.

WHO may tell how often sorrow
 Cometh at the close of day ;
 Sorrow for the sinful record
 Borne by passing time away ;
 Sorrow for good resolutions
 Broken in the toil of life ;
 For the Christian's weapons tarnished,
 Blunted in the daily strife ;
 For the weakly heart's backsliding
 In the journey to its bourne ;
 For the dulness of the spirit
 Dwelling in its carnal urn.
 Yet this sorrow bringeth comfort,
 When it bends the contrite knee
 In an act of heartfelt worship,
 In a deep humility.
 Then it is the blest forerunner
 Of a grace that steals always,
 With refreshing to the spirit,
 Changing sighs to songs of praise.
 Sorrow such as this be ever
 Welcome to this heart of mine,
 Through such tears a hopeful rainbow
 O'er my future path doth shine ;

Minister of heaven's giving,
 Messenger to clear the way,
 Till the love of God descending
 Teaches all my soul to pray.
 And, in answer, such a measure
 Of His strength divine comes down,
 That my spirit more than ever
 Strives to win and wear the crown.
 Godly sorrow, oft come hither
 On the stilly wings of eve,
 Such a holy joy attends thee
 That it is a bliss to grieve.

* *Rev. R. W. Buckley, D.D.*

Words for the Way.

CLXXXIX.

BEAR your cross, Christian, yes, bravely bear on !
 'Tis heavy and galling, your strength well-nigh gone ;
 Yet carry it patiently—lay it not down—
 Think of the Crucified—think of the crown !

Lonely, despairing, heart-sick unto tears,
 You look at the future—the prospect of years ;
 “ My burden is heavy, my journey is long,
 My spirit is weary, and I far from strong,
 Who will deliver me?—no one is nigh—
 Here let me perish, O Lord, I would die ! ”

Traveller, traveller, take up thy cross,
 Follow Him, follow Him, loving the loss,
 Loving affliction, and coldness, and hate ;
 Suffer and work for Him, patiently wait,
 Watch for the clearness that comes from above,
 And all this dreariness love for His love.

A snow-storm—black darkness—a father from home—
There bright is the comfort, and why does he roam ?
 The true man is toiling, he chooses the pain,
 And for his affection, his loss is his gain.
 Biting and bitter the blows of the storm,
 He thinks of his fireside, cheery and warm,
 Thinks of his family, thinks of their smiles,
 And patiently wears through the wearisome miles.

Christian, hear that which an earthly love saith,
 Look thou up higher, through darkness and death,
 Look up above and beyond the cold night—
 Think of a brighter, a cheerfuller light
 Than that which illumines the family hearth—
Thy family, faint one, smiles far above earth ;
 Its light is the LAMB, and that light may be won !
 Endure to the end, thou art owned as a son ;
 Think of the circle surrounding the throne—
 Think of thy welcome there—bravely bear on !

* *Rev. J. Andrews, M.A., P.M.*

Pain.

CXC.

WHEN low and selfish is the life I lead,
 And when my heart grows commonplace and vain ;
 Show it the better way, altho' it bleed,
 Stern Teacher, Pain !

When I forget what to the poor is due,
 And when I make of others' loss my gain,
 Then, with the Nails of Calvary, pierce me through,
 Wise Master, Pain !

I did not see the baseness of my life—
 Its passions blind, and its resolves insane—
 What hushed the sounds of an ignoble strife?
The voice of Pain !

My soul will rise on wings of golden thoughts,
 Tho' I "among the pots" have lowly lain ;
 Thy touch severe hath freed my soul from blots—
The touch of Pain !

I've seen a Crown of Thorn, a soldier's Spear,
 By which my earth-born passion has been slain—
 Thou art a faithful friend, altho' severe,
My Teacher, Pain !

"Lo, these are they who come from sufferings great!"
 Perhaps, I shall to these glad seats attain,
 I hope—I kiss my rod with heart elate,
Dear Master, Pain !

* *Rev. J. Andrews, M.A., P.M.*

The Mystery of Infant Death.

CXCI.

WH Y was this forehead finely formed,
 Meet temple of a noble mind—
 Why this small frame with spirit warmed,
 So soon to be to God resigned?

I asked, while gazing on the face
 Where lingering charms yet left by Death,
 Spoke not of Earth, but of a place
 Where purer life is more than breath.

It cannot be a thing so dear
 Has come and gone *in vain*, thought I ;
 Nay, it has preached its half-a-year,
 As others half-a-century.

Its peace, and love, and purity,
 In harder hearts were shed abroad—
 Some preaching half-a-century
 Perhaps have fewer turned to God.

* *Rev. J. Andrews, M.A., P.M.*

The Seven Sealed Book.

CXCII.

SEE the Lamb take up the scroll,
 All its pictur'd coils unroll ;
 See the saints and elders hold
 Each a harp and urn of gold,
 Full of odours rich and rare—
 Such the saints petitions are.
 Hark ! they sing a new taught psalm :
 Thou art worthy, Saviour Lamb.

Worthy Thou the roll to take,
 All the seven seals to break,
 Thou wast slain, and by Thy blood,
 Didst redeem us all to God,
 Gathered from all tongues and times,
 From all nations, and all climes,
 Mad'st them regal priests to be,
 In Thy land to reign with Thee.

* *Rev. James Glasgow, D.D*

Jew and Gentile.

CXCIIL.

WHERE is the breath of heaven
That breathed upon the dead,
When visions bright were given,
And light prophetic shed?

Oh ! when shall those who slumber
As still and deep as death,
A vast uncounted number,
Feel the awaking breath ?

When shall the bones be shaken,
And each its place assume,
And dust to life awaken,
Long silent in the tomb ?

When shall the Jews who stumble,
And their Messiah spurn,
In heart and spirit humble
Back unto Him return ?

When shall the heathen nations
That worship wood and stone,
And men's imaginations,
The one Jehovah own ?

O Lord, let false religion,
With all its powers, give way,
And men of every region
The King of kings obey.

Oh, with Thy great commission,
Speed, speed Thy servants on,
Till gloomy superstition
Be finally o'erthrown ;

Till Babel-tongu'd delusion
Be struck for ever dumb,
And own, in deep confusion,
Messiah's kingdom come.

* *Rev. James Glasgow, D.D.*

Voice of Nature.

CXCIV.

THE bird in the bower,
The swell of the sea,
The tint of the flower,
The hum of the bee,
The dew as it glistens,
The rush of the rain,
To man, as he listens,
Their language is plain.

The eye of the morning,
All sparkling in light ;
The high clouds adorning
The zenith with white,
The broad sun descending
In gold to the west,
The sable night lending
A season of rest,

The stars in their courses,
That stud the blue sky,
By no mighty forces
Arrested on high ;

The hoarse thunder growling,
The flash from the cloud,
The hurricane howling,
Terrific and loud ;

All life, and all motion,
The beasts in their lair,
The tribes of the ocean,
The tenants of air,
All portions of nature,
All organized forms,
From man, the chief creature,
To reptiles and worms,

All speak of creation,
All pencil His name,
From whom their formation
And destiny came.
Almighty !—all knowing
In thought and design,
Beneficent—showing
His glory divine.

* *Rev. James Glasgow, D.D.*

The Dying Believer to his Spirit.

CXCV.

GIVE thyself to Jesus' hand,
Go to join the ransom'd band
Of the just, made perfect all—
Of all tribes—of great and small.
Go to meet those loving friends,
Who to earth's remotest ends
Were removed, amid the strife
And the troubles of this life.

Oh, the joy that on thee waits !
Oh, the welcome at heaven's gates !
Oh, the recognition then
Of renowned and holy men,
Who, in place and time afar,
Waged Messiah's holy war !
And of dear ones little known,
Save to Christ the Lord alone !

While thou mixest with the blest,
Let the body calmly rest,
Safe in Jesus let it sleep,
All in silence, long and deep,
Till the great expected day,
When the heaven shall pass away,
And the trump shall silence break,
Then the body shall awake.

Then the body and the soul,
Making, with thyself, the whole,
Sanctified by grace divine,
Fitted high in light to shine,
Shall, at last, at Christ's right hand,
Re-united, take their stand :
Death has now a sting no more,
Terrors of the grave are o'er.

* *Rev. James Glasgow, D.D.*

The Downfall of Saul.

CXCVI.

HOW great the loss, how foul the stain,
When Israel saw her armies fled,
Her monarch, proud, in battle slain,
Her warrior-sons on Gilboa dead !

Stilled was the voice that urged them on,
To meet, undaunted, every foe ;
The hand that led them—lifeless, gone—
Their martial spirit dulled and low.

David for God's anointed wept,
Though royal honours lay in store,
Though persecution, vanquished, slept,
And Saul's fell spear was aimed no more.

No song of triumph he ordained,
No mirth, nor ill-timed revelry,
His hands no bleeding victim stained,
No useless pomp regaled his eye ;

But much he grieved that men should say,
What Israel lost, Philistia won ;
Philistia ! whose unholy sway
Defiled the ground she trampled on.

Not e'en the thought could soothe his breast,
That now his throneward path was clear ;
For tenfold grief his heart oppressed—
No more survived his friend most dear.

Yes, Jonathan ! though Pagan wrath
Had torn thy body from his sight,
Not all the conquering hosts of Gath
His soul from thine could disunite.

* *Lord O'Neill (Rev).*

Lines written during Sickness.

CXCVII.

THOU, whose all-enlivening ray,
Can turn my darkness into day,
Disperse, great God, my mental gloom,
And with Thyself my soul illumine.
Though gathering sorrows swell my breast,
Speak but the word, and peace and rest
Shall set my troubled spirit free,
In sweet communion, Lord, with Thee.
What, though in this heart-searching hour,
Thou dimm'st my intellectual power ;
The gracious discipline I own,
And wisdom seek at Thy blest throne.
Let love divine my bosom sway,
And then my darkness will be day ;
No doubt, no fears shall heave my breast,
In God Himself will be my rest !

Bishop Jebb.

The Glory that Excelleth.

CXCVIII.

DOWN from the mount he cometh—
The Prophet rapt in awe !
And in his hands he beareth
The stern and righteous law ;
His face reflects the shining
Of glory, lately seen ;
And Israel looks—with terror !
And needs a veil between.

Up into heaven he gazeth—
 The Martyr—soon to go !
 Calm as the blest evangel
 He preached to men below—
*“ I see the heavens opened,
 And Jesus standing there ! ”*
 His eyes have caught the radiance,
 His face is angel fair !

The light from Sinai paleth,
 And Death must quench its ray ;
 And so it fadeth—fadeth—
 And vanisheth away :
“ The glory that excelleth ”
 To Life unbars the way ;
 And so it ever shineth
 On to the perfect day !

Thus Moses, veil'd, remaineth
 Here in a world of strife ;
 Thus Stephen, bright, ascendeth
 To bliss of holiest life !
That hath but transient glimpses
 Of glory seen before :
This gazeth on the Saviour
 For ever—evermore !

*“ Thou canst not see My glory,
 Thou canst not see and live ! ”*
 A sight of heaven forsaken
 Is all the Law can give.
 JESU ! Thou art the Godhead
 Incarnate to our view,
 The sight of Thee, life-giving,
 Alone makes holy, too !

* *Very Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh*
(Dean of Cashel).

The Lord's Day.

CXCIX.

THY Temple, Lord ! it nobly stands,
Thy earthly Temple made with hands ;
Firmly it stands, and, raised on high,
Points to the Church above the sky.
The Church of Heaven and Church of Earth
Resound to-day with sacred mirth ;
While saints below and saints above
Are one in praise, and joy, and love.

Be present, gracious Lord, when now,
Low at Thy mercy seat, we bow ;
Be present with the kneeling throng,
At matins and at even-song ;
Let tributes of Thy people's love
Find echoes in the Church above ;
And one triumphant choral sound
Mingled from earth and heaven rebound.

Be present with the pining poor,
When Death knocks at the sick man's door,
Where sorrow fills lone eyes with tears,
Where mourning widowhood appears ;
Be present at each sufferer's side,
And let the faint " the spoil divide."

Be present over sea and land
With all who bow at Thy command ;
Let angels bear to heaven on high
The tale of every contrite sigh :
Let pastors preach with heaven sent power,
While round descends the gracious shower.
Seal up Thy work, Thy coming show,
To all Thy lingering Church below.

Rev. Thomas Drew, D.D.

Holy Communion.

CC.

BANQUET of Love ! O Feast Divine !
 I bow before the sacred shrine,
 The feast to join, the Christ to meet,
 The Lord of life and love to greet :
 The hour is come, the Church's Head
 Himself reveals in breaking bread.
 That body, broken for my sake,
 In grateful memory I take,
 The chalice pours its mystic stream,
 And bleeding mercy is its theme :
 Blessings attend the pastor's voice,
 And bid my ransom'd soul rejoice.
 Jesus, my King ! may I proclaim
 The glory of Thy beauteous name ;
 Here in these rites, all pure and free,
 By Thy command, remember Thee :
 O haste the day, when heaven's own feast
 Shall see me its eternal guest.

Rev. Thomas Drew, D.D.

Life's Last Hour.

CCI.

SHALL I live till I am old,
 Till my heart is dull and cold ?
 Shall I with progressive wear,
 All life's ills reluctant bear ;
 See no tender eye watch o'er me,
 All I loved in death before me ?
 Shall I die with years in prime,
 Unfulfilled the Psalmist's time ?

Shall I leave this sunshine soon,
 In the midst of manhood's noon—
 Friendship, feasting, music o'er,
 All I cherished seen no more?
 Shall I feel a pang—a chill—
 Brain on fire—a rapid rill
 From cloven heart—a stifled breath—
 Tell me, ye wise, will this be death?
 Tell me, what I long to know,
 Presage of the fatal blow?
 Alas! ye cannot tell the hour,
 The way, the work of death's dark power;
 Then, let me bow beneath the sway
 Of Him whom earth and Heaven obey.
 Ask Him, my soul, to seek and save,
 And thus, unfearing, meet the grave.
 Jesu, Lord! be present Thou
 When Death's cold dews surround my brow;
 Let promised rod and staff be there,
 And faith and hope, and love and prayer;
 Visit my soul with glad surprise,
 And glad with heaven my longing eyes.

Rev. Thomas Drew, D.D.

From the Cross.

CCII.

WOMAN, behold thy son :
 Behold thy mother." From that hour
 Drawn by this word of power,
 Both hearts were joined in one,

He took her to his home
 To guard with filial reverence.
 The proudest palace-dome
 Had vainly lured her thence.

The mother of his Lord,
Committed to him from the Cross !
All earthly joys were dross
Beside this rich reward.

A sword pierced her own heart,
Dying almost in Jesus' death,
But balm to heal impart
The tender words He saith :

That in His torment there—
A dying Saviour sin-opprest—
He yet for her possest
A dying son's fond care.

By such peculiar meed
The lov'd apostle's place approved,
He feels himself indeed
His Saviour's own beloved.

Therefore, of love he tells,
Therefore, in every line he wrote,
Entranced our spirits note,
On love—on love—he dwells.

He wrote, as write he must,
Whom Christ the Lord had loved on earth,
And who has had in trust
Christ's mother at his hearth.

O Thou who seest in each
That fain would do Thy Father's will,
A deeper kindred still
Than aught of flesh can reach.

May we in spirit, knit
 By love and faith to Thee belong :
 Then hear Thy dying lips commit
 Thy feeble to Thy strong.

So, as we journey on,
 Linked one to other, be we found
 By such sweet tie as bound
 The Blessed Virgin and Saint John.

* *Rev. J. H. Martin, LL.D.*

Converted.

CCIII.

UAINLY were talents many a one
 Committed to his heedless trust :
 He knew God's will, and spurned it known,
 Servant to mammon and to lust.
 His trespass to a mountain grown
 Flung death's black shadow o'er the sward ;
 He, who cherished self alone,
 Stood self-condemned and self-abhorred.
 Then, in the dust repentant laid,
 He heard, and he believed the word—
 "For that thou never couldst have paid,
 Take the free quittance of thy Lord."

And now, forgiven all that debt,
 He loveth much and hateth sin,
 And from his shorten'd span is set
 The fruit of wasted years to win.
 Can earth nor hell his purpose let
 All things to do and to endure,
 "Ennobled by a vast regret,
 And by contrition sealed thrice sure."

For made in Christ from weakness strong,
 And from impurity made pure,
 Hell has not left the power to wrong,
 And earth has lost the charm to lure.

Needs hard-taxed strength to be restored?
 Well has he learned the how and where :
 The magic of the written word
 He knows, the secret power of prayer.
 Kneeling before the holy board,
 He breathes the Church's purest breath,
 Feeding upon the risen Lord,
 And pleading the atoning death :
 Deep heart-confession opes the heart
 For all that absolution saith :
 So goes he forth to do his part,
 By faithful works perfecting faith.

* *Rev. J. H. Martin, LL.D.*

The Transfiguration.

CCIV.

BLEST were the chosen three
 Who stood with Thee,
 Jesus, Thou Son of God,
 Once, on the Holy Mount,
 Whose height we count
 Nearest to heaven of any earthly sod—

Blest that they erst should be
 Summoned by Thee
 To meet hell's rudest shock,
 Each having strength from heaven
 With his name given,
 Two, as of thunder born ; one, as a rock.

But here, more brightly blest
 Than all the rest
Of men, for ever, are ;
To see the Lamb who died,
 The Crucified,
In heaven's high glory, yet without a scar.

To pass within the cloud
 That seems to shroud
The footstool of God's throne,
And there to hear His word
 Which none else heard,
Save Moses and Elias—they alone :

“ This is My lovèd Son,
 My Holy One,
Well pleasing ; hear ye Him ; ”
While streamed from Jesu's face
 Such rays of grace
That, in their sacred light, earth's sun grew dim,

Nor changed His face alone,
 But glory shone
E'en through the robes he ware ;
No earthly fuller's white,
 But heaven's bright
Radiance of holiness, exceeding fair.

So make us, Lord, to shine
 With light divine,
Treading where Thou hast trod,
Till, having run our race,
 We see Thy face
Transfigured to the Image of our God.

* *Rev. J. A. Stewart, A.M.*

O well for Him.

CCV.

O WELL for him who lives at ease
 With garnered gold in wide domain !
 Nor heeds the splashing of the rain,
 The crashing down of forest trees.

O well for him who ne'er hath known
 The travail of the hungry years,
 A father grey with grief and tears,
 A mother weeping all alone.

But well for him whose feet have trod
 The weary road of earthly strife,
 Yet from the sorrows of his life
 Builds ladders to be nearer God.

* *Oscar Wilde.***The unvintageable Sea.**

CCVI.

I STOOD by the unvintageable sea
 Till the wet waves drenched face and hair with spray ;
 The long red fires of the dying day
 Glowed in the west : the wind sang drearily,
 And to the land the clamouring gulls did flee :
 Alas ! I cried, my hands are weak with pain,
 How shall I gather fruit, or golden grain
 From these waste fields that travail ceaselessly ?

My nets gaped wide with many a break and flaw,
 Nathless I threw them as my final cast
 Into the sea : and waited for the end.
 When lo ! a sudden brightness ! and I saw
 Christ walking on the waters : fear was past ;
 I knew that I had found my perfect friend.

* *Oscar Wilde.*

Unto one Dead.

CCVII.

THOU knowest all :—I seek in vain
 What lands to till or sow with seed ;
 The land is black with briar and weed,
 Nor cares for falling tears or rain.

Thou knowest all :—I sit and wait
 With blinded eyes and hands that fail,
 Till the last lifting of the veil
 That hangs before God's holy gate.

Thou knowest all :—I cannot see ;
 I trust I shall not live in vain :
 I *know* that we shall meet again
 In some divine eternity.

* *Oscar Wilde.*

Nay, Come not thus.

CCVIII.

NAY, come not thus : white lilies in the spring,
 Sad olive-gardens, or the holy dove,
 Teach me more clearly of Thy life and love
 Than terrors of red flame and thundering ;
 Wind-shaken reeds dear memories of Thee bring ;
 A bird at evening flying to its nest
 Tells me of One who had no place of rest ;
 I think it is of Thee the sparrows sing.

Come rather on some autumn afternoon,
 When red and brown are burnished on the leaves,
 And the fields echo to the reapers' song.
 Come when the splendid fullness of the moon
 Looks down upon the rows of golden sheaves,
 And reap Thy harvest : we have waited long.

* *Oscar Wilde.*

To an Afflicted Friend.

CCIX.

D SUFFERING saint ! and too severely tried,
 But that thy God, unseen, is at thy side ;
 And even when most His comforts seem to cease,
 Still leads thee onward to a heavenly peace :
 Refines through pain, from earth's allurements wins,
 Breathes holy joy, in guise of grief for sins !
 Thyself to blame, by Him acquitted be,
 Such is the present lot assigned to thee.
 But thou shalt see thy Saviour face to face,
 The dark vale issuing in a sunny place ;
 Feel with surprise how His supporting arm
 Hath brought thee through that valley safe from harm :
 Own the past glooms but blessings in disguise,
 And that He viewed thee still with loving eyes.
 Forsaken thou may'st seem, but He is near,
 Hears every prayer, and numbers every tear ;
 And knowing, feeling our infirmity,
 Forgets not that dread moment on the Tree,
 When from His own humanity, awhile,
 Appeared to turn away His father's smile :
 And his strong cry of agony went up,
 As that desertion seemed to brim His cup !

Triumphant now o'er sorrows every wave,
 And able to the uttermost to save,
 He yet is touched by sufferings once His own,
 Nor leaves His blood-bought friends unheard to groan.
 A merciful High-Priest, and faithful, now
 In holiest place presents each troubled vow,
 And aids the comforter, by promise given,
 To intercede ineffably in heaven.

* *Sir W. R. Hamilton.*

Prayer for Calm.

CCX.

WHEN the disciples saw each surging hill
 Of waters threaten that frail bark, aboard
 Of which, rude-pillowed, lay their sleeping Lord,
 They roused Him, with affrighted prayers ;—and still,
 He, only He, can calm the mind at will ;
 His sovereign Word alone with power reprove
 Ambition's tumult, the unrest of love,
 And to the heart's wild waves say, Peace, be still.
 If to ourselves, then, Christ now sleeping seem,
 If, in *our* hearts we feel those billows rave,
 Let *us*, too, start to prayer from panic's dream,
 And from a risen Saviour mercy crave :
 Thy voice, O Lord, can still give calm supreme—
 Without Thee we are lost—but 'Thou canst save.

* *Sir W. R. Hamilton.*

Brooding Spirit.

CCXI.

BROODING Spirit of Wisdom and of Love,
 Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow me,
 Absorb me in thine own immensity,
 And raise me far my finite self above !
 Purge vanity away, and the weak care
 That name or fame of me may widely spread :
 And the deep wish keep burning in their stead,
 Thy blissful influence afar to bear,
 Or see it borne ! Let no desire of ease,
 No lack of courage, faith, or love, delay
 Mine own steps on that high thought-paven way,
 In which my soul her dear commission sees :
 Yet with an equal joy let me behold
 Thy chariot o'er that way by others rolled !

* *Sir W. R. Hamilton.*

'Tis true, I have Outfelt.

CCXII.

'TIS true, I have outfelt, and have out-thought,
 If my own feelings and own thoughts I know,
 That ardour for renown, which, long ago,
 So passionately in my young heart wrought,
 That all my being, with rich longing fraught,
 Burned, keenly fragrant, in one precious glow.
 Now would I only bend my spirit-bow
 For the high mark beheld by lonely Thought
 Heaven-eyed, and careless of the world's applause.
 Yet dear the memory and fresh the might
 Of fanes, where, to the aw'd enthusiast's sight,
 A brother's name from heaven a glory draws.
 A holy hope, and powerful still it were,
 That I in such a fane should minister.

* *Sir W. R. Hamilton.*

Who giveth Songs in the Night.

CCXIII.

WHEN sorrow appears, and the bosom despaireth
 Of ever again swelling joyous and glad,
 Oh! why not remember that One who declareth
 He resteth the weary—consoleth the sad.
 When the harp of the spirit lies hopelessly shattered—
 Its chord hanging broken, its melody gone—
 When of all the light strains with which early youth
 Flattered,
 There lingers around us not even a tone;
 'Tis then that the High and the Holy One sendeth
 To string it anew with hope truthful and bright,
 Which every sad wail of the sorrowful blendeth
 With strains of sweet comfort—"with songs in the
 night."

"Songs in the night," when the broken head burneth,
 Recalling the memories of bitterness past ;
 "Songs in the night," for the mother who mourneth
 Her young bud of promise—her dearest—her last.
 "Songs in the night," for a lonely one fated
 To weep o'er the hearth of a desolate home ;
 Songs for the spurned, for the hardly entreated—
 The driven unpitied unfriended to roam.
 Songs, o'er the heart of the sorrowful throwing
 A brightness that cometh like light from above,
 That hymneth of regions where tears shall cease flowing,
 Dried once and for ever by mercy and love.

* *Rev. Abraham Oulton.*

The Hem of His Garment.

CCXIV.

GOD of Calvary and Bethlehem,
 Thou who didst suffer rather than condemn,
 Grant me to touch Thy garment's healing hem.

Thou trailest Thy fair robes of seamless light
 Through this dark world of misery and night ;
 Its blackness cannot mar Thy spotless white.

Thou dost not, Master, as we pass Thee by,
 Draw in Thy robes lest we should come too nigh ;
 We see no scorn in Thine all-sinless eye.

There is no shrinking even from our touch,
 Thy tenderness to us is ever such,
 It can endure and suffer from us much.

Elizabeth Hamilton.

Repentance.

CCXV.

WHEN Truth's dread light around us flashes,
 And when within our conscience lashes,
 We sit in sack-cloth and in ashes—

When we begin ourselves to know,
 Had we no Christ to whom to go ;
 Oh ! dark unutterable woe !

Were there no Lamb amidst the throne ;
 It were for sinless knees alone,
 At sight of it we should but groan.

The awful dazzling of its white
 To us were blackness dark as night,
 But Christ is there to shade the light.

Our eyes with tears for sin are dim,
 But when we lift them unto Him,
 They lose their sorrow's darkening rim.

*Elizabeth Hamilton.***The Garden Sepulchre.**

CCXVI.

INTO a garden, at the dawn of day,
 I hastened. Flowers bright with dewy bloom
 Were round me. All within was fresh and gay.
 When suddenly I came upon a tomb,
 And, shuddering, turned away.
 "Must man be ever minded of his doom,
 E'en in his hours of mirth ?

Garden, thou art a fitting type of earth,
Whose flowers hide decay—
Farewell to thee, farewell!"
But in the evening some mysterious spell
Drew me unto that garden-tomb again,
Just ere the sun had set.
I found a great stone rolled against the door;
The sepulchre was empty now no more.
A little group of mourners, too, I met,
As they departed
Broken-hearted;
While such a scent of spices filled the air
That much I marvelled who was sleeping there.
Just then I found
A superscription fallen on the ground;
And read, with deep surprise,
The name and royal title of a king,
"A monarch" buried in such lowly guise;
But all surmise
To me was vain.
Startled by flutter of a wild bird's wing,
Which, in the awful solemnness around,
Seemed a mysterious and ghostly thing,
I lifted up mine eyes,
And lo! their glance fell on
A man unaged, but of most reverend mien;
A face more mournful I had never seen.
I ventured to draw near—
"Sir," I implored, "who is the sleeper here?"
The superscription in his hand I placed;
With awe I watched him while the words he traced.
"It is their King, whom they have crucified,"
With grief and indignation he replied.
Then, adding gently that his name was John,
On a low root all overgrown with moss
He made me rest beside him while he told
The wondrous story of Christ's life on earth,
From the great glories of His birth
Unto the latest anguish of the Cross,
To which He had been sold.

He talked until the moonbeams fell
 Around us. When in a pause
 I watched a muffled mourner sadly creep
 Up through the olives. "See! one comes to weep,"
 I murmured softly. "Yea, and he hath cause,"
 He answered. And a bitter wailing cry

 Upon the air arose,
 Alas! and did I on this day deny
 My Lord about to die;
 To Thee more cruel even than Thy foes."
 John sadly told me then, "I now must hasten
 To comfort her whom God doth sorely chasten,
 To whom this day Christ gave me as a son
 His mother;
 But how shall I replace the Holy One!"
 I cried, "One moment stay:
 Methinks this shepherd of the sheep,
 To whom death did obey,
 Is far too great for death to keep.
 Thou hast three resurrections seen
 Where Christ hath been,
 And with the morn thou shalt behold another
 Greater than that of Lazarus, Mary's brother."

Elizabeth Hamilton.

Calvary.

CCXVII.

WEA, all the paths of earth lead up to thee,
 O Calvary!
 The sad, the pleasant,
 Bond and free,
 The prince and peasant,
 As equals meet around thy tree.
 The Past and Present
 Merged into one are found
 Upon thy holy ground.

Darkness and light
Are on Christ's left and on His right,
But we ourselves must place
In judgment or in grace.
We may in darkness stand,
Or kneel in light at His right hand.
Unheeding of His wistful cry,
We cannot Christ pass by ;
We must "Hosanna" sing, or "Crucify ;"
Confess Him or deny.

Elizabeth Hamilton.

The Ascension.

CCXVIII.

THE crimson petals of the withering day
Lay scattered on a bank of evening cloud,
Came twinkling forth upon their glittering way
The bright forerunners of the starry crowd.
The hazy calmness of the eventide
Fell softly over mountain, stream, and hill ;
Time's greatest day in all its sunny pride
Was gathered to its fathers calm and still.
That day to be remembered evermore,
When ascending Lord the heavens bowed.
O Risen Crucified !
Straight from Thy Cross unto Thy Throne we soar.

Elizabeth Hamilton.

Comfort.

CCXIX.

FOR every sorrow here on earth
 There is sympathy in heaven,
 For every wound God's love inflicts
 A healing balm is given.
 It is our Father's hand that gives,
 The same hand takes away ;
 And we cannot murmur or complain
 While a Father leads the way.
 It was His love that chose our lot—
 It must be good and right,
 For is it not our Father's glance
 That makes the dark path bright,
 And gently leads His wandering child
 Out of the realm of night !

*Julia G. M. Kirchhoffer.***With Jesus.**

CCXX.

HIS impress was stamped on their tone and voice,
 As the godlike words poured forth ;
 His mark in their foreheads shewed, clear and bright
 The token of noble birth.
 They were not the sons of an ancient race,
 And no royal blood had they,
 But children of Him, who, as Lord and King,
 The monarchs of earth obey.

And their enemies marvelled at their mien,
 For little they thought or guessed
 They had touched the key-note of all ; it lay
 In two little words compressed—

“With Jesus.” Ah ! there was the mystery solved.
 They had heard Him as He taught ;
 With Him they had suffered, and watched, and prayed,
 And loved Him in deed and thought.

Oh ! would that on earth, 'mid the children of men,
 Who live but for sordid gain,
 For honour, or wealth, or wordly goods,
 Or pleasure that turns to pain,
 The lustre of Christians shone pure and bright,
 That all men might mark it well,
 The signet of those who are sons of God,
 Of those who “with Jesus” dwell !

Julia G. M. Kirchhoffer.

Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

CCXXI.

CAST thy bread upon the waters ;
 They will bear it far away
 On their restless tossing bosom,
 On the white and crested spray,
 Through the midnight waste of darkness.
 Through the scorching heat of day.

In the morning waken early,
 Scatter far and wide the seed—
 On the hard and trodden pathway,
 In the daisy-jewelled mead ;
 Heed not mocking eyes of wonder,
 God will mark the silent deed.

Drop a word of tender comfort,
 Solemn warning, counsel wise,
 Like a little wedge inserted,
 Well content in such disguise ;
 Fastened with a prayer and promise,
 Noted by immortal eyes.

Rosy morns arise in glory,
 Golden sunsets fade away,
 Spring and autumn, summer, winter,
 Each is passing on its way,
 And the world is growing older
 With each quick succeeding day.

Age and care have left their traces
 On thy brow in furrows deep,
 And thy eye is growing misty,
 And thou canst no longer weep,
 And the past is fading from thee,
 And remembrance sinks to sleep ;

But the bread cast forth in weakness,
 Where the surging billows rove,
 And the long-forgotten seedling,
 And the little word of love,—
 All have sped their silent errand ;
 Thou wilt find them all above.

Fulia G. M. Kirchhoffer.

Silence.

CCXXII.

WHO hath not felt the sacred hours
 Of stillness and of calm,
 When silence is more musical
 Than noblest chant or psalm ;
 When words are like the rippling wave
 That dies upon the shore,
 While the great ocean-depth of soul
 Lies voiceless evermore :

When a spirit loved and loving
Hath run out its mortal race,
And the soul in radiance rising
Drops its mantle on the face,
When a gleam of heaven's glory
On the marble brow is seen,
All is solemn hush and silence,
Where the voice of God hath been :

When the gentle moon, arising
From the dark mysterious sea,
Shedding o'er its troubled waters
Rays of peace and purity,—
Casts a path of silver glory,
That trembles in the wind,
As though a angel-host had passed,
And left their track behind :

When the full-toned organ swelling,
Poureth forth its music tide,
Sweeping past the clustered pillars,
Down along the minster wide,
Thrilling the enraptur'd listener
With a sudden rush of song,—
Then the spirit, crushed with beauty,
Sinks in silence, deep and long :

When the soul, in adoration,
Prostrate lies before the throne,
Words may never, never utter
What the spirit breathes alone ;
Other ear may never listen,
Other eye may never see ;
What the twillight silence covers,
Lies between thy God and thee !

Julia G. M. Kirchhoffer.

Prayer.

CCXXIII.

PRAYING to Thee, our wills do not require
 That Thou, the Lord who doest all things well,
 Guiding Thy world by laws immutable,
 Shouldst, when some wishes of our hearts' suspire
 Thee-ward in faith, grant unto the desire
 Of each man that which suits his own small need,
 (Lest others' wishes fail if *his* succeed,
 Being contrary): but lower will to higher
 Can, in proud meekness and strong helplessness,
 Yield, and own Law as girdling Destiny.
 Thou, setting us within fixed bounds, didst give
 Great passive strength to human littleness—
 Only we cry to Thee for *sympathy*;
 If Thou wilt *love* us, we can bear and live.

* *Elizabeth Dickinson West.*

"Let Him deny Himself."

CCXXIV.

WHEN Christ hath spoken to a human heart,
 "Take up thy cross—and follow after me,
 Renouncing self," (whether its will be free
 To yield up things possessed, or, harder part,
 It feel it hath no choice but take pain's smart
 All unassuaged by sense of power :) then he
 Whose will gives gladly or bears patiently
 Would from the thought of restitution start
 Grieved and indignant,—he who once hath poured
 His free-will or his patience forth, (and meant
 His gift should be accepted, though in worth
 It were so poor)—*he* would not see restored
 Things he renounced in true abandonment;
 Would not choose heaven to give joys missed on earth.

* *Elizabeth Dickinson West.*

The Mount of Olives.

CCXXV.

WHY stand ye gazing, men of Galilee,
Into the deep sky arching overhead,
As though ye waited there some proof to see
That there was truth in words the Master said?

Hath He not spoken "I will come again,"
And "Where I am, there shall ye also be?"
Need ye some vision to make this more plain?
Must ye have sight to give faith certainty?

Rather go back to your Jerusalem,
Unto what work ye find before you set,
These things are safe, with all the love of them;
Need ye delay upon Mount Olivet?

Why stand ye gazing, men of Galilee,
Ye who have watched God's cloud from sight receive
Blessings of earth? Yea, though most good they be,
Better it is if *thus* ye see them leave.

Have ye not faith in all the words ye said?
Why need ye linger here to test your creed?
Doubt ye at all the "rising of the dead"—
Or that its First-fruits, Christ, is risen indeed?

Unto your life's Jerusalem return
Gladly, for if ye take "great joy" with you,
Joy of a confidence most calm and stern,
Old ways and common will seem high and new.

* *Elizabeth Dickinson West*

A Voice from Heaven.

CCXXVI.

VOICE of Jesus—calling, calling—
“I have died for thee,
Earth is dark, and night is falling,
Come, sad soul, to Me.

“Why, O child of tears and weeping,
Dost thou still remain
In the chill of bondage sleeping,
Slave to sin and pain?

I have conquered fear and sorrow,
Peace is mine to give,
Seek with Me a brighter morrow,
Look on Me and live.”

Voice of Jesus—calling, calling—
“Art thou still afraid?
Is that sin so fair, so thralling,
Canst not strike it dead?

Look on Me, O faint believer,
Look, and steadfast be;
I have loved thee, loved for ever,
Leave that sin, *for Me*.”

Voice of Jesus—calling, calling—
“By the riverside
Linger not, the night is falling,
Deep the stream, and wide.

Cling, belovèd, I am near thee
In the hour of death ;
Call, belovèd, I can hear thee,
Hear thy faintest breath."

Voice of Jesus—calling, calling—
"Now the stream is past,
Earthly cares and burdens falling,
Thou art mine, at last."

* *Kathleen Knox.*

God shall wipe all Tears away.

CCXXVIII.

ONCE again the day is breaking,
And the beams of early morn
End a night of pain and waking,
To that sufferer forlorn,
Who, through months of tears and sorrow
On the couch of sickness lay,
Wishing he might go to-morrow
Where all tears are wiped away.

All the days of merry childhood,
In his fancy passed again,
When he wandered, 'mid the wild wood,
Free from sorrow, free from pain ;
All the joys of youth bereft him
Came to memory as he lay,
And he felt but one hope left him—
"God shall wipe all tears away."

Oft he thought it hard, when round him
 Stood the loving, kind, and true,
 That the heart-ties here which bound him
 Should be severed ; but he knew
 Earthly joys are tinged with sorrow,
 They must part who meet to-day :—
 There's no parting, no to-morrow,
 Where all tears are wiped away.

Time rolls on—the wasting fingers
 Of disease have left their trace
 On that frame—yet still there lingers
 Brightness o'er that pallid face ;
 Light that shows the end is nearer,
 Spirit soon shall spurn the clay,
 For he hears the whisper clearer—
 “ God shall wipe thy tears away.”

'Mid the night, as she who bore him,
 Kissed his wan and woe-worn cheek,
 There is coldness creeping o'er him,
 Ah ! he can no longer speak ;
 On that face no pang of dying,
 Calm as slumbering there he lay,
 No more sorrow, no more sighing—
 God hath wiped his tears away.

John P. MacAfee, M.D.

The Song of the Pilgrim.

CCXXIX.

I'M weary, Oh, I'm weary—
 How weary for “THE REST,”
 Though it lay in pathless forest,
 Where the wild bird builds her nest :

I'd lay these throbbing temples
 On a cold uncover'd stone,
 If only I might rest me ;
 Chill, houseless, and alone.

I'm weary, Oh, how weary !
 I've toiled till night is nigh,
 And sunset calm is gilding
 The far-off Western sky :
 While languid eyes are closing,
 And drooping eyelids weep,
 I, too, way-worn and weary,
 Would lay me down to sleep.

I'd sleep, where fond ones slumber
 Beneath the smooth green sod,
 And dream with them of waking,
 And rest, like them, with God :
 Earth's dreams ! ye all are baseless ;
 Earth's hopes ! ye all have fled ;
 Earth's joys ! poor vanished visions ;
 All, all around are dead.

Earth's flow'rets ! pale and pining,
 Ye waked to smile and die—
 Fain would I seek to find you
 Beyond that stilly sky :
 Oh ! for the clime all cloudless,
 Oh ! for the endless day !
 For *there* are hearts that change not,
 There love knows no decay.

No pilgrim there sits lonely,
 By wayside bleak and bare ;
 Nor blighted hopes and broken,
 Nor solitude is there.
 I'm weary, Oh ! I'm weary—
 Oh ! now to share His rest !
Here, once the " Man of Sorrows,"
There, Joy of all the Blest.

* *Canon MacIlwaine.*

The Hope of the Saint.

CCXXX.

CITY ! brighter than the sun,
Than the silver moon more fair ;
Height, by saints and martyrs won,
Climbed through want, and woe, and care—

Oft, methinks, I see thy gates,
Each a pearl, of purest ray ;
Hear the jubilee which waits
Those who walk thy golden way ;

View thy walls, as crystal clear,
Built with gem and precious stone ;
Bring thy vision'd glories near,
Catch the radiance of thy throne ;

Pause to hear the central psalm
Rising round the fount of love,
Where the white robe and the palm
Grace that host, all hosts above.

And should earth come gliding in,
Such brief moments' bliss to blight—
Strong temptation, dream of sin,
Cloud of sorrow, shade of night—

Still thy brightness o'er me shed,
Draws to heaven the silent prayer—
Oh ! the paths of peace to tread !
Least and lowest—only there !

* *Canon MacIlwaine.*



Appendix.

The ancient Hymns of the Irish Church, which are translated in the "*Lyra*," are here given in the original Latin. The Editor has been prompted thus to reprint them by the consideration that they may not be very readily accessible to some readers, as also that they may prove interesting and useful, for the purpose of comparison with the several English versions.

Sancti Patricii Hymnus ad Temoriam.

I.

AD Temoriam hodie potentiam præpollentem invoco
Trinitatis,

Credo in Trinitatem sub (τη) unitate (του) numinis elemen-
torum.

Apud Temoriam hodie virtutem nativitatis Christi cum eâ
ejus baptismi,

Virtutem crucifixionis cum eâ ejus sepulturæ,

Virtutem resurrectionis cum eâ ascensionis,

Virtutem adventûs ad judicium æternum.

Apud Temoriam hodie virtutem amoris Seraphim in obsequio
angelorum,

In spe resurrectionis ad adipiscendum præmium.

In orationibus nobilium Patrum,

In prædicationibus prophetarum,

In prædicationibus apostolorum,

In fide confessorum,

In castitate sanctarum virginum,
In actis justorum virorum.
Apud Temoriam hodie potentiam cœli,
Lucem solis,
Candorem nivis,
Vim ignis,
Rapiditatem fulguris,
Velocitatem venti,
Profunditatem maris,
Stabilitatem terræ,
Duritiam petrarum.
Ad Temoriam hodie potentia Dei me dirigat,
Potestas Dei me conservet,
Sapientia Dei me edoceat,
Oculus Dei mihi provideat,
Auris Dei me exaudiat,
Verbum Dei me disertum faciat,
Manus Dei me protegat,
Via Dei mihi pâtescat,
Scutum Dei me protegat,
Exercitus Dei me defendat,
Contra insidias dæmonum,
Contra illecebras vitiorum,
Contra inclinationes animi,
Contra omnem hominem qui meditetur injuriam mihi,
Procul et prope,
Cum paucis et cum multis.
Posui circa me sane (τας) omnes, potentias, has
Contra omnem potentiam hostilem sævam
Excogitatum meo corpori et meæ animæ;
Contra incantamenta pseudo-vatum,
Contra nigras leges gentilitatis,
Contra pseudo-leges hæreseôs,
Contra dolum idololatriæ,
Contra incantamenta mulierum,
Et fabrorum ferrariorum et druidum,
Contra omnem scientiam quæ occæcat animum hominis.
Christus me protegat hodie
Contra venenum,
Contra combustionem,

Contra demersionem,
Contra vulnera,
Donec meritis essem multum præmii.
Christus (*sit*) mecum,
Christus ante me,
Christus me pone,
Christus in me,
Christus infra me,
Christus supra me,
Christus ad dextram meam,
Christus ad lævam meam,
Christus hine,
Christus illine,
Christus a tergo.
Christus (*sit*) in corde omnis hominis quem alloquar,
Christus in ore cujusvis qui me alloquatur,
Christus in omni oculo qui me videat,
Christus in omni aure quæ me audiat.
Ad Temoriam hodie potentiam præpollentem invoco Trinitatis.
Credo in Trinitatem sub ($\tau\eta$) Unitate numinis elementorum.
Domini est salus,
Domini est salus,
Christi est salus,
Salus tua, Domine, sit semper nobiscum.

Hymnus S. Columbæ.

Altus Prosator.*

II.

ALTUS prositor vetustus dierum et inginitus,
 Erat absque origine primordii et crepidine,
 Est et erit in secula seculorum infinita ;
 Cui est unigenitus Christus, et Sanctus Spiritus,
 Coaeternus in gloriâ deitatis perpetua :
 Non tris Deos depromimus sed unum Deum dicimus,
 Salvâ fide in personis tribus gloriosissimis.

* The original of this ancient and justly celebrated Hymn, a translation of which, from the pen of the late Dr. Todd, slightly modified, appears at p. 8 of the *Lyra*, is here given from the *Liber Hymnorum*. For a full account of both the Hymn itself and Dr. Todd's version, the reader is referred to that publication, and to the learned notes there appended. It may here be briefly stated that the Hymn was first printed by Colgan from an ancient copy, supposed to be that now found at St. Isidore's, in Rome. The text printed by Dr. Todd, and here reprinted, is chiefly from the MS. in Trin. Col., Dublin. Originally the Hymn consisted of alphabetical stanzas, from A to Z. Those from O to X, inclusive, are missing, a leaf having been lost from the Dublin MS. They have been supplied by Dr. Todd, from Colgan's copy of the *Trias Thaumaturga* ; the MS. which contains the Hymn, the *Leabhar Breacc*, in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, being still more defective than that of Trinity College, all the stanzas after H being lost. The Hymn is written, as Dr. Todd observes, "in a rude Latinity." The transcript of it, however, here given, will prove interesting to the student of Irish antiquity. It is reprinted accurately from the *Liber Hymnorum*, Fasciculus ii. p. 205. Its archaisms and orthography are preserved, and hence some of the terms may, unfortunately, be unintelligible, at least without study and reference to lexicons of mediæval latinity, although the context will enable most readers, with some care, to ascertain their meaning. It may be as well to add, that the title, "*Altus Prosator*," (spelt also *prositor*) is properly rendered "*High Father*," by Dr. Todd. The latter term is derived from *prosero*, to bring forth, beget, and strictly means creator. The meaning of this and other difficult or obsolete terms is fully discussed in the learned notes of the publication here quoted, as already mentioned.

BONOS creavit angelos ordines et archangelos
 Principatum ac sedium, potestatum, virtutum ;
 Uti non esset bonitas otiosa ac majestas,
 Trinitatis in omnibus largitatis muneribus,
 Sed haberet celestia in quibus previgilia
 Ostenderet magnopere possibili fatimine.

CELI de regni apice stationis angelicæ,
 Claritate præfulgoris venustate speciminis,
 Superbiendo ruerat Lucifer, quem formaverat,
 Apostataeque angeli eodem lapsu lugubri ;
 Auctoris cenodoxiae pervicacis invidiae,
 Ceteris remanentibus in suis principatibus.

DRACO magnus deterrimus, terribilis et antiquus,
 Qui fuit serpens lubricus sapientior omnibus
 Bestiis et animantibus terrae feracioribus,
 Tertiam partem siderum traxit secum in barathrum
 Locorum infernalium diversorumque carcerum,
 Refuga veri luminis parasito præcipites.

EXCELSUS mundi machinam providens et armoniam
 Caelum et terram fecerat, mare et aquas condidit,
 Herbarum quoque germina, virgultorum arbuscula,
 Solem, lunam, ac sidera, ignem et necessaria ;
 Aves, pisces, et peccora, bestias et animalia,
 Hominem demum, regere protoplastum præagmine.

FACTIS simul sideribus, etheris luminaribus,
 Collaudaverunt angeli factura præmirabili
 Immensæ molis Dominum opificem celestium
 Preconio laudabile debito et immobile,
 Contentuque egregio grates egerunt Domino
 Amore et arbitrio non naturæ donario.

GRASSATIS primis duobus seductisque parentibus,
 Secundo ruit Zabulus, cum suis satilitibus ;
 Quorum horrore vultuum sonoque volitantium
 Consternarentur homines, metu territi fragiles,
 Non valentes carnalibus hæc intueri visibus,
 Qui nunc ligantur fascibus ergastulorum nexibus.

HIC sublatus e medio dejectus est a Domino,
 Cujus aeris spatium constipatur satilitum,
 Globo invisibilium turbido perduellium,
 Ne malis exemplaribus imbuti ac sceleribus,
 Nullis unquam tegentibus septis ac parietibus,
 Fornicarentur homines palam omnium oculis.

INVEHUNT nubes pontias ex fontibus brumalias,
 Tribus profundioribus occiani dodrantibus,
 Maris celi climatibus ceruleis turbinibus,
 Profuturas segetibus, viniis et germinibus,
 Agitatae flaminibus thesauris emergentibus,
 Quique paludes marinas evacuant reciprocas.

LADUCA ac tyrannica mundique momentania,
 Regum presenti gloria nutu Dei depossita,
 Ecce gigantes gemere sub aquis magno ulcere,
 Comprobantur incendio aduri ac suplicio ;
 Cocitique carubdibus strangulati turgentibus,
 Scillis obtecti fluctibus eliduntur et scropibus.

IGATAS aquas nubibus frequenter crebrat Dominus,
 Ut ne erumpant protinus simul ruptis obicibus ;
 Quarum uberioribus venis velut uberibus
 Pedetemtim natantibus telli pertractus istius,
 Gellidis ac ferventibus diversis in temporibus,
 Usquam influunt flumina nunquam deficientia.

MAGNI Dei virtutibus appenditur dialibus
 Globus terræ et circulus abyssi, magnæ inditus,
 Suffulta Dei iduma omnipotentis valida,
 Columnis velut vectibus eundem sustentantibus ;
 Promontoriis et rupibus solidis fundaminibus,
 Velut quibusdam bassibus firmatis immobilibus.

NULLI videtur dubium in imis esse infernum,
 Ubi habentur tenebræ, vermes, ac diræ bestię ;
 Ubi ignis solphorius ardens flammis edacibus,
 Ubi rugitus hominum fletus ac stridor dentium,
 Ubi gehennæ gemitus, terribilis et antiquus,
 Ubi ardor flammaticus sitis famisque horridus.

QRBEM infra, ut legimus, incolas esse novimus,
 Quorum genu præcario frequenter flectit Domino,
 Quibusque impossibile librum scriptum revolvere,
 Obsignatum signaculis monitis,
 Quem idem resignaverat, per quem victor extiterat,
 Explens sui præsagmina adventus prophætalia.

PLANTATUM a prohemio Paradisum a Domino
 Legimus in Primordio Genesis nobilissimo.
 Cujus ex fonte flumina quatuor sunt manantia,
 Cujus et situm florido lignum vitæ est medio
 Cujus non cadunt folia gentibus salutifera
 Cujus inenarrabiles deliciæ ac fertiles.

QUIS ad conductum Domini montem conscendit Sinai,
 Quis audivit tonitrua supra modum sonantia?
 Quis clangorem perstreperæ enormitatis buccinæ?
 Quis quoque vidit fulgura in gyro coruscantia?
 Quis lampades et jacula, saxaque collidentia?
 Præter Israelitici Moysen judicem populi?

REGIS regum rectissimi, prope est dies Domini;
 Dies iræ et vindictæ, tenebrarum et nebulæ;
 Diesque mirabilium tonitruorum fortium;
 Dies quoque angustiae, mœroris ac tristitiæ;
 In quo cessabit mulierum amor et desiderium,
 Hominumque contentio, mundi hujus et cupido.

STANTES erimus pavidī ante tribunal Domini;
 Reddemusque de omnibus rationem effectibus;
 Videntes quoque posita ante obtutus crimina,
 Librosque conscientiae patefactos in facie,
 In fletus amarissimos ac singultus erumpemus,
 Subtracta necessaria operandi materia.

TUBA primi Archangeli strepente admirabilia
 Erumpent munitissima claustra ac poliandria,
 Mundi præsentis frigora hominum liquescentia,
 Undique conglobantibus ad compagines ossibus,
 Animabus ætherialibus eisdem obeuntibus,
 Rursumque redeuntibus debitis in mansionibus.

UAGATUR ex climatico Orion cœli cardine,
 Derelicto Virgilio astrorum splendissimo,
 Per methas Tithis ignoti Orientalis circuli,
 Girans certis ambagibus redit priscis redditibus,
 Oriens post biennium, vesperugo in vesperum,
 Sumpta in proplasmatis tropicis intellectibus.

ÆTO de cœlis Domino descendente altissimo,
 Præfulgebit clarissimum signum crucis et vexillum,
 Tactisque luminaribus duobus principalibus,
 Cadent in terram sydera, ut fructis de ficulneâ,
 Eritque mundi spatium, ut fornacis incendium,
 Tunc in montium specubus abscondent se exercitus.

PMNORUM cantionibus sedulo tinnientibus,
 Tropodis sanctis milibus angelorum vernantibus,
 Quatuorque plenissimis animalibus oculis,
 Cum viginti felicibus quatuor senioribus,
 Coronas admittentibus Agni Dei sub pedibus,
 Laudatur tribus vicibus Trinitas eternalibus.

℥ELUS ignis furibundus consumet adversarios
 Nolentes Christum credere Deo a patre venisse :
 Nos vero evolabimus et protinus,
 Et sic cum ipso erimus in diversis ordinibus,
 Dignitatum pro meritis premiorum perpetuis,
 Permansuri in gloria a seculis in gloriâ.

Quis potest Deo placere novissimo in tempore
 Variatis insignibus veritatis ordinibus,
 Excortis contemptoribus mundi presentis istius.

Deum patrem ingenitum, celi et terræ Dominum,
 Ab eodemque Filium, secula ante primogenitum ;
 Deumque Spiritum Sanctum, verum unum altissimum,
 Invoco ab auxillium mihi oportunissimum,
 Minimo prestat omnium sibi deservientium,
 Quem angelorum milibus consociabit Dominum.

Sancti Venite.*

III.

SANCTI venite,
Christi corpus sumite ;
Sanctum bibentes
Quo redempti sanguinem.

Salvati Christi
Corpore et sanguine,
A quo refecti,
Laudes dicamus Deo.

Hoc sacramento
Corporis et sanguinis,
Omnes exuti
Ab inferni faucibus.

Dator salutis,
Christus filius Dei.
Mundum salvavit,
Per crucem et sanguinem.

Pro universis
Immolatus Dominus,
Ipse Sacerdos
Existit et hostia.

Lege preceptum
Immolari hostias,
Qua adumbrantur
Divina mysteria.

Lucis indultor
Et salvator omnium,
Præclaram sanctis
Largitus est gratiam.

* From the "*Liber Hymnorum*," Fasciculus i., 43.

Accedant omnes
 Pura mente creduli,
 Sumant æternam
 Salutis custodiam.

Sanctorum custos,
 Rector quoque Dominus
 Vitæ perennis
 Largitur credentibus.

Cœlestem panem
 Dat esurientibus,
 De fonte vivo
 Prebet sitientibus.

Alpha et omega
 Ipse Christus Dominus
 Venit, venturus
 Judicare homines.

ROLI, PATER.*

IV.

ROLI, pater, indulgere
 Tonitrua cum fulgure,
 Ac frangamur formidine
 Hujus atque uridine.
 Te timemus terribilem
 Nullum credentes similem,
 Te cuncta canunt carmina
 Angelorum per agmina.
 Teque exultent culmina
 Cæli vagi per fulmina,
 O Jhesu amantissime

* The two hymns following, as well as the "*Altus prosator*," are given by Colgan in the "*Trias Thaumaturga*," published in 1647, with preface and notes to each. They are also given in the "*Liber Hymnorum*," as above.

O rex regum rectissime.
 Benedictus in secula
 Recta regens regimina.
 Johannes coram domino
 Adhuc matris in utero,
 Repletus dei gratia
 Pro vino atque siccera.
 Elizabeth et Zacharias
 Virum magnum genuit,
 Johannem baptizam
 Precursorem domini.
 Manet in meo corde
 Dei amoris flamma
 Ut in argenti vase
 Auri ponitur gemma.

In te Christe.

v.

IN te Christe credentium
 Miserearis omnium,
 Tu es deus in secula
 Seculorum in gloria.
 Deus in adjutorium
 Intende laborantium,
 Ad dolorum remedium
 Festina in auxilium.
 Deus pater credentium,
 Deus vita viventium,
 Deus deorum omnium,
 Deus virtus virtutum,
 Deus formator omnium,
 Deus et iudex judicum,
 Deus et princeps principum
 Elementorum omnium.
 Deus opis eximiæ
 Celestis hierusolimæ,

Deus rex regni in gloria,
Deus ipse viventium.
Deus æterni luminis
Deus inenarrabilis,
Deus altus amabilis
Deus inestimabilis.
Deus largus longanimis
Deus doctor docibilis,
Deus qui facit omnia
Nova cuncta et vetera.
Dei patris in nomine
Filique sui prospere,
Sancti spiritus utique
Recto vado itenere.
Christus redemptor gentium
Christus amator virginum,
Christus fons sapientium,
Christus fides credentium.
Christus lorica militum,
Christus creator omnium,
Christus salus viventium
Et vita morientium.
Coronavit exercitum nostrum
Cum turba martirum,
Christus crucem ascenderat,
Christus mundum salvaverat.
Christus et nos redemeret,
Christus pro nobis passus est,
Christus infernum penetrat,
Christus cælum ascenderat.
Christus cum deo sederat
Ubi nunquam defuerat.
Gloria hæc est altissimo
Deo patri ingenito,
Honor ac summo filio
Unico unigenito.
Spirituique obtimo
Sancto perfecto sedulo,
Amen fiat perpetua
In sempiterna secula.

De Nativitate Domini.*

VI.

A SOLIS ortûs cardine,
Ad usque terræ limitem,
Christum canamas principem,
Natum Mariâ Virgine.

Beatus auctor sæculi
Servile corpus induit,
Ut carne carnem liberans,
Ne perderet quos condidit.

Castæ parentis viscera
Cælestis intrat gratia,
Venter puellæ bajulat
Secreta quæ non noverat.

Domus pudici pectoris
Templum repente fit Dei,
Intacta nesciens virum
Verbo concepit filium.

Enixa est puerpera
Quem Gabriel prædixerat,
Quem matris alvo gestiens
Clausus Johannes senserat.

Fœno jacere pertulit
Præsepe non abhorruit,
Parvoque lacte pastus est,
Per quem nec ales esurit.

Gaudet chorus cœlestium
Et angeli canunt Deo,
Palamque fit pastoribus
Pastor Creator omnium.

* For an English version of this Hymn of Sedulius, see the "*Lyra*,"
p. 13.

Hostis Herodes impie
Christum venire quid times?
Non arripit mortalia
Qui regni dat cœlestia.

Ibant Magi quam viderant
Stellam sequentes præviam,
Lumen requirunt lumine,
Deum fatentur munere.

Caterva matrum personat,
Collisa deflens pignora,
Quorum tyrannus millia,
Christo sacravit victima.

Lavacra puri gurgitis,
Cœlestis agnus attigit,
Peccata quæ non detulit,
Nos abluendo sustulit.

Miraculis dedit fidem
Habere se Deum Patrem,
Infirma sanans corpora,
Resuscitans cadavera.

Novum genus potentiæ,
Aquæ rubescent hydriæ
Vinumque jussa fundere,
Mutavit unda originem.

Orat salutem servulo,
Flexus genu centurio,
Credientis ardor plurimus,
Extinxit ignes febrium.

Petrus per undas ambulat,
Christi levatus dexterâ,
Natura quam negaverat
Fides paravit semitam.

Quartâ die jam foetidus
Vitam recepit Lazarus,
Cunctisque liber vinculis,
Factus superstes est sibi.

Rivos cruoris horridi
Contacta vestis obstruit,
Flectu rigante supplicis
Arent fluenta sanguinis.

Solutus omni corpore
Jussus repente surgere,
Suis vicissim gressibus.
Æger vehebat lectulum.

Tunc ille Judas carnifex
Ausus magistrum tradere,
Pacem ferebat osculo,
Quam non habebat pectore.

Verax datur fallacibus,
Pium flagellat impius,
Crucique fixus innocens
Conjungitur latronibus.

Xeromyrrham post Sabbatum
Quædam vehebant corpori,
Quas allocutus angelus
Vivum sepulchro non tegi.

Hymnis venite dulcibus
Omnes canamus subditum,
Christi triumpho Tartarum,
Qui nos redemit venditus.

Zelum Draconis invidit
Atque os leonis pessimi,
Calcavit unicus Dei,
Seseque cœlis reddidit.

In trouble and in grief, O God.

CCXXVII.

In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused ;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Perfume the air when bruised.

The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven ;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

All-gracious Lord ! whate'er my lot
At other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to Thee.

Richard T. P. Pope, M.A.

Index of First Lines.

	PAGE
"Able to Succour" in the hour... ..	243
A dream of many waters. I beheld	26
Ad Temoriam hodie potentiam præpollentem invoco Trinitatis	345
Agnus Dei! when the heart is weary	295
Ah! Cruel Reaper of the Flowers... ..	95
All bounteous Lord of Harvest... ..	268
Altus prositor vetustus dierum et ingenitus	348
A messenger that stood beside my bed... ..	58
Angel of charity, who from above	277
A solis ortûs cardine	357
As panting flies the hunted hind	279
As when a seeker findeth	173
At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour... ..	4
Banquet of love! O feast divine	318
Bear your cross, Christian, yes bravely bear on	306
Blest be the day, all gracious Lord	221
Blest were the chosen three	322
But how shall we be glad?	22
By Nebo's lonely mountain	59
Cast thy bread upon the waters... ..	335
Children of the new creation	145
Christ is born, go tell the story... ..	213
Christ, our Sun, on us arose	261
City! brighter than the sun	344
Come, Holy Ghost, and from on high	198
Come in, sweet thought, come in	51
Crowned with thorns, arrayed in purple	235
Day of ire, woe worth that day	17
Down from the mount he cometh	315
Draw nigh, ye holy ones, draw nigh	195
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust"	271
Enthroned and mantled in a snow-white robe	103

Ere the lonely power of night	281
Eternal Spirit ! Thou whose wing	225
Fair in their sunny beds they grew	90
Father, keep under	201
For every sorrow here on earth	334
Forth from the camp of Israel	67
From England's gilded halls of state	48
From out the cloud of amber light	252
From sorrow's depths to Thee I cry	84
From the far rising of the sun	13
Give thanks to God, the Lord	228
Give thyself to Jesus' hand	312
God's Son was born—a light arose, and darkness fled from earth away	158
Great huntsman of the eastern sky, Orion huge and bright	150
Great Jehovah ! we will praise Thee	264
Hark ! the sounds of gladness	216
Hark ! the voice of loud lament	85
Hark ! what notes of rolling thunder	230
Has the peace of God relieved you	126
Heaven ring with rapture	197
He is not dead but sleepeth	112
High sate King Edwin in his hall	169
His impress was stamped on their tone and voice	334
Holy Spirit, love divine	260
How great the loss, how foul the stain... ..	314
How long, O Lord, how long !	107
How vast the little infinite, where march	190
I bind to myself to-day	I
I dreamed of a phantom Christ... ..	297
If there be power in song's harmonious meed	147
I have ere now been half inclined	180
I'm weary, oh, I'm weary	342
In deep affliction's troubled hour	284
Injured, hopeless, faint and weary	82
In te Christe credentium	355
Into a garden at the dawn of day	330
In trouble and in grief, O God	360
In trouble for my sin I cried to God	57
In youthful dignity and lovely grace	37
I said, "I will find God," and forth I went	289
Israel on Moreh's steep	129

I stood beside the margin of a sea	192
I stood beside yon fountain, where the sun	302
I stood by the unvintageable sea	324
It breathes no more ! one low drawn sigh	285
I would fain enjoy the sunshine	155

Jehovah Sabaoth	238
Jesu, most loving One, who from Thy glory's throne	262
Jesus, at Thy command	212
Jesus drains the cup of sorrows...	214

Learning sat in a lonely tower	55
Lent marks the Spring, it is the spring of tears	303
Lift high your notes	239
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart	254
Lord, Christ, if Thou art with us, and these eyes	290
Lord ! ere we turn us to repose	226
Lord, I have knelt and tried to pray to-night	289
Lord, many times I am aweary quite	280
Lord, of Thy mercy hear our cry	247
Lord supreme, in glory dwelling	223
" Lovest thou Me ?" to him who wailed his folly...	157

Men walk astray in ignorance ; or grow	102
Merrily the minster bells	293
Morning cometh, wanes the night	265
My breast was as a briary brake	53
My Father, when I hear Thy voice	257

Nay, come not thus : white lilies in the Spring	325
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled	54
Noli, pater, indulgere	354
Now God suspends its shadowy pall	106
Now I draw near, alone, apart	292

O brooding Spirit of Wisdom and of Love	327
O'er heaven's pure arch a star of living light	282
O for the robes of whiteness	244
O God of Calvary and Bethlehem	329
Oh ! if the atheist's words were true	278
Oh, seek not that the world should know	287
O Jesus ! blessed Saviour	242
O King, most meek, most lowly	266
O King of wounds ! O Son of Heaven ! who died	279
O life, O death, O world, O time	25

O Lord, thou knowest all the snares	248
O man of sorrows, hast thou given to me	246
O memory ! O memory	74
Once again the day is breaking	341
Once in royal David's city	251
O soul, held prisoner out of reach	77
O suffering saint ! and too severely tried	326
On summer eves	304
On the mountain's top appearing	217
O Thou from whom no heart is hidden	256
O Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear... ..	274
O Thou, whose all-enlivening ray	315
Our Lord Christ hath risen	255
O weary souls, whose dreams fly fast and fleet	75
O well for him who lives at ease	324
O wonderful ! round whose birth-hour	34
O world ! thou hoary monster, whose old age	189
On yester eve, I saw at play	190

Pity on us, heavenly Father	236
Praise the Lord, for He is gracious, praise the Lord for He is just... ..	141
Praying to Thee, our wills do not require	338
Proud Reason, Science, now engross the world	123

Read me a tale to-night, my love	79
Rest in the Lord, blest in the Lord	294
Rise up, rise up, O Rahab	65
Roll back ye bars of light	267
Roll on, thou sun, in glory roll	269

Sancti venite	353
See the Lamb take up the scroll	309
See, the star that leads the day	207
Seemeth not love at times so occupied... ..	20
Shall I live till I am old ?	318
She was the fairest of all things on earth	139
Silent and sad, deep gazing on the clay	41
Silent leaf of autumn	134
Sinful, sighing to be blest	237
Sinners come, by guilt afflicted... ..	231
Spirit of God, descend upon my heart	221
Stood the mournful mother weeping	199
Sweet Dove, that homeward winging	277
Swift o'er the desert plains the wild wind sweeps	301

Teach us, Almighty Lord, this day	220
Tell us, thou glorious star of eve	270
The air is chill, the ground is froze	110
The beam-repelling mists arise	208
The bird in the bower	311
The bird let loose in eastern skies	273
The Christ-child came to my bed one night	299
The crimson petals of the withering day	333
The Father exalted, ancient of days, unbegotten	8
The head that once was crowned with thorns...	215
The heaven of heavens cannot contain	229
The last faint glimmer of sunset gold	72
The love of my heart is Thy heart, O Saviour dear	91
The marvels of the seas and earth	105
The noblest songs that angels sing	232
The roseate hues of early dawn...	250
Thereafter I beheld, and lo ! in heaven	97
There is a bleak desert when daylight grows weary	276
There is a joy unknown in heaven	233
There is a single stone	299
They spake to him of old who sat	86
They were simple of speech and mind	88
Thine, Father, is the Kingdom	177
Thou art gone up on high	248
Thou art, O God, the life and light	272
Thou inevitable day	24
Thou knowest all :—I seek in vain...	325
Thou, who all men dost relieve...	202
Thou whose meek eyes are bending o'er my page	191
Through mighty Nineveh	167
Thy light and thy salvation	241
Thy temple, Lord, it nobly stands	317
Thy way is best, my Father	245
'Tis an angel of light and love	171
'Tis true I have out-felt and have out-thought	328
To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now	253
To God give foremost praises	50
To God ye choir above begin	205
'Twas on the plain of Dura	69
Two lines—bright issues of undying mind	187
Under an aged olive by the sea	182
Uplift the voice of melody, your choicest numbers bring	224
Upon the hill the prophet stood	45
Vainly were talents, many a one	321
Voice of Jesus, calling, calling	340

Waves, waves, waves	280
Weary with my load of sin	263
We've no abiding city here	218
Were not the sinful Mary's tears	275
What mean they standing aloof, the people who watch us and weep?	120
What! weeping? Had ye your Christ yesterday ...	290
When backward on my actions past	204
When Christ hath spoken to a human heart	338
When I wander by the ocean	93
When late on life's departed years	284
When low and selfish is the life I lead	307
When my love is failing... ..	258
When my feet have wandered	233
When sorrow appears and the bosom despaireth	328
When Truth's dread light around us flashes	330
When the disciples saw each surging hill	327
When the riddle of thy life darkest seems	296
When thou dost meet the dead	132
When wounded sore the stricken heart	249
Where is the breath of heaven	310
Where is that garden of the Lord God planted?	63
Where in hot winds the heavy curtains swung	118
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	211
Who hath not felt the sacred hours?	336
Who is the foe, my spirit tell?	227
Who may tell how often sorrow	305
Why rush the wild thousands?	42
Why stand ye gazing, men of Galilee?	339
Why was this forehead finely formed?	308
With bold and tireless footsteps	175
Within His house the God of love	183
With its measured pause and its long-drawn wail	149
With kind compassion hear me cry?	209
With tearful eyes I look around... ..	222
Within the presence-cloud of God	61
Woman, behold thy son... ..	319
Yea, all the paths of earth lead up to Thee	332
Yet one more step—no flight	291
Zion's King shall reign victorious	219

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- *BROOKE, Rev. R. S., D.D., T.C.D., formerly Rector of Wyton, Diocese Ely; LXIII, LXIV, LXV.
- *BROWNE, Frances, XXXVII, XXXVIII, XXXIX.
- *BUCKLEY, Rev. R. W., D.D., curate of St. Peter's, Dublin, LXVIII, LXIX, CLXXXVI, CLXXXVII, CLXXXVIII.
- BUTLER, Rev. W. Archer, A.M.; born at Annerville, near Clonmel, co. Tipperary, 1814; Scholar T.C.D., 1832; Professor of Moral Philosophy, 1837; Rector of Clondehorka, Diocese of Raphoe, same year; died July 5, 1847; LXXVI, LXXVII, LXXVIII, LXXIX.
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- CAROLAN, O'Turlough, last of Irish bards, born at Newtown, near Nobber, co. Westmeath, 1670; died, 1737; CLXII.
- COLUMBA, S., born 521; died June 9, 597; buried in Iona; II, LXXXV, LXXXVI; *Appendix*, II, IV, V.
- *COWAN, Rev. W., Incumbent of Faughanvale, Diocese of Derry, CXXI, CXXII.
- CROLY, Rev. George, LL.D., born at Dublin, August, 1780; Scholar, T.C.D., 1798; Rector of S. Stephen's, Walbrook; died Nov., 24, 1860; XIII, XIV, CI, CII, CIII, CL, CLI, CLII.
- *CUSACK, Mary F., Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, LXXXV, LXXXVI.

- DE COURCY, Rev. Richard, born, 1743; A.B., T.C.D., 1767; XCIII.
- *DENNY, Sir Edward, Bart., Tralee Castle, co. Kerry, CXXXV, CXXXVI.
- DE VERE, Sir Aubrey, Bart., born May, 1807; died July, 1846; XLIII, XLIV.
- *DE VERE, Aubrey, XLV, XLVI, XLVII.
- *DOBBIN, Rev. Orlando T., B.D., LL.D., T.C.D., M.R.I.A., Sutton, co. Dublin, LXVI, LXVII.
- *DOWDEN, Edward, M.A., T.C.D., Professor of English Literature, T.C.D.; CLXXI, CLXXII, CLXXIII, CLXXIV, CLXXV, CLXXVI.
- DRENNAN, William, M.D., born at Belfast, 1752; died, 1820; CXI.
- DREW, Rev. Thomas, D.D., T.C.D., born at Limerick, 1800; Incumbent of Christ Church, Belfast, 1833; Rector of Loughinisland, Diocese of Down, 1857; died Dublin, 1870; CXCIX, CC, CCI.
- DRUMMOND, Wm. H., D.D., born at Larne, co. Antrim, August, 1778; died at Dublin, October, 1865; CIX, CX.
- *FAUSSETT, Mrs. H. (Alessie Bond), Edenderry Parsonage, Omagh, XXVII, XXVIII, XXIX, XXX, CXXIII, CXXIV.
- *FERGUSON, Samuel, LL.D., V.P.M.R.I.A.; XV, XVI, XVII, XVIII.
- FOSBERY, Rev. Thomas Vincent, M.A., T.C.D.; born at Limerick, October 1, 1807; died at Blacknell, Berks, Sept. 10, 1875; CLXXXIII, CLXXXIV, CLXXXV.
- FURLONG, Thomas, born in co. Wexford, 1794; died, July 25, 1827; CLX.
- *GLASGOW, Rev. J., D.D., Professor of living Oriental Languages, General Assembly's College, Belfast; CXCII, CXCIII, CXCIV, CXCV.
- GOLDSMITH, Oliver, born at Pallas, co. Longford, 1728; died in London; 1774, XIX, CLXI.
- HAMILTON, Elizabeth, born at Dublin, November 20, 1843; died at Castle Hamilton, Killeshandra, co. Cavan, December 26, 1875; CCXIV, CCXV, CCXVI, CCXVII, CCXVIII.
- HAMILTON, Sir William Rowan, born at Dublin, August 4, 1805; Astronomer Royal, Ireland, 1827; died September 2, 1865; CCIX, CCX, CCXI, CCXII.
- *HULL, Rev. J. D., M.A., T.C.D., Vicar of Wickhambrook, Suffolk; CXX.
- JEBB, Rev. John, D.D., Bishop of Limerick, born September 27, 1775; died December 7, 1832; CXCVII.

KELLY, Rev. Thomas, born Dublin, July 13, 1769 ; died Dublin, May 14, 1855 ; XCIV, XCV, XCVI, XCVII, XCVIII, XCIX, C.

KIRCHHOFFER, Julia G. M., born at Ballyvourney Glebe, co. Cork, June 1, 1855 ; died January 29, 1878 ; CCXIX, CCXX, CCXXI, CCXXII.

*KNOX, Kathleen, Sydenham Park, Belfast, CCXXVI.

*LITLEDALE, Rev. R. F., LL.D., ex-Scholar, T.C.D ; CXLII, CXLIII.

MACAFEE, John P., M.D., son of Rev. David MacAfee, Wesleyan Minister ; died after voyage to Melbourne, at Port Philip, May 16, 1859 ; CCXXVIII.

*MACCARTHY, Denis Florence, M.R.I.A., XL, XLI, LXXXI, LXXXII, LXXXIII.

*MACCARTHY, Mary Stanislas, XLII.

*MACILWAINE, Rev. William, D.D., ex-Scholar T.C.D., M.R.I.A., Rector of St. George's, Belfast, Canon of S. Patrick's, Dublin ; III, IV, LXXX, CXLVI, CXLVII, CXLVIII, CXLIX, CCXXIX, CCXXX.

MANGAN, James Clarence, born at Dublin, 1803 ; died 1849 ; I.

*MARTIN, Rev. J. H., LL.D., ex-Scholar T.C.D., Belfast ; CCII, CCIII.

MASSEREENE and FERRARD, Lord Viscount, born November 30, 1812 ; died April 28, 1868 ; LIX, LX.

*M'CULLAGH, Rev. Thomas, Wesleyan Minister ; LXX, LXXI.

MONSELL, Rev. J. S. B., LL.D., T.C.D., born at Londonderry, 1811 ; Rector of S. Nicholas', Guildford, Surrey ; died 1875 ; LV, LVI, LVII, LVIII, LXXXIV, CXVI, CXVII, CXVIII, CXIX.

MOORE, Thomas, born at Dublin, 1780 ; died 1852 ; CLIII, CLIV, CLV, CLVI, CLVII, CLVIII, CLIX.

*MURPHY, Joseph John, Old Forge, Belfast, LXXII, LXXIII, LXXIV, CXXXVIII.

*O'NEILL, Rev. Lord, Baron, ex-Scholar T.C.D., Shane's Castle, co. Antrim ; CXCVI.

OULTON, Rev. Abraham, A.B., T.C.D., born at Dublin, 1816 ; Curate of St. Anne's Chapel of Ease, Belfast ; died June 4, 1848 ; CCXIII.

PARNELL, Thomas, D.D., Ven. Archdeacon of Clogher ; born 1679 ; died July, 1717 ; LXXXIX, XC, XCI.

PATRICK, S., Apostle of Ireland, born 372 ; died March 17, 466 ; I. *Appendix*, I.

*PLUNKET, Right Rev. Lord, Bishop of Meath ; LXXV, CXXXVII.

POPE, Rev. Richard Thomas Pembroke, A.B. ; born at Cork, March, 13, 1799 ; died at Kingstown, near Dublin, February 7, 1859 ; CCXXVII, on p. 360.

ROBINSON, George Wade, Congregational Minister, born at Cork, 1838; died at Southampton, January 23, 1877; CXLIV.

SEDULIUS, Cœlius, A.D. 434; IV. *Appendix*, VI.

✓ SKELTON, Rev. Philip, born at Derriaghy, near Lisburn, co. Antrim, 1707; Scholar T.C.D., 1726; died May 4, 1787; LXXXVII, LXXXVIII.

*STEWART, Rev. J. A., M.A., T.C.D., Incumbent of Clooney, Diocese of Derry, CCIV.

*STOKES, Rev. H. G., M.A., Incumbent of Ardcolm, Diocese of Ferns; LIII, LIV.

STUART, James, LL.D., born 1780; died at Belfast, 1853; CLXV, CLXVI.

TATE, Nahum, D.D., T.C.D., born at Dublin, 1682; died 1715; XCII.

TIGHE, Mrs. (Mary Blashford), author of "Psyche;" born, 1773; died, 1810; XXXIV, XXXV, XXXVI.

*TODHUNTER, John, M.D., CLXXX, CLXXXI, CLXXXII.

*TOKE, Mrs. (Emma Leslie), CXXVIII, CXXIX, CXXX.

*TRENCH, Richard Chenevix, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin, V, VI, VII, VIII, CLXIII.

*WALLER, John Francis, LL.D., T.C.D., M.R.I.A., CXLI, CLXXVII, CLXXVIII, CLXXIX.

*WALSH, Very Rev. W. Pakenham, D.D., T.C.D., Dean of Cashel; CXCVIII.

*WEST, Elizabeth Dickinson, S. Patrick's Deanery, Dublin; CCXXIII, CCXXIV, CCXXV.

WHITE, Rev. Hugh, Curate of St. Mary's, Dublin; died 1840; CIV.

*WHITE, Rev. John, Congregational Minister, Belfast; CXLV.

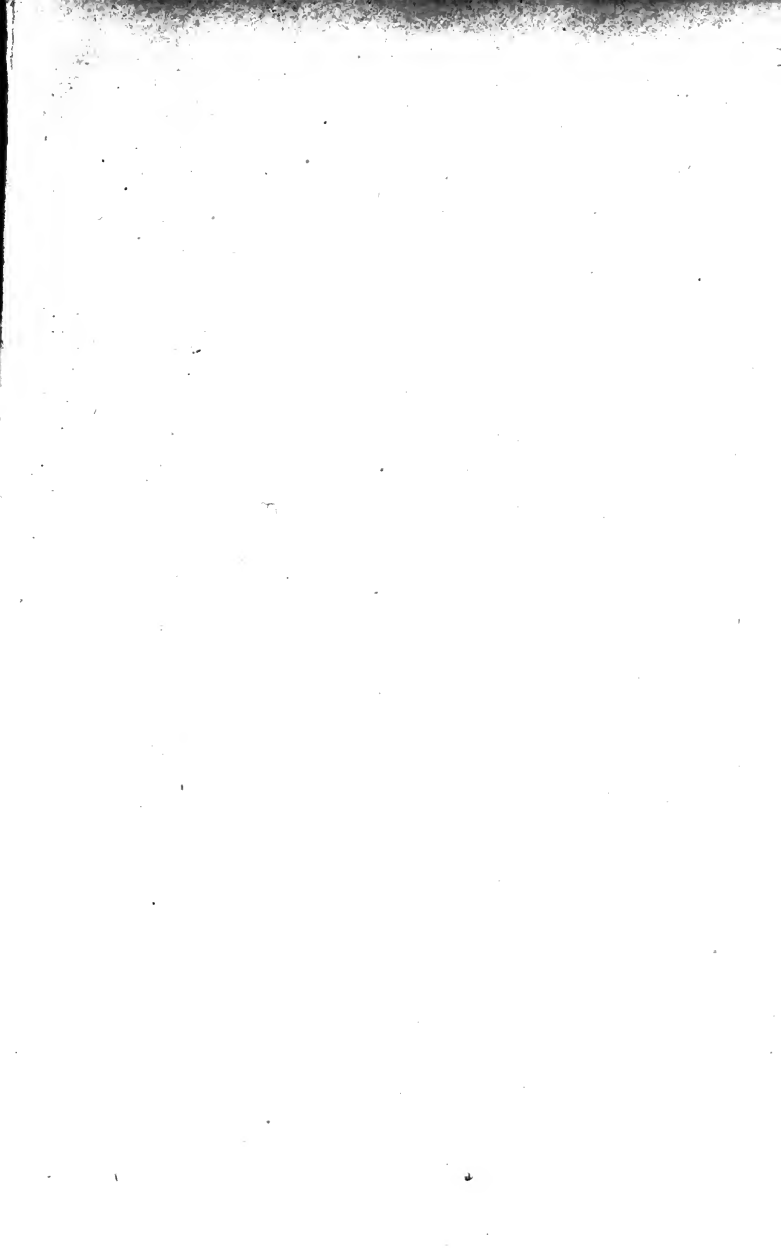
*WILDE, Lady, XXXI, XXXII, XXXIII.

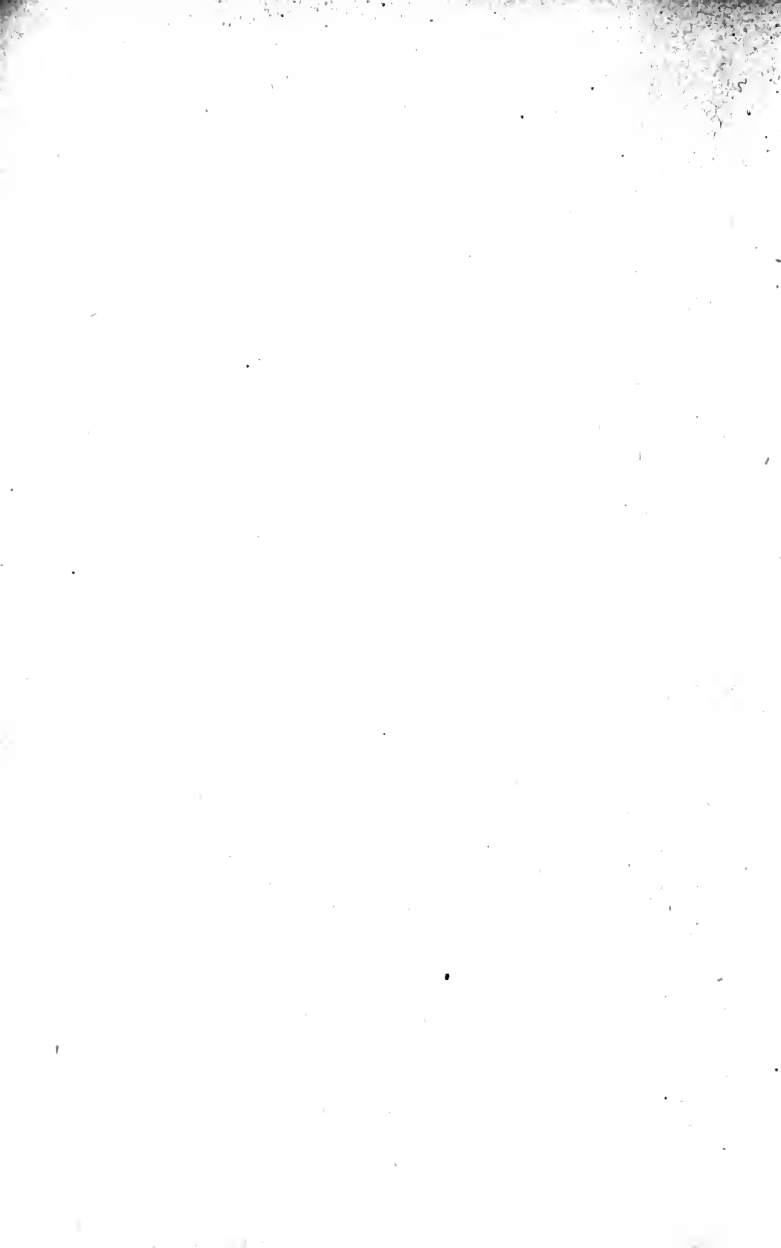
*WILDE, Oscar, ex-Scholar T.C.D., Magdalen College, Oxford; CCV, CCVI, CCVII, CCVIII.

WILLS, Rev. James, D.D., T.C.D., born, January 1, 1790; died Nov., 1868; LXI, LXII, CLXVII, CLXVIII.

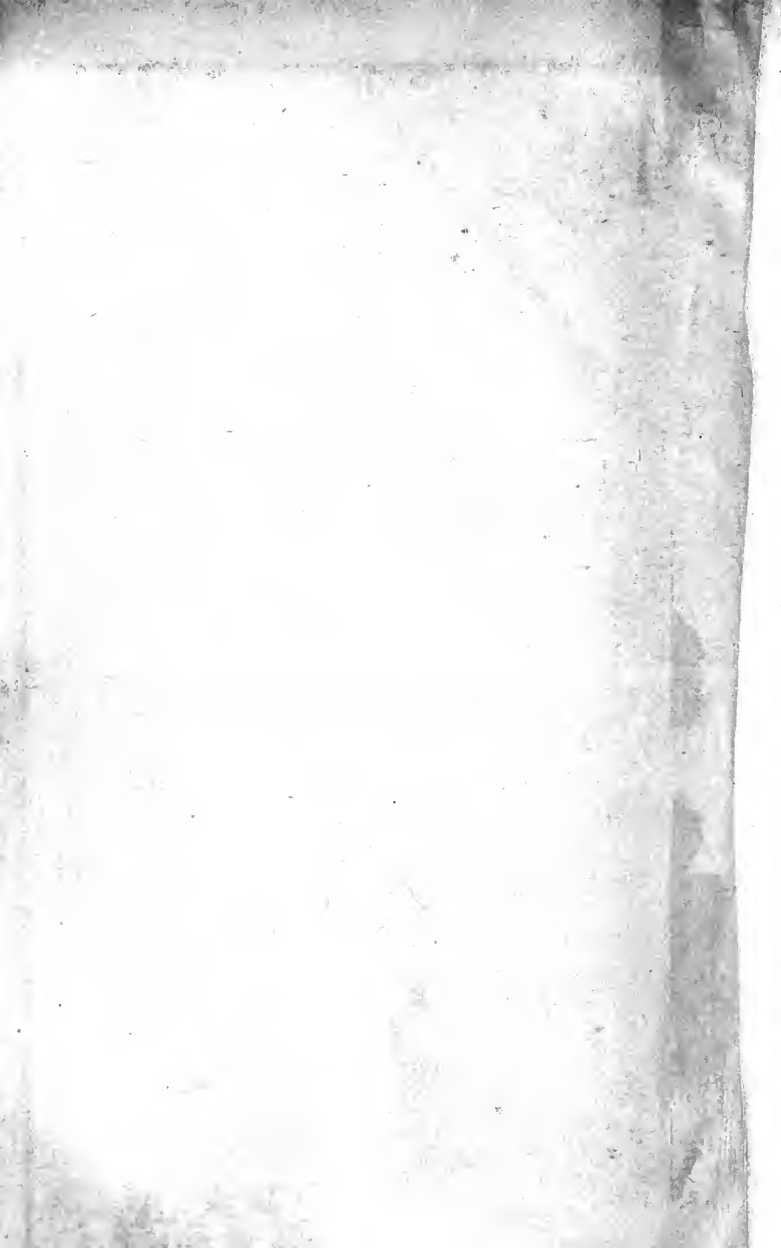
*WILLS, Mrs. (Katharine Elizabeth Gorman), CLXIX, CLXX.

WOLFE, Rev. Charles, A.B., T.C.D.; born at Dublin, 1791; Sch. T.C.D., 1812; died, 1821; XI, XII.









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